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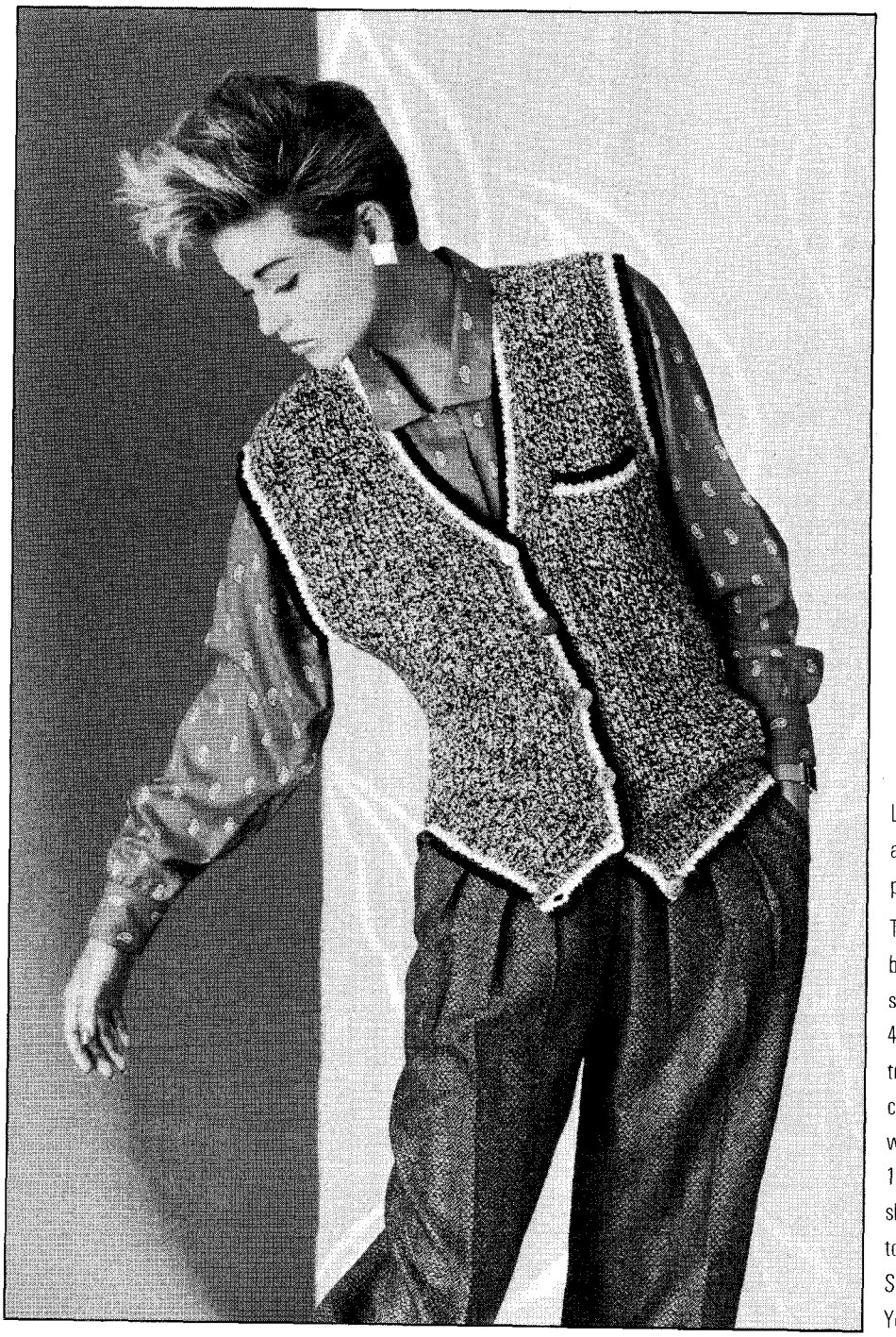

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

... **About Anne**—Salome Jens in a one-hour dramatic presentation of twenty-one poems by Anne Sexton. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday, July 24-27, at 9.)

American Theatre Exchange—A festival of three productions by American regional theatre companies which will run through Saturday, Aug. 31. The second play, from Houston's Alley Theatre, is **season's greetings**, by Alan Ayckbourn. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 9. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 5. Closes Saturday, July 27.)

Arms and the Man—A sadly ramshackle production of a sunny early Shaw play, worth attending only because of an admirable performance by Kevin Kline. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/10/85.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. Matthew Broderick as young Simon has a natural appeal that keeps us from noticing how sticky-saintly-smarmy the character is. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. With Keir Dullea, Ron Leibman, Tony Roberts, and Austin Pendleton. The director is Morton Da Costa. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by

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Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

The Hit Parade—A comedy by Richard Dresser, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (TOMI, 23 W. 73rd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's rather synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 28: Rudolf Friml's **the vagabond king.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 31: Sigmund Romberg's **the new moon.** (Norman Thomas Theatre, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Marriage of Bette and Boo—Christopher Durang's very funny, mordant satire on a Catholic "Marriage à la Mode," with the playwright himself as the luckless son of the couple being examined. The performance, under Jerry Zaks' direction, is absolutely first-rate. (5/27/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 28.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A rather beguiling, if lightweight, farce, by the Jamaican playwright Trevor Rhone, **two can play** is about a middle-aged Jamaican couple. The husband is a blowhard; the wife is put upon in every way, until she flies to Miami and comes back a changed woman. The first act is too intricate for its own good, but the second act is clear and funny. The actors—Hazel J. Medina and Sullivan H. Walker—couldn't be better. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to

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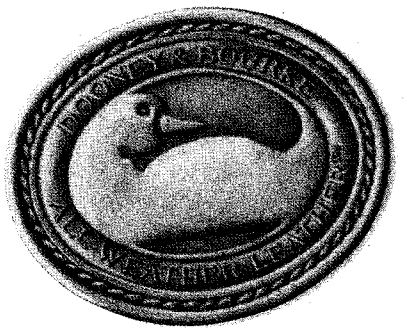

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE ODD COUPLE—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ONE MAN BAND—A musical starring James Lecesne, with a score by Marc Elliot and Larry Hochman, lyrics by Mr. Elliot, and a book by Mr. Lecesne. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 28.)

ORPHANS—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PEARLS—Rosalind Elias is the star of a musical by Nathan Gross, adapted from Jacob Gordin's 1898 Yiddish melodrama "Miracle Efros." Performed in English. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

PENN & TELLER—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SISTER AND MISS LEXIE—Brenda Currin in a revised version of a one-woman show adapted by Miss Currin and David Kaplan from the writings of Eudora Welty. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS: Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,504 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Harry Groener and Maryann Plunkett as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's *Upstairs*, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

"THE BLUE ANGEL"—The American première of Roland Petit's dance drama, performed by Natalia Makarova and Mr. Petit, with the Berlin Ballet. A two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Aug. 3. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Wednesday, July 24, at 7 (opening); thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8, and matinées Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**PEGGY LEE** is ensconced in these intimate quarters, backed by pianist **MIKE RENZI** and the savvy drummer **GRADY TATE.** Sets begin Tuesdays at eight-thirty, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—In the **HORACE SILVER QUINTET** (which is *on hand through Sunday, July 28*), Mr. Silver's piano isn't merely a percussion instrument; it can, at times, virtually be the rhythm section. Oh, there's a bassist and a drummer, but Mr. Silver carries and sets the rhythms. He bends over the keys and rocks back and forth; his comping is intense. And should any of his talented young soloists falter or pause, he jumps right in and helps them out, letting them bounce off his ideas. For some thirty years, Horace Silver has played a distinctive, recognizable brand of hard bop, and it's some of the most lilting, most energetic, funkiest, and prettiest jazz around. Monday and Tuesday, July 29-30, will belong to **SCOTT HAMILTON,** who plays tenor sax in big-voiced, swing-era style, and his combo, and on Wednesday, July 31, singer **JEAN CARNE** will move in for a six-night visit. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The partial schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, July 24-25, **BUDDY RICH** and his big band; Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, the Mamas & the Papas; Sunday, July 28, **TOM PAXTON** and **BONNIE KOLOC;** Monday and Tuesday, July 29-30, **GREGORY HINES** and his band and Allan Havey; and Wednesday, July 31, Rockin' Sydney. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate jazz duos. **STEVE KUHN** and **STEVE SWALLOW** are the duo through Saturday, July 27, and **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** will take over beginning Monday, July 29. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—This midtown institution for traditional small-band jazz lies, alas, in the progress-is-our-most-important-product district, and will close to make room for an office tower on Wednesday, July 31. Music until then from eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Thursday through Sunday, July 25-28, will be given over to a rare New York appearance by blues and jazz singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON,** and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 1-4, have been reserved for the cool Brazilian singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO.** On Mondays,

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guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, July 24, the Têtes Noires and the Ben Vaughn Combo; Friday, July 26, Eric Bogle; Sunday, July 28, Cliff Eberhart, Tamara, John Codi, and others; Tuesday, July 30, Elwood Earl & Andy York, Blues Two, and Wendy & Willie Welch; Wednesday, July 31, Chris Stamey and Curtiss A; and Friday, Aug. 2, the sublime a-cappella-street-corner-soul quintet the **PERSUASIONS.** Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with pianist Mike Moran and bassist John Arbo Wednesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant that features traditional-jazz pianists. **JUDY CARMICHAEL**, a whiz of a stride player, performs through Saturday, July 27, and on Tuesday, July 30, another fine stride-ist, **DICK WELLSTOOD**, will take charge. Sundays are claimed by pianist Keith MacDonald, and Monday, July 29, **DICK HYMAN** will be present. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Right now, it's the driving bop-piano and humming-and-buzzing-bass district with **HILTON RUIZ** on piano and **MAJOR HOLLEY** accompanying himself on bass. Music from nine-thirty. Tuesdays through Saturdays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. A New Orleans-music festival is going on: Wednesday and Thursday, July 24-25, the **RADIATORS**, from New Orleans, and the Flying Pickets; Sunday, July 28, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN**; Monday and Tuesday, July 29-30, zydeco master—zydeco being a raw mixture of Cajun and rhythm-and-blues music—**CLIFTON CHENIER**; Wednesday, July 31, Chicago-blues biggies **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS** and their band; and Thursday, Aug. 1, **IRMA THOMAS**, who back in 1964 originally sang "Time Is on My Side," and Johnny Adams. Music from about nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Eddy Davis and the Turn of the Century Minstrels are presenting a show called "The Roots of American Jazz." Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt: Wednesday, July 24, the Vincent Herring–Charles Davis sextet; Thursday, July 25, and Thursday, Aug. 1, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS**; Monday, July 29, **JUMP STREET**, a vivacious ten-piece soul band; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, violinist Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, July 26, **MEN WITHOUT HATS** and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers; Saturday, July 27, the Truth; Tuesday, July 30, Jesse Johnson's revue; Thursday, Aug. 1, Robin Trower and **JOHNNY COPELAND**; and Friday, Aug. 2, War. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, July 24, drummer **BOBBY BATTLE'S** trio; Thursday through Saturday, July 25-27, saxophonist **BILL EVANS** and his quintet; Sunday, July 28, Heretics; Tuesday, July 30, the Duda Band; Wednesday, July 31, New Brazil; Thursday, Aug. 1, saxophonist **JAMEEL MOONDOC**; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, the Mark Morganelli Band. Mondays are reserved for the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

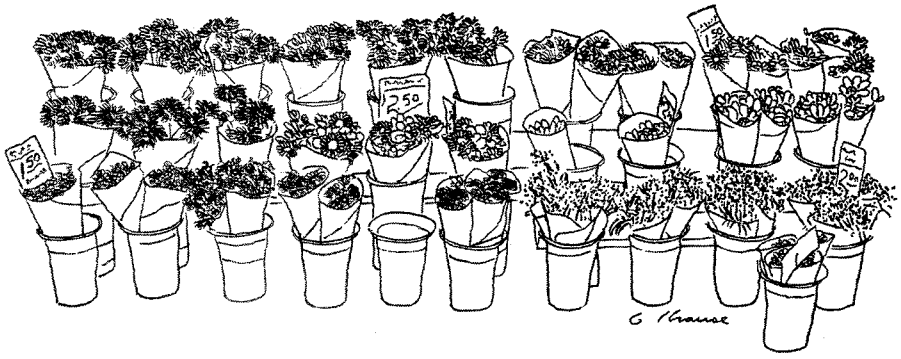
SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian (and African and salsa and reggae) exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend (and during the week isn't exactly dullsville, either). Wednesday and Thursday, July 24-25, **WILLIE COLON**; Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday, July 28, Aloisio Aguiar; and Wednesday and Thursday, July 31-Aug. 1, reggaeists **BIG YOUTH.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** heads his band through Sunday, July 28, and starting Tuesday, July 30, super bassist **RON CARTER** will work with a quartet. Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS** orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

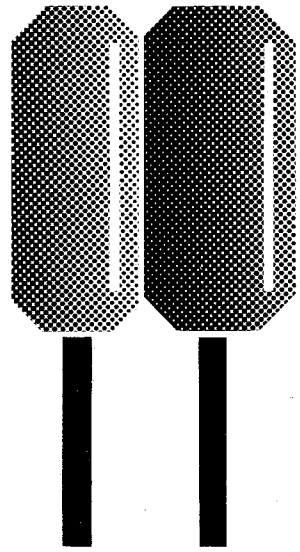
VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On July 29, **TITO PUENTE, RAY MANTILLA & SPACE STATION**, and alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. On Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, **PHYLLIS HYMAN** will sing at ten and midnight. . . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Young dynamo trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS** directs his band through Friday, July 26; Saturday and Sunday, July 27-28, will belong to hard bopsters **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and **BARRY HARRIS** and their quartet; and on Tuesday, July 30, alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** will move down the stairs along with pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**, and trombonist **CURTIS FULLER.** Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Alto saxophonist and driving bebopper **LOU DONALDSON** works with a combo through Sunday, July 28; Monday through Wednesday, July 29-31, will belong to Maria Maxwell; and on Thursday, Aug. 1, bassist **WALTER BOLDEN** and saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD)**



COOL



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NEWMAN will begin a four-night stint. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—**RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** play piano-bass duets in this town-house bar and restaurant. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAZZ IN JULY—Wednesday, July 24: Ralph Sutton & Jay McShann, Butch Miles, Judy Carmichael, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25: Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30: Carrie Smith, Toots Thielemans, Frank Wess, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31: Ruby Braff, Maxine Sullivan, and Dick Hyman's Perfect Jazz Repertory Quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: Maurice Peress conducting the 1985 Palais Royal Orchestra, with Ivan Davis and Dick Hyman, in a reconstruction of Paul Whiteman's 1924 Aeolian Hall concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

BILL BARRON QUARTET—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, July 27, at 9 and 10:30.

TINA TURNER—With Glenn Frey. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 1-2, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Thursday, July 25, at 9: Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers and Mass Extension. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 9: Last Poets and Ronald Shannon Jackson. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MICHAEL HEIZER—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show that coincides with his installation at the Whitney Museum. Through Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

FROM THE COLLECTION OF SOL LEWITT—Conceptual and Minimalist works in the artist's collection, which includes a plywood-box sculpture by Donald Judd and a tape recording of birdcalls by Louise Lawler. Through Aug. 26. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Ten installations, each created by a different group of individuals (for instance, an artist, an architect, and a dancer) and each the site of a performance, are the summer tenants on a plot of sand next to the Hudson River. The show is Creative Time's last project at this place. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.) . . . ¶ John Bernd and dancers will perform on Wednesday, July 24 (rain date July 27); Ann Magnuson will perform on Sunday, July 28 (Aug. 1), and Wednesday, July 31 (Aug. 3). All shows start at 6:30. Tickets at the gate.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 20 W. 57th St.: The gallery's annual Old Master print exhibition includes fourteen etchings by Rembrandt and nine engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Aug. 7. . . . **BOND**, a new gallery at 30 Bond St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery: Stigmata are the theme of this inaugural show by thirty-four artists, including a blacksmith, Robert Parker, who hammers out hand-forged nails in a smithy at the rear of the gallery. Some of

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

the works are reverent, but most are not. Through Aug. 10. (Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.) . . . **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: Paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations that depict scenes from cities around the world (New York, Venice, Moscow among them) by Rosemarie Castoro, Mark Golderman, Rick Prol, and others. Through Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BROWN**, 100 Greene St.: An assortment of drawings by ten sculptors, Abraham David Christian, Joel Fisher, and Italo Scanga among them. Through Friday, July 26. . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**, 54 E. 68th St.: "Sets, Series, and Ensembles in African Art" is about restoring individual pieces (such as five over-life-size statues from a single Urhobo shrine) to the groups they were part of originally. Through Oct. 20. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **CONDESO-LAWLER**, 76 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by nearly two dozen artists, including Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Harms, Agnes Martin, and Sean Scully. Through Saturday, July 27. . . . **CUTLER**, 164 Mercer St.: Figurative and abstract paintings by half a dozen artists, including Jacques Flechemuller, Gretchen Faust, and Adam Cvijanovic. Through Aug. 9. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through Saturday, July 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FRANKLIN FURNACE**, 112 Franklin St.: More than two hundred artists' books, other autographic works, and periodicals that were added to the archives in the past year; early Gilbert and George postcards, for instance. Also, sound installations by James Green and Stephanie Rowden. Through Saturday, July 27. (Opens Wednesdays through Fridays at noon; Saturdays at 1.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and constructed works, each based on either an outline or silhouette. Contributors to the show include Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Warrens, and Dan Rice. Through Aug. 16. . . . **MARIAN GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: A new generation of Conceptualists is represented in this show, mainly of news photographs and reproductions of paintings, which has been travelling in Europe and has stopped off here. The artists are Stephen Prina, Mark Stahl, and Christopher Williams, all Californians. Through Aug. 9. . . . **HERSTAND**, 24 W. 57th St.: Veteran European abstract painters, including Antoni Tàpies and Emilio Vedova, plus sculptures by Noguchi, Miró, and Gonzalo Fonseca. Through Aug. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: The joys of summer (a hammock, a beach, a pool) are captured in the photographs, paintings, and sculptures of Joan Brown, Malcolm Morley, Juan González, Alan Siegel, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 2. . . . **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by James Hennessey and Ellen Wiener and sculptures by Joseph Militello, Charles Spurrier, and Josephine Bentivegna. Through Friday, July 26. . . . **PLUMB**, 81 Greene St.: A reconstruction by Dennis Oppenheim of his 1979 sculptural work "Jail Break," plus paintings by Gregory Botts, Jeff Gompertz, and Jacques Flechemuller, in the inaugural show of this gallery, formerly Manhattan Art, under its new name. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by six artists, William Clutz and Kathryn Freeman among them. Through Aug. 15. . . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: Milo Reice, Steven Campbell, and Richard Beckett are among the painters whose works are currently on view, and sculptor David Mach has a floor piece. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM**, 24 E. 81st St.: Surrealist paintings and sculptures by seven young artists, including Cheryl Laemmle, Mike Berg, and Nick Ghiz. Through Wednesday, July 31. . . . **WUNDERLICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and bronzes of the American West from the Bierstadt and Remington era. Through Sept. 6. . . . **YORK**, 21 E. 65th St.: Nostalgic summertime paintings by American artists—Homer, O'Keeffe, Hassam, Prendergast, Joseph Stella, and thirty-two others. Through Aug. 15. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings by Jean-Luc Poivret; photographs by Pascal Kern; and hand-forged metal sculptures, plus ceramic pieces, by Peter Briggs. Through Friday, July 26.

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, usually with changing exhibitions of works pulled from their stock: **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . **DEUTSCH**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 24 W. 57th St. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **FRENCH**, 41 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Mercer St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MATHES**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MC KEE**, 41 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PROTETCH**, 37 W. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (1815-79) / **MICHAEL LEVINE**—A travelling show from Great Britain of more than a hundred prints, including portraits of Carlyle, Darwin, Tennyson, and Alice (in Wonderland) Liddell. / Color prints, constructions, and paintings by an artist who looks to the urban environment for his subjects—smokestacks and building façades, for instance. Through Sunday, July 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

SANDI FELLMAN—Large-format Polaroids of human figures, primarily body builders and tattooed Japanese men and women. Through Aug. 23. (Witkin, in a new location at 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

EIKOH HOSOE—Black-and-white portraits of the Japanese writer Yukio Mishima. Through Saturday, July 27. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRENCH EMBASSY**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: Fresson prints by thirteen photographers, including John Batho, Sheila Metzner, John Stewart, and Scott MacLeay. Through Aug. 30. . . . **LAURENCE MILLER**, 38 E. 57th St.: Self-portraits by Anne Rowland, Elizabeth Turk, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PFEIFER**, 568 Broadway: Charles Gatewood chose about fifty photographs he describes as "humorous and off-beat." From the Catskill Center for Photography. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **URDANG**, 23 E. 74th St.: Photographs by nine artists;

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sculptures by James Acevedo. Through Saturday, July 27. . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Summertime photographs by Josef Sudek, Eugène Atget, Helen Levitt, Edward Weston, and others. Through Aug. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Landscapes of the American wilderness and portraits of the Indians that lived there by Karl Bodmer in a display that commemorates the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his North American expedition. . . . ¶ From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano, built in 1720 by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them being played. . . . ¶ An exhibit of a hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the collection of Jan Mitchell. Through Aug. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. . . . ¶ Nearly sixty works on paper (not strictly) by six contemporary Americans: Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, James Rosenquist, Robert Ryman, Pat Steir, and Robert Wilson. (Ryman has used anodized aluminum instead of paper.) Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A display of works by two European architects; Ricardo Bofill is represented by photographs of apartment buildings in France, and Leon Krier, who designs but does not build, is necessarily represented by drawings. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Friday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 10, with entertainment on Fridays (rain date Saturdays) at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of a hundred paintings which could be said to deliver a cram course in the principal styles used by American and European artists of the past forty years. From the museum's collections and from private donors. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A selection of more than ninety of the drawings that have entered the collection over the past few years. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ A sixteen-foot-high corrugated cardboard reproduction of one of Michael Heizer's earthworks fills the fourth-floor gallery. Through Sept. 1. A complementary exhibit is at Xavier Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Japanese folk art. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Wood carvings, beaded wood sculptures, and ceremonial masks still used by Cameroon chiefs are among the objects on view from the West African nation. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show devoted to seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Japanese painters who re-created supernatural figures in Japanese folklore—the Taoist Immortals, Shūki the Demon Queller, and Kabuki Ghosts among them. Paintings, scrolls, screens, etc. Organized by the Spencer Museum of Art, University of Kansas. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, goblets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Music in the garden: on Tuesday, July 30, at 6:30, Bob Brookmeyer (trombone) and Jim Hall (guitar) will present a program of jazz.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. Through Aug. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors by Théodore Géricault, including fourteen preliminary studies for his best-known painting, "The Raft of the Medusa" (at the Louvre). Through Wednesday, July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including paintings, sculptures, textiles, furniture, and pottery. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." Through Sept. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.; temporary entrance on 42nd St.—A show that commemorates England's colonial exploits in North America four hundred years ago, with emphasis on the Roanoke voyages initiated by Sir Walter Raleigh. Documentation: John White's 1585 watercolors depicting Indians and nature; a copy of a book written about an exploration of Virginia which has engravings based on the White watercolors; the first map of North Carolina; and a paper with the signatures of Queen Elizabeth I and Raleigh authorizing payment for arrows for the British Army. A hundred of the items come from the British Museum and British Library; fifty are from the New York library. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

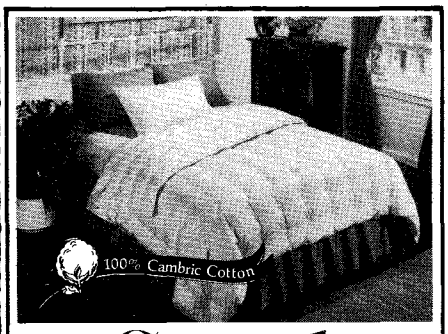
ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Marquis Studios (performance), Thursday through Saturday, July 25-27, at 9. . . . ¶ John Bernd (performance), Sunday and Monday, July 28-29, at 9. . . . ¶ Eric Bogosian (performance), Friday through Sunday, Aug. 2-4, at 9.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, July 25, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; conducted by Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Frederick Burchinal, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 2: "Carmen," with Elizabeth Hynes, Victoria Vergara, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: "La Cenerentola," with Leigh Munro, Judith Forst, Joyce Castle, Michael Cousins, and Alan Titus; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 1: "The Daughter of the Regiment," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Robert Tate, and Joseph McKee; Joseph Rescigno. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 7: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, Jon Fredric West, Samuel Ramey, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Frederick Burchinal, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Robert Tate, and Joseph McKee;



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Joseph Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 2: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, Jon Fredric West, Samuel Ramey, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Louisa Jonason, Susanne Marsee, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestra, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 24: David Zinman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Milan Turkovic, bassoon. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25: Peter Serkin, piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 26-27: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Mitsuko Uchida, piano, and Janos Starker, cello. . . . [**NOTE:** On Sunday, July 28, at 2, David Zinman will conduct the orchestra, with Marielle and Katia Labèque, duo piano, and Mr. Starker.] . . . ¶ Monday, July 29, and Wednesday, July 31: George Cleve conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Serkin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30: Christopher Hogwood conducting an ensemble in an all-Mozart program, with Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano; Stanley Ritchie, violin; and the Amadeus Winds. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: The American String Quartet, with André-Michel Schub, piano; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Atar Arad, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the orchestra, with Ken Noda, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: Christopher Hogwood conducting members of the Boston Symphony and acting as fortepianist in an all-Haydn program, with Mary Rawcliffe, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, at 8: Christopher Hogwood directing the Boston Symphony in performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Miss Rawcliffe; Catherine Denley, mezzo-soprano; Laurence Dale, tenor; David Thomas, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Adam Fischer conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: The Concord String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 7: Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Raymond Leppard conducting, with Sherman Walt, bassoon, and Daniel Katzen and Richard Sebring, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2:30: André Previn conducting, with Nigel Kennedy, violin. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 25, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Russell Sherman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 9: The ensemble in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 5:30: Håkan Hagegård, baritone, and Warren Jones, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1, at 4:15: The ensemble, with Pamela Coburn, soprano, and Wu Han, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 9: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble, with Stephen Taylor and Melanie Feld, oboe; John Finney, organ; Naoko Tanaka and Mayuki Fukuhara, violin; and Myron Lutzke, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: John Nelson directing the orchestra and Festival Chorus in a performance of Handel's oratorio "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato," with Arleen Augér and Miss Coburn, sopranos; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 5:30: Cipa and Misha Dichter in a program of works for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, July 24: Al Jarreau and David Sanborn. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 25-26: Barry Manilow. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28: Chuck Mangione. . . . ¶ Monday, July 29: Foreigner and Joe Walsh. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30: The Temptations and the Four Tops. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 1-2: Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: The Junge Deutsche Philharmonie, with Gidon Kremer, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4: Peter, Paul & Mary. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Saturday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare—Final performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music. **WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, AT 8:** The Junge Deutsche Philharmonie, with Gidon Kremer, violin. . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 25, AT 8:** The Lucinda Childs Dance Company and "Kafka's Dreams," a production of the Théâtre de la Tempête-Cartoucherie, from Paris. Performed in French, English, and Yiddish. . . . **AT 8:30:** A performance of Brecht/Weill's "Little Mahagonny," with additional music by Bach. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 26, AT 7:30:** Dancer Pauline Daniëls. . . . **AT 8:** "Kafka's Dreams." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Little Mahagonny." . . . **AT 10:30:** The Lucinda Childs Dance Company. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 27, AT 3:30:** The Marleen Pennison Dance Company. . . . **AT 7:15:** The Mark Morris Dance Group. . . . **AT 8:** The Lewitzky Dance Company and "Kafka's Dreams." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Little Mahagonny." . . . **AT 10:30:** Pauline Daniëls. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 28, AT 3 AND 7:** "Little Mahagonny." . . . **AT 3:** Pauline Daniëls. . . . **AT 3:15 AND 7:30:** "Kafka's Dreams." . . . **AT 4:** The Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . **AT 7:** The Mark Morris Dance Group. (State University of New York, at Purchase. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 27: The Desrosiers Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 3: The Clive Thompson Dancecompany (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, July 24, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Thursday, July 25, at 7:35; Friday, July 26, at 8:05; Saturday, July 27, at 7:35; and Sunday, July 28, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Monday and Tuesday, July 29-30, at 7:35, and Wednesday, July 31, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 3, at 1.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily at 1; through Monday, July 29. The Sword Dancer Handicap, Saturday, July 27. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturday and Sunday between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 31, through Monday, Aug. 26. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 31; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 1; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 27, and the Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY AT GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, July 25. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; from Friday, July 26, through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Matchmaker, Saturday, July 27.

Tennis—Volvo Tennis/New Jersey. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 24-26, at noon and 7; semifinals Saturday, July 27, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, July 28, at 12:30. For information about tickets, call 1-201 740-1715.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17. Post time will be 12:30 on Saturday, Aug. 3; the Hambletonian will be the feature race.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

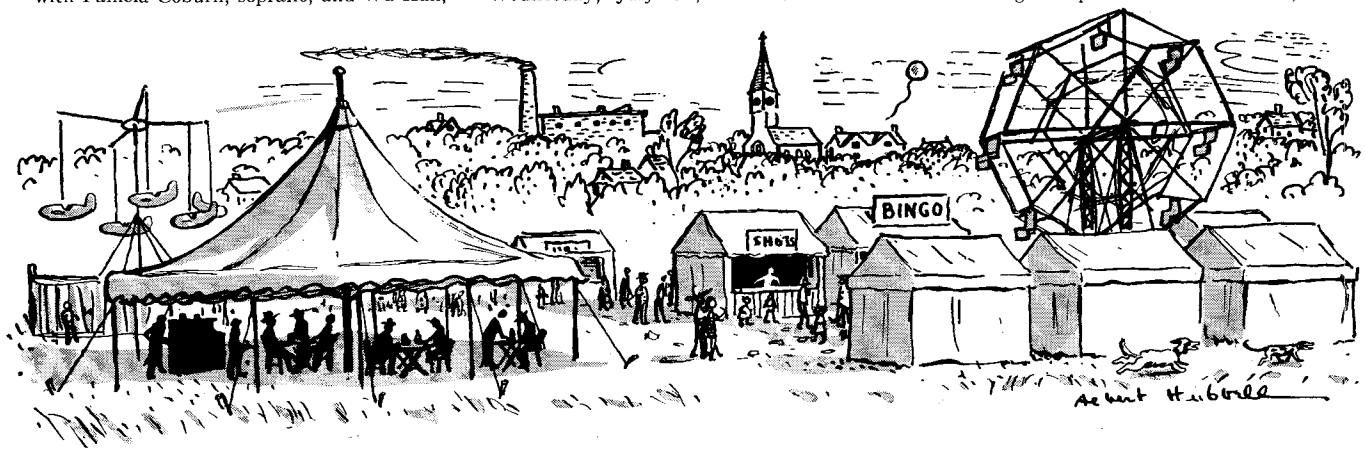
Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company and the Schola Cantorum in a performance of "La Bohème." The last in a series of productions. (Wednesday, July 24, at 7:30.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 4.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16: Friday, July 26: Houston Person–Etta Jones quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: Adam Makowicz trio. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2: Lou Donaldson quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: Andrew Cyrille sextet. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on the following Monday.)

Musical Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Wednesday, July 24: Melba Moore and Freddie Jackson. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26: UB 40 and Midnight Oil. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: Ashford & Simpson and Shannon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: Graham Parker and the Shot. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Washington Square Park—Thomas Michalak conducting the Festival Orchestra in an all-Bizet program, with Frances Schopick, mezzo-soprano. The second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 30, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)



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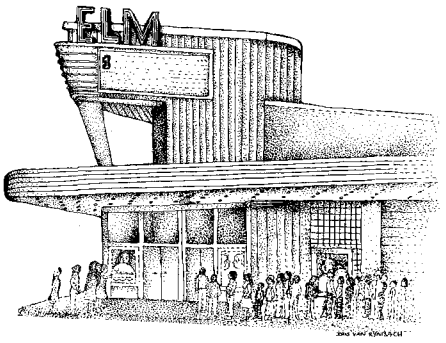
THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 25: "A Little Night Music" (1978; directed by Harold Prince), with Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, and Len Cariou; and "The Blue Bird" (1976; George Cukor), with Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, and Ava Gardner.
July 26-28: At 4, "The Comedians" (1967; Peter Glenville), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. At 8, "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, and Brian Keith; and "The Only Game in Town" (1970; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor and Warren Beatty.
July 30-Aug. 1: "X Y & Zee" (†) and "Ash Wednesday" (†).
From Aug. 2: At 4, "Driver's Seat" (1973), with Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Mirror Crack'd" (1980; Guy Hamilton), with Angela Lansbury. At 8, "Boom!" (1968; Joseph Losey), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 25: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
From July 26: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cocoon" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
Theatre 2: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 1: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
From Aug. 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 25: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
From July 26: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Coca-Cola Kid" (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner). From July 26: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 2: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Silverado" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: Theatre closed. From July 26: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia.
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From July 26: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.
Theatre 2: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 25: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
From July 26: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From July 26: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Tosca's Kiss" (1984; directed by Daniel Schmid; in Italian).
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "Dangerous Moves" (†). From July 26: "A Thousand Little Kisses" (Mira Recanti; in Hebrew).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "Before Stonewall: The Making of a Gay and Lesbian Community" (Greta Schiller). From July 26: "Blood Simple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "Henry IV" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale. July 26-Aug. 1: To be announced. From Aug. 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "A View to a Kill" (†). July 26-Aug. 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 2: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).
Theatre 2: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater. From July 26: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 1: "A Man Like Eva" (1983; Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes. From Aug. 2: "Made for Each Other" (1971 †).
Theatre 4: "The Shooting Party" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "Witness" (†). From July 26: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.
Theatre 2: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 3: "Silverado" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A View to a Kill" (†).

Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100; closed Mondays.)
Through July 25: "Return to Oz" (Walter Murch), with Nicol Williamson and Jean Marsh.
From July 26: "The Black Caldron," a Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Silverado" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Shooting Party" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Flash of Green" (Victor Nuñez), with Ed Harris and Blair Brown.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe. From July 26: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).
Theatre 2: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "Henry IV" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale. From July 26: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 4: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 5: Through July 25: "Explorers" (Joe Dante). From July 26: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 6: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "Pale Rider"

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(Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 2: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater. July 26-Aug. 1: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek. From Aug. 2: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).
Theatre 3: Through July 25: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner). From July 26: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.
Theatre 4: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through July 26: "The Goonies" (directed by Richard Donner). From July 26: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "A View to a Kill" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 25: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†). From July 26: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 5: Through July 25: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy. From July 26: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 25: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase. From July 26: "The Goonies."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen. From July 26: "Return to Oz" (Walter Murch), with Nicol Williamson and Jean Marsh.
Theatre 3: Through July 25: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From July 26: "After the Fall of New York."
Theatre 4: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Explorers" (Joe Dante).

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 25: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
From July 26: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through July 25: "Witness" (†).
From July 26: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Prizzi's Honor (†).
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 2: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird' (Ken Kwapis).

U. A. Twin I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 24: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; directed by Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, and Donald O'Connor.
From July 25: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

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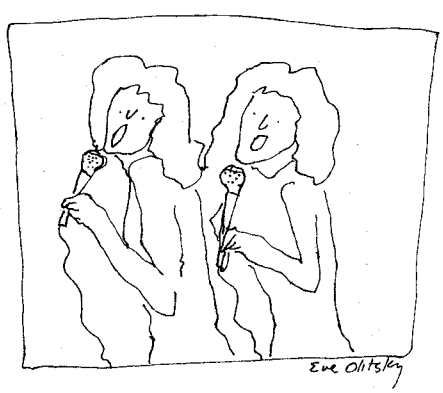
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 24: "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).
July 25: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.
July 26-27: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlback, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.
July 28: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (†) and "The Ladykillers" (†).
July 29: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick).
July 30: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Lost One" (1951; Peter Lorre; in German), with Lorre.
July 31: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; "Winter Light" (1963; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Silence" (1964; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
Aug. 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
Aug. 2-3: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 25: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud and Valentina Cortese.
July 26-27: A program of Looney Tunes cartoons.
July 28: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.



July 29-30: "The World According to Garp" (†) and "Being There" (†).
July 31-Aug 1: "Bachelor Party" (1984; Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed; and "Revenge of the Nerds" (1984; Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Aug. 2-3: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema I, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 25: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.
July 26-27: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.
July 28: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "The NeverEnding Story" (1984; Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
July 29-30: "Barbarella" (†); and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste).
July 31-Aug. 1: "The Mean Season" (1985; Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell, Mariel Hemingway, and Richard Jordan; and "City Heat" (1984; Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Aug. 2-3: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "A Sunday in the Country" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 25: A festival of Russ Meyer films.
From July 26: A festival of Woody Allen films.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 24: "Boomerang!" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn.
July 25: "Paddy O'Day" (1935; Lewis Seiler), with Jane Withers, Rita Hayworth, and Pinky Tomlin; "The Bullfighters" (1945; Mal St. Clair), with Laurel and Hardy; and "The Jones Family in Hollywood" (1939; Mal St. Clair), with Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, and William Tracy.
July 26-27: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merrill; and "The Dark Corner" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton Webb.
July 28-29: "Planet of the Apes" (†) and "Fantastic Voyage" (†).
July 30-31: "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.
Aug. 1-3: "The Razor's Edge" (1946; Edmund Goulding), with Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power; and "Claudia" (1943; Edmund Goulding), with Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, and Ina Claire.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 24: "Thunder Road" (1958; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Mitchum and Gene Barry; and "Pursued" (1947; Raoul Walsh), with Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum, and Judith Anderson.
July 25: "D.O.A." (1981; Lech Kowalski),

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SPLASH	5304022	DUMBO	5251052	TIGHTROPE	6051052
THE BIG CHILL	1527022	TOOTSIE	1509042	BACHELOR PARTY	0926012
WARGAMES	0828022	THE AFRICAN QUEEN	0511022	COUNTRY	5341072
RISKY BUSINESS	6033082	MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (1935)	2562062	ANNIE HALL	0502112
THE NATURAL	1649052	THE PHILADELPHIA STORY	2503082	FANNY & ALEXANDER	3112092
STAR WARS	0564162	THE WAY WE WERE	1529002	GREYSTOKE—THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES	6045042
YENTL	0895082	YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN	0635112	THE SEVEN SAMURAI	3108052
HIGH ROAD TO CHINA	6022012	CABARET	4001272	BODY HEAT	6020032
CADDYSHACK	6023022	LAWRENCE OF ARABIA	1514072	SUPERMAN—The Movie	0013132
MAKING MICHAEL JACKSON'S THRILLER	7103012	OCTOPUSSY	0856052	DR. STRANGELOVE	1521082
GANDHI	1533042	PORKY'S	0775112	ANNIE	1516052
POLICE ACADEMY	6049002	THE GRAPES OF WRATH	0531082	FIDDLER ON THE ROOF	0551032
ARSENIC & OLD LACE	0735102	MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS	2529082	A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS	1537002
LA CAGE AUX FOLLES	0512012	NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION	6039022	THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534212
KARATE KID	1710092	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	2554062	WEST SIDE STORY	0505342
BLADE RUNNER	3104092	CARNAL KNOWLEDGE	6000072	AGAINST ALL ODDS	1633032
THE GRADUATE	3103002	ALL ABOUT EVE	0044082	PURPLE RAIN	6048012
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and "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), both documentaries about punk rock.

July 26: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; Wim Wenders; in German); and "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.

July 27: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

July 28: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.

July 29: A program of Max and David Fleischer cartoons.

July 30: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (†).

July 31: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell; and "Christmas in July" (†).

Aug. 1: "Up!" (1976; Russ Meyer); and "Common Law Cabin" (1967; Russ Meyer).

Aug. 2: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" *1975*; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.

Aug. 3: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 24: "All Fall Down" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty, Karl Malden, and Angela Lansbury; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

July 25: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

July 26-27: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

July 28: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

July 29: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.

July 30: "Dial M for Murder" (†); and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, and Karl Malden.

July 31: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

Aug. 1: "The Last Gangster" (†); and "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" (1938; Anatole Litvak), with Edward G. Robinson.

Aug. 2-3: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre I: *July 25 at 2:30* and 6: "Accident, Uberfall" (1928; directed by Erno Metzner), "Emak-Bakia" (1927; Man Ray), "Les Mystères du Château du Dè" (1929; Man Ray), and "Un Chien Andalou" (1929; Luis Buñuel), all silent films. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30: "Look Back in Anger" (1959; Tony Richardson), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Mary Ure. . . . ¶ July 26 at 6: "The Entertainer" (1960; Tony Richardson), with Laurence Olivier, Brenda de Banzie, and Joan Plowright. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2: "The Railway Children" (1970; Lionel Jeffries), with Jenny Agutter. . . . ¶ July 27 at 5 and July 28 at 2: "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (1969; Ronald Neame), with Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens, and Pamela Franklin. . . . ¶ July 28 at 5: "The Railway Children." . . . ¶ July 29 at 2:30: "The Entertainer." . . . ¶ July 29 at 6: "Look Back in Anger." . . . ¶ July 30 at 2:30 and 6: "Andrienne Lecouvreur" (1938; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with English subtitles), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Under Milkwood" (1971; Andrew Sinclair), with Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter O'Toole. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "The Tempest" (1979; Derek Jarman). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Alfie" (1966; Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2:30: "The Turn of the Tide" (1935; Norman Walker). . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 5: "A Clockwork Orange."

Theatre 2: July 25 at 3: "The Savage Eye" (1960; Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick), with Barbara Baxley. . . . ¶ July 25 at 6:30: "Primary" (1960; Richard Leacock, D. A. Pennebaker, Albert Maysles, and T. McCartney-Filgate) and "Point of Order" (1964; Emile de Antonio). . . . ¶ July 26 at 3: "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke), with Carl Lee, Roscoe Lee Browne, and William Redfield. . . . ¶ July 26 at 6:30: "Square Root of Zero" (1963; William Cannon). . . . ¶ July 27 at 12:30: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2:30: "Primary" and "Point of Order." . . . ¶ July 27 at 5:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967; Jim McBride), with L. M. Kit Carson. . . . ¶ July 28 at 12:30: Another program of animated films. . . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: "Square Root of Zero." . . . ¶ July 28 at 5:30: "Wheel of Ashes" (1968; Peter Goldman; in French and English, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 29 at 3: "David Holzman's Diary." . . . ¶ July 29 at 6:30: "Wheel of Ashes." . . . ¶ July 30 at 3: "The Immoral Mr. Teas" (1960; Russ Meyer). . . . ¶ July 30 at 6:30: "The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film" (1960; Richard Lester); and "Hallelujah the Hills" (1963; Adolfas Mekas), with Taylor Mead. . . . ¶ From Aug. 1: Theatre closed.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—July 24-27 at 11:30 and July 28 at 12:30: The third of four film programs. . . . ¶ July 24-27 at 2:30 and July 28 at 3:30: The fourth of four film programs. Closed Mondays.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 24: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ July 25: "High Sierra" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ July 29: "The Song of the Thin Man" (1947; W. S. Van Dyke), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ July 30: "Rembrandt" (1937; Alexander Korda), with Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. . . . ¶ July 31: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, and Errol Flynn. . . . ¶ Aug. 1: "Ladies in Retirement" (1941; Charles Vidor), with Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Ash Wednesday (1973)—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Directed by Larry Peerce. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 30-Aug. 1.)

Back to the Future—With Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson, directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. With John Phillip Law, Anita Pallenberg, Milo O'Shea, Marcel Marceau, Ugo Tognazzi, and Claude Dauphin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 29-30.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice for him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André, Michel Auclair, and Mila Parély. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

Being There (1979)—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel. The picture, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction, is frequently comic, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (Cinema Village; July 29-30.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Embassy; through July 25. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting July 26.)

Blood Simple—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (Waverly; starting July 26.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Thalia; July 31.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a St. Petersburg, Florida, retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. Wilford Brimley, with his walrus mustache and friendly belly, brings an ornery impudence to his role, and Don Ameche is amusing as a vain, natty old sheik. But Ron Howard overworks his "heart" and his ecumenical niceness—his attempt to provide something for all age groups and all faiths—and he keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy as the leader of the Antareans, who include Tahnee Welch and Tyrone Power, Jr. The script, by Tom Benedek, is based on a novel by David Saperstein. The special effects by Industrial Light & Magic are warmed-over versions of the basic imagery of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (7/15/85) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Dangerous Moves—This Swiss picture is about a world-championship chess match held in Geneva between the longtime titleholder (Michel Piccoli), a courtly and cagey gray-bearded Russian Jew from the Soviet Union, and his former pupil, the handsome, high-strung challenger (Alexander Arbatt), a young Lithuanian who defected from the Soviet Union. At first, the young man's flamboyance and the older man's seething anger put us in an expectant mood, but the film turns into an uninspired account of the psychological pressures put on the contestants, who are both being manipulated by the Soviet bureaucracy. Written by Richard Dembo, who makes his début as a director. With Liv Ullmann, Leslie Caron, and Bernhard Wicki. In French. (6/3/85) (Film Forum; through July 25.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (Agee Room. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through July 25.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Ray Milland is the suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; so the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (1982)—Steven Spielberg's movie is the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. (D. W. Griffith, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Olympia Quad, Loews State, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Fantastic Voyage (1966)—A medical team is miniaturized so it can go into the bloodstream of a scientist to destroy a blood clot on his brain; the team has only sixty minutes for the journey and operation and getting out. But there's the usual little argument about whether to take the heroine, Raquel Welch, along ("A woman has no place on a mission like this"), and we know who the villainous saboteur is as soon as we hear one of the scientists spouting atheism. The body entered looks pretty, shiny clean, and expensive, like a new refrigerator, and the adventures inside are no more mysterious than a trip through Disneyland. (The action doesn't go below the waist.) Stephen Boyd is the stout-hearted hero; with Edmond O'Brien, Donald Pleasence, and Arthur Kennedy. It isn't terrible, just disappointing. Directed by Richard Fleischer. (Regency; July 28-29.)

The Home and the World ("Ghare-Baire")—Victor Banerjee is a maharajah in Bengal with a Western education and liberal views. His wife (Swatilekha Chatterjee) is content to live in the women's quarters of his palace and be visible to no man except him. But he wants her to be a modern woman, and persuades her to leave the Arabian Nights cushions and the English bric-a-brac of the women's quarters, and she immediately becomes enthralled by the cocksure masculinity of a fiery radical (Soumitra Chatterjee). This Satyajit Ray movie is in deep, glowing colors; the main characters talk, and the camera just stays on them and waits until they finish, yet these conversations in golden light and shadows have their own kind of voltage. Set in 1907, this marvellous film is about the destruction of the marriage, and the riots and bloodshed caused by the radical's terrorist supporters. In Bengali. (7/1/85) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother, who fronts for black gangsters. (Scatman Crothers is the big boss.) Jack Nicholson is the artist brother, who does monologues on late-night FM radio. Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Ellen Burstyn, Julia Anne Robinson, and Charles Lavine. (Thalia; July 30.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a grotesque fantasy of murder. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost done in by great, hideous teeth, is the leader of a horrendous gang that includes Peter Sellers. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. As her victims are, in some ways, even less real than she (she, at least, is as real as a good fairy), the disasters that befall them are extravagantly funny. With Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Danny Green, Jack Warner, and Frankie Howerd. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

The Last Gangster (1937)—Edward G. Robinson, Alcatraz, racketeers, and the customary trimmings. Fair. Directed by Edward Ludwig. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 1.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—As the prim, innocuous civil servant with a hidden spark of nonconformity, Alec Guinness carries out a dream of larcenous glory: robbing the Bank of England. It's a minor classic, a charmer. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic ac-

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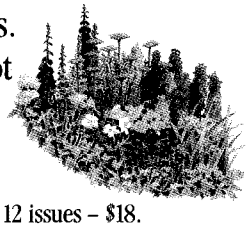

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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complice; Alfie Bass and Sidney James are the professional assistants; and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness's wrongdoing is a bit player, Audrey Hepburn. Directed by Charles Critchton. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

Made for Each Other (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

Planet of the Apes (1968)—An American astronaut finds himself in the future, on a planet run by apes; the audience is rushed along with this hero, who keeps going as fast as possible to avoid being castrated or lobotomized. All this wouldn't be so forceful or so funny if it weren't for the use of Charlton Heston in the role. With his perfect, lean-hipped, powerful body, Heston is a godlike hero; he is the perfect American Adam for this black-comedy entertainment. The director, Franklin Schaffner, has thought out the action in terms of the wide screen, and he uses space and distance dramatically. Kim Hunter, as an ape lady doctor, manages to give a distinctive, charming performance. With Roddy McDowall, Maurice Evans, James Whitmore, James Daly, and Linda Harrison. (Regency; July 28-29.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Movieland; through July 25. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting July 26.)

The Shooting Party—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Quad Cinema, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Silverado—With Kevin Kline and Scott Glenn, directed by Lawrence Kasdan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, 23rd St. Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

The Spiral Staircase (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2-3.)

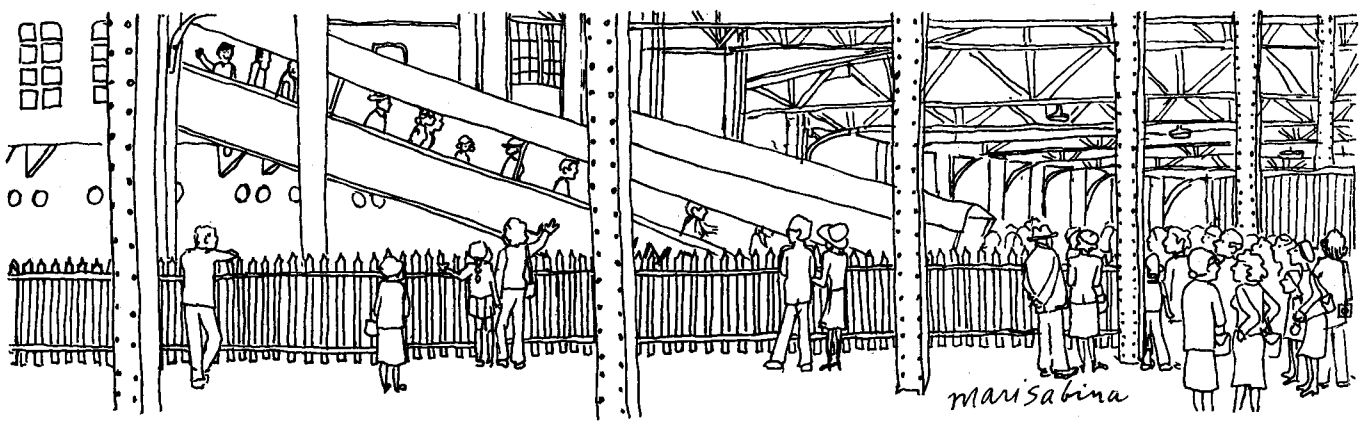
Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous stories, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 2.)

A View to a Kill—The James Bond series has had its bummers, but nothing before in the class of this one. The villain, Christopher Walken, is the ultra-blond psychopathic product of a Nazi doctor's experiments, and his major endeavor is to flood Silicon Valley. All that keeps the picture going is that it needs to reach a certain heft to fit into the series. With Roger Moore in his seventh go-round as Bond, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts, Patrick Macnee, Patrick Bauchau, and a stunning young model named Alison Doody. Directed (dispiritedly) by John Glen. (6/3/85) (Guild, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through July 25.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and New Embassy 49th Street; through July 25.)

The World According to Garp (1982)—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. Irving's novel is something special: he created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it. With John Lithgow, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and Amanda Plummer. (Cinema Village; July 29-30.)

X Y & Zee (1971; the English title is "Zee and Co.")—Elizabeth Taylor in an all-out, let-it-bleed performance that shows her talent for comic toughness. She appears to be having a roaring good time on camera and she's so energetic that Michael Caine and Susannah York (it's a triangle movie) have to work hard to hold their own. The subject is the shocking messiness of love, and the director, Brian G. Hutton, aims each shot at the jugular; nothing is implied, nothing is suggested—everything belts you. Set in London, it's an entertaining plush circus of a "women's picture." With Margaret Leighton. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 30-Aug. 1.)



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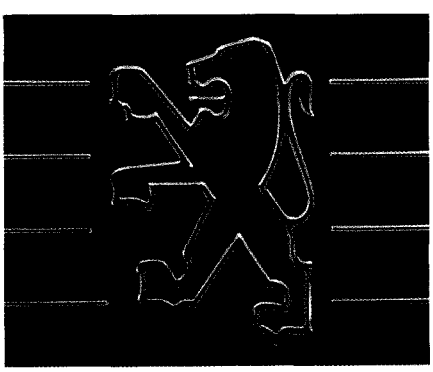

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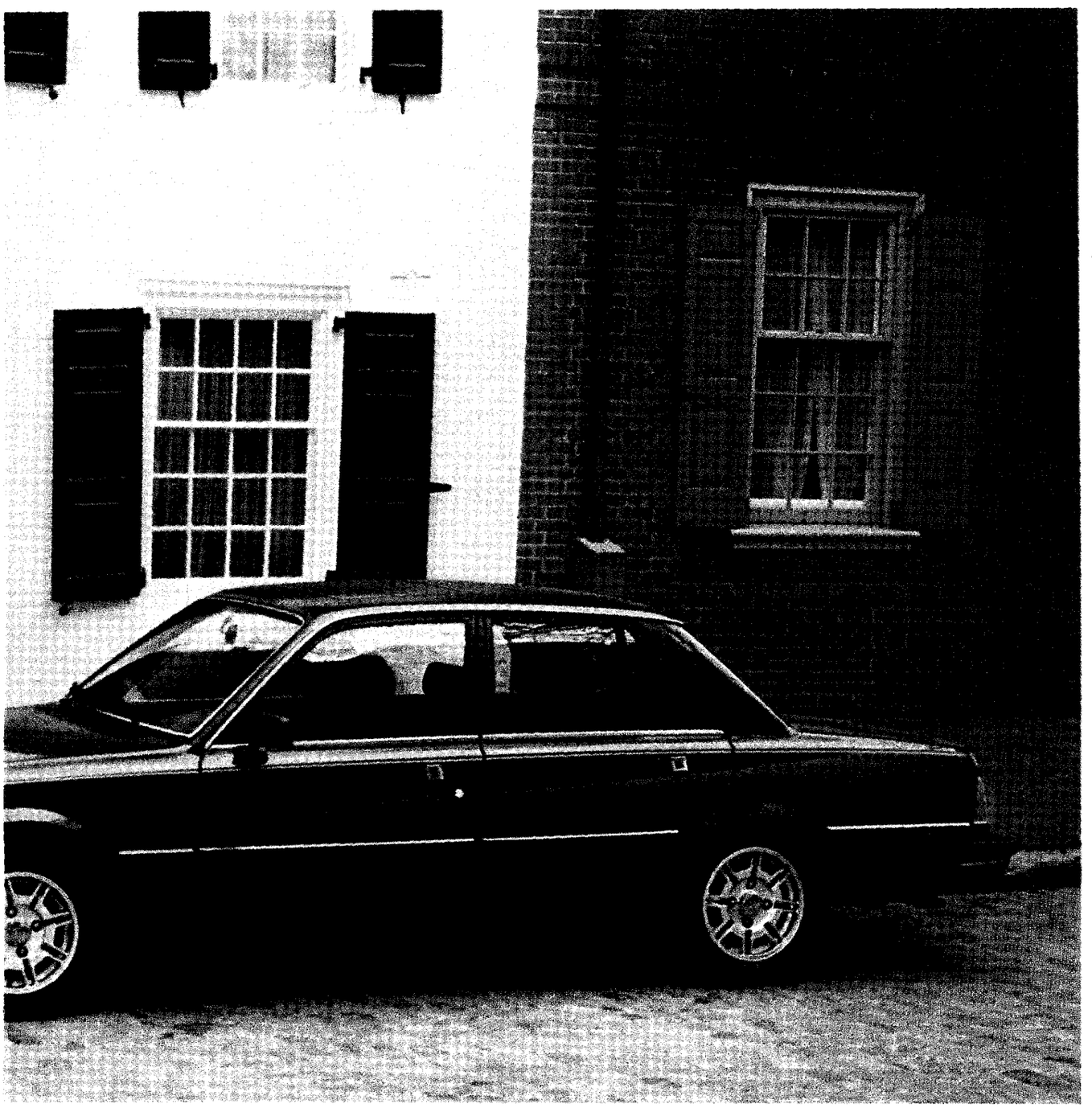

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THE NEW YORKER

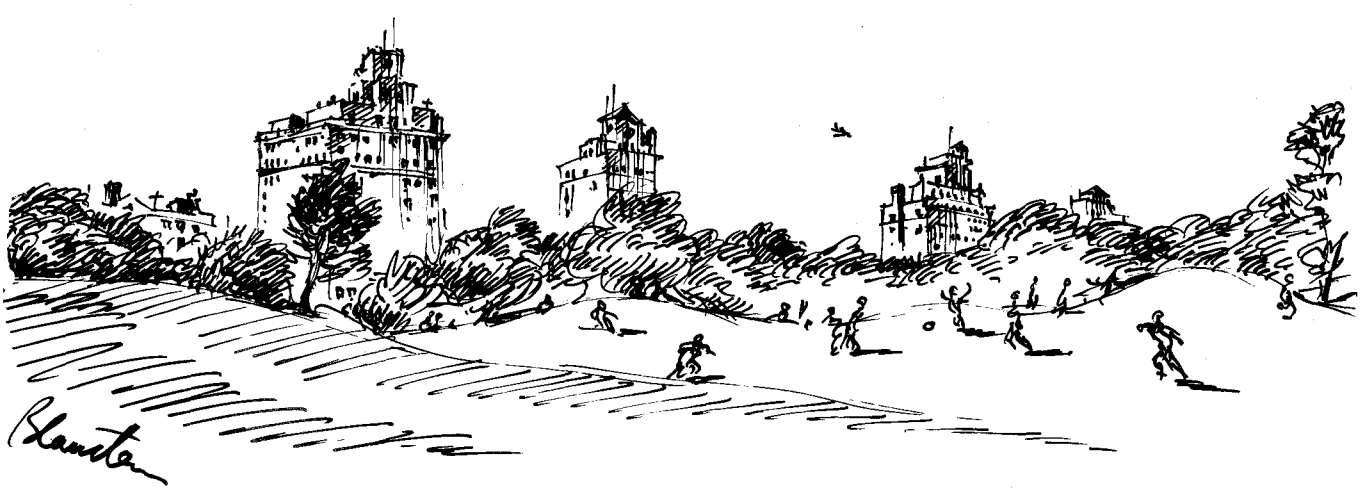
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE happened to be having dinner a few weeks ago with a friend of ours named Christine, an American novelist who was up here on a brief return visit from her usual haunts, in Guatemala. Her name isn't actually Christine; in fact, she's not exactly a novelist, and a friend she'd brought along with her, a recent refugee from Guatemala, is not actually named Barbara. But that's how we'll identify them here, because, as shall be seen, identification can be terribly perilous in Guatemala. Christine was going back soon, and Barbara desperately hopes to. She can't right now; she's been receiving death threats. The threats apparently derive from the fact that she's been actively trying to pursue leads—any lead, every lead—in the two-year-old case of the "disappearance" of her husband.

Barbara is a slight woman who carries herself with great dignity. She smiles and converses casually, but at times her body seems almost entirely made up of tears: they seem poised right up to the rim of her lower eyelids, and if she is too suddenly moved by her memories or by a renewed awareness of her situation they can spill over; she quickly regains her composure, though. She is thirty years old. She and her husband used to operate an egg farm outside a small village about a two-hour drive from Guatemala City—two thousand hens, each laying several eggs a week. Her husband had attended a university in Texas, had received a degree in agronomy, and was trying to run his chicken farm and at the same time maintain a social conscience. They had a nine-month-old daughter, and Barbara was two months pregnant with a second child when, one day in August, 1983, her husband simply failed to return from an evening outing. In the weeks that followed, she was able to track down several witnesses who reported having seen him stopped near a local Army barracks by eight armed men in civilian clothes and then seen him stuffed into a waiting vehicle, which sped away. But the police and the local Army officials denied any knowledge of the event and disappointed every attempt she made to gain their coöperation. They told her that her husband had abandoned her and gone off to Miami to seek his fortune. Alternatively, they suggested that his abduction might have been the work of the guerrillas. Alternatively, they told her he'd gone and joined the guerrillas. She was warned to stop making such a fuss. Meanwhile, she'd hear rumors that he was being held in such-and-such a prison, that he was about to be released, that, no, he'd been transferred elsewhere—but never anything firm or solid. He had simply disappeared, like thousands of other Guatemalans—and very few of those who disappear in Guatemala ever return to the surface alive.

One day last summer, Barbara saw a notice in a local paper announcing the recent formation in Guatemala City of an organization whose full name was the Mutual Support Group for the Appearance, Alive, of Our Children, Spouses, Parents, and Brothers and Sisters. She decided to join. The group had been founded in June, 1984, by several women who'd kept running into each other at places like the Guatemala City morgues as they searched for the bodies of their disappeared loved ones. One of these women was Rosario Godoy de Cuevas, a twenty-four-year-old mother, whose husband, Carlos, had been abducted in May of 1984, along with most of his colleagues in the directorate of the



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Students Association of Guatemala City's National University. The Mutual Support Group grew over the next nine months to include more than six hundred registered families, who had mobilized, precisely, for mutual support, which, in turn, enabled them to take increasingly visible and effective action. In October, 1984, for example, they conducted a twenty-seven-kilometre march. They regularly ran ads in the Guatemalan papers, at first with photographs of their disappeared relatives, and later, and much more effectively, with photographs of the infant children of the disappeared. They launched weekly pot-banging sessions in front of a government ministry, a block away from the Army's public-relations office. The government continued to deny any involvement in or knowledge of the disappearances, and, when pushed, claimed that the disappeared were all subversives anyway, who had probably gone to join the guerrillas.

By spring of 1985, the Mutual Support Group's actions were proving sufficiently nettlesome to provoke a stern and ominous rebuke. In a televised news conference on March 14th, General Oscar Humberto Mejía Víctores, the current Guatemalan chief of state, declared, "This group is being manipulated and controlled by the subversives . . . and is creating problems for the tranquil citizenry." In case anyone had failed to catch his drift, he issued a written statement the next day which read, "To take steps toward the reappearance alive of the disappeared is a subversive act, and measures will be adopted to deal with it." Two weeks later, on March 30th, Hector Gómez, one of the few male members of the group's steering committee—he was a baker from the resort town of Amatitlán, who'd joined the group following the disappearance of his brother—was kidnapped by four men in civilian clothes; his horribly mutilated body was discovered the next day dumped by a roadside. (The forensic report in this case cited only liver damage, but, curiously, the doctor who signed the report himself died under mysterious circumstances eight days later.) Four hundred people attended Gómez's funeral, on April 1st, at which Rosario Godoy read a statement by the Mutual Support Group that his death would not be forgotten. A banner was spread across his grave hailing Gómez as a martyr for human rights. Later that week, in the middle of the night, the banner was torn and burned and the grave itself ransacked. Shortly thereafter, on April 4th, Rosario Godoy disappeared. Her corpse was subsequently located, along with the corpses of her brother and her infant son, Augusto Rafael, in an automobile at the bottom of a ravine. Although their deaths were officially attributed to an automobile accident, several suspicious circumstances undercut that finding: the car itself, which came to rest right beside the grave site of an earlier disappeared victim, wasn't seriously damaged; and, inside, the baby's fingernails were found to have been pulled out. Barbara and Christine recited these stories for us in calm, sad voices, and then Barbara told us that shortly after Rosario's death she herself began receiving telephone threats—the sort that included descriptions of the clothes she and her two small daughters had been wearing the previous day. She decided to flee, with the children, largely for their sake, but she continues to be tormented by misgivings that she should perhaps be back in Guatemala pursuing the search for her husband.

In the weeks since our dinner with Barbara and Christine, we've been seeking more information on what's been going on in Guatemala. We've learned, for example, that although the United States had suspended military sales and aid to the regime in Guatemala during the late seventies, the eighties have seen a resumption of that assistance, at first somewhat indirectly (the reclassification, in 1981, of trucks and jeeps as nonmilitary supplies, and so no longer subject to embargo) and then more overtly (the sale, in 1984, of two million two hundred thousand dollars' worth of military spare parts). Furthermore, the United States has resumed support for large infusions of money through international lending agencies to help shore up the Guatemalan economy—ravaged in part by the "scorched earth" tactics of the Guatemalan generals in their war against rural guerrillas. All this assistance is proceeding despite the country's utterly deplorable human-rights situation. One of the most thorough and measured, and therefore most damning, overviews of the situation which we managed to track down

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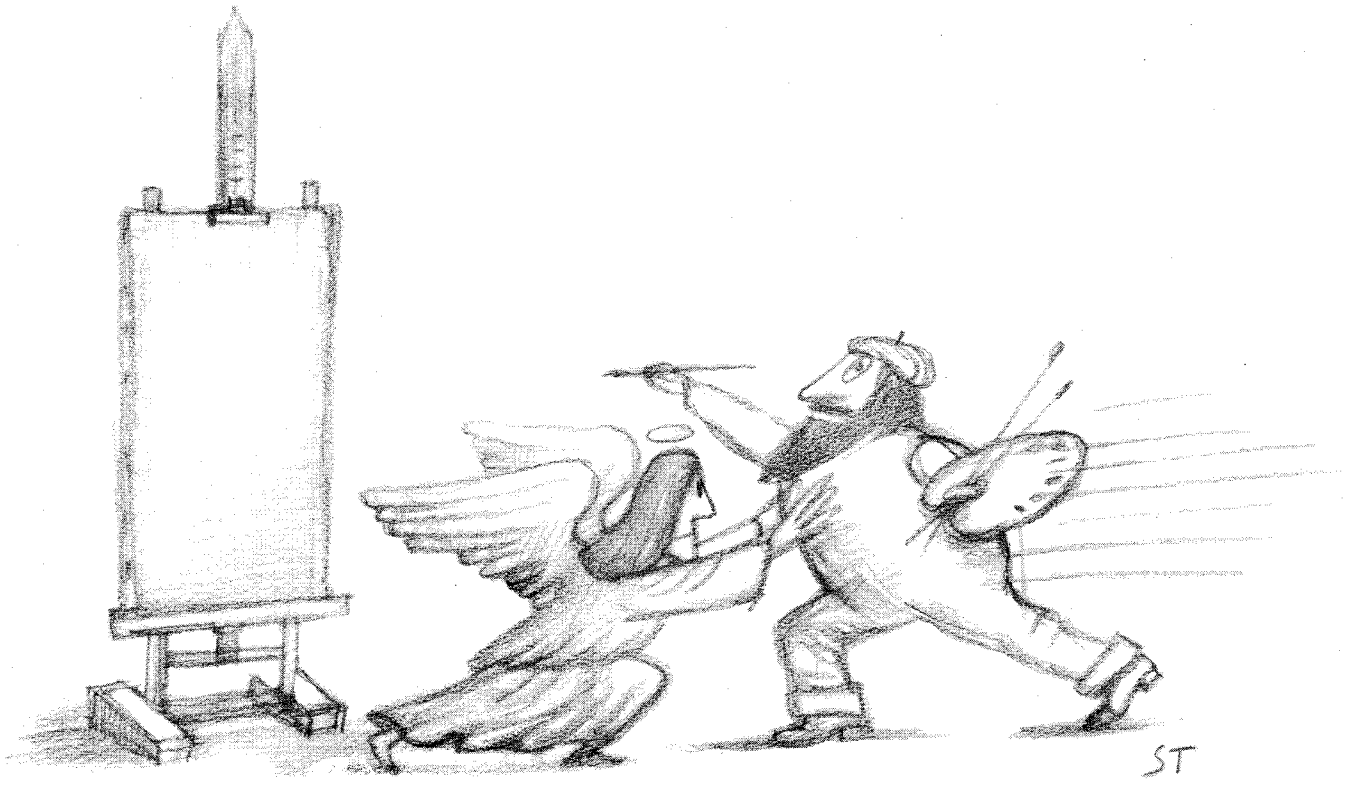

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was the report of an October, 1984, mission to Guatemala by a human-rights delegation of the British Parliament, published in monograph form under the title "Bitter and Cruel . . ." The first paragraph of the delegation's summary of its findings reads, "In a thirty-year war against their own people, the Guatemalan military have created a nation of widows and orphans. Over 100,000 people have been killed and 38,000 disappeared. Throughout 1984, the killings and disappearances have continued and there has been no significant improvement in the human-rights situation—if anything it has worsened since 1983." The report continues, a few paragraphs later, "The government and military assertion that disappearances are largely the work of guerrillas or extortioners, or that the disappeared have gone to Cuba or the Soviet Union to receive training, is a brazen lie. The evidence points inexorably to the state security apparatus as being responsible for these crimes." The report's title derives from a passage in an 1851 letter in which William Gladstone, Britain's future Prime Minister, offered his impression of the contemporary Bourbon tyranny over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies (the members of Parliament included the passage as an epigraph for their report): "It is not mere imperfection, not corruption in low quarters, not occasional severity that I am about to describe; it is incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the Power appointed to watch over and maintain it. . . . It is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its object, so that the government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal, hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves and forms the mainspring of practical progress and improvement."

A couple of hours ago, our friend Christine dropped by on her way to the airport; she's heading back to the Guatemalan highlands she loves so dearly. She left us a batch of papers. One of them was an English translation of a letter that Rosario Godoy de Cuevas sent to some members of her family in Costa Rica less than a week before she and her brother and her infant son were assassinated. "I am ready to go mad," she'd written. "It has been ten months [since the disappearance of Carlos] . . . and nothing more occurs to me to do. The days pass so rapidly and the nights so slowly that I would like to disappear from the map. I wish I'd never become part of this nightmare. I look at Augusto Rafael and my desperation becomes greater, those eyes that beg me tearfully for tranquillity and a happy and stable home. It is something horrible, what is happening to me now. I only think of Carlos and act insofar as it is possible [to free him]. That is my obsession. . . . But I believe surely that either they will return Carlos alive to me or they will take me, too."

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JungleWorld

JUNGLEWORLD, the new Bronx Zoo exhibit, is no spur-of-the-moment project. "We've been building it for five years," James Doherty, the general curator of the New York Zoological Society, told us the other day, "but we were planning it for some years before that, and, as you'll see, it isn't quite finished in every detail even now." He explained that it represents not jungles of the whole world but merely those of Asia, and has therefore been placed next door to the Wild Asia exhibit. Jungles and rain forests all over the world have much in common, but not all regions could be adequately represented in one exhibit.

"Those tropical, moist forests we call jungle contain more kinds of wild

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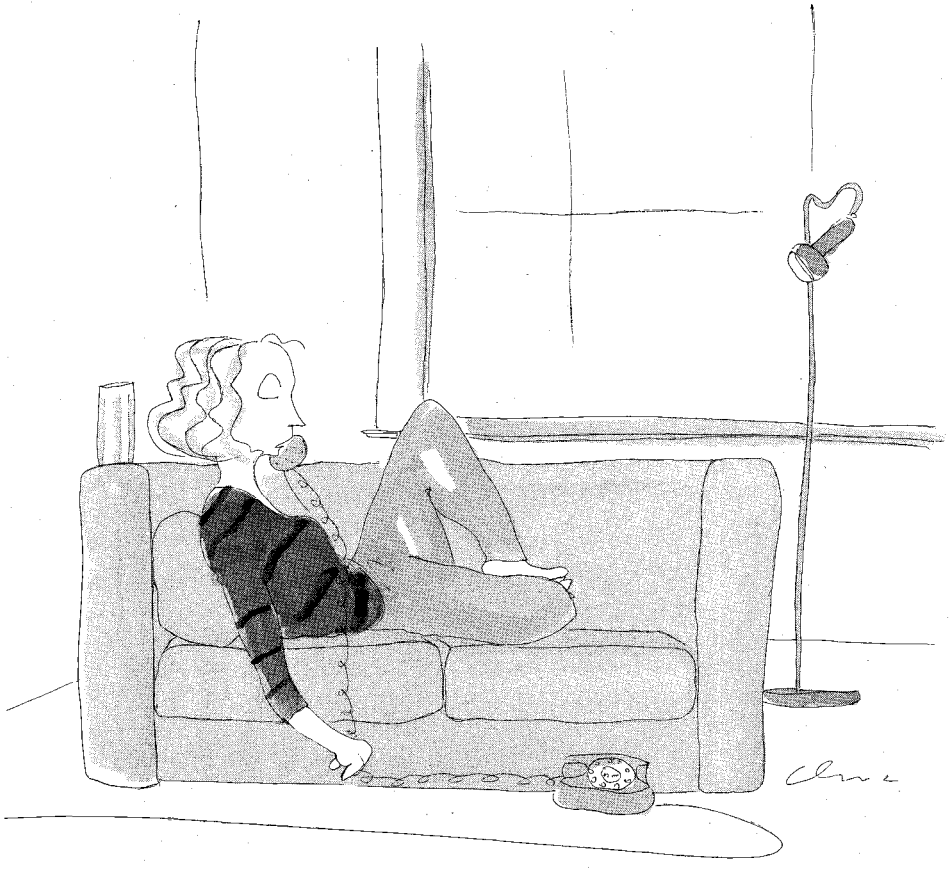
creatures than any other habitat on Earth," said a sign at the entrance. Another sign said, "They are being cut or burned so rapidly that between fifteen and twenty per cent of all the species of plants and animals will be extinct in less than twenty years." Some literature we were carrying informed us, "The exhibition emphasizes habitats as well as wildlife. It is home to a comprehensive cross-section of tropical Asian plants, animals, terrains, and climates—econiches that contain a huge diversity of flora and fauna. . . . Excepting a glass window between visitors and black leopards, the only barriers in the great habitats are those of space: the JungleWorld exhibits are open and barless, with animals separated from visitors and other animals by ravines, streams, and cliffs."

We walked through a hall decorated with bamboos and Indian and Balinese textiles, and entered the first section of the exhibit proper, called Scrub Forest. "All the growth you see here is genuine—the grasses and small trees," Mr. Doherty said. "We've been able to grow it in thin volcanic soil. But look at this rock outcrop. You can't tell that it isn't genuine, can you? It's cast from the original volcanic rock—lava. The orchids are real, though, and the vines are real. So are the reeds, ferns, all that—they do well here. It's all growing, and it's all Asian in origin. First, we have this Scrub Forest, then the Mangrove Gallery, and then the Rain Forest, but the transition is never sudden." We were now on a bridge over water. "See there on the left?" Mr. Doherty went on. "We have two water monitors on this side. Can you see the one under the little bluff? They're young and rather small, and they've settled in well. We have lots of birds—you can hear them singing. There's a Bali mynah, that white one. I think the mynahs will soon be nesting. Look at our graphics."

Along the bridge rail was a series of incised drawings of monitors, crocodiles, and birds. A spirited strip showed monitors doing their ritual fighting, each warrior settled back on his tail and hind legs, much like his dinosaur ancestors. Another series illustrated how monitors and Komodo dragons eat. They don't chew their food but swallow things whole—or, if the prey is too large for one helping, tear off pieces with their teeth. We also absorbed an improving bit of information from a sign on the rail. Question: How are palms different from other trees? Answer: They can't expand, so they simply grow taller very fast. As we moved on, we caught sight of two crocodiles in the water on the right-hand side of the bridge. "You can't see it, but they're separated from the monitors by a barrier underneath," Mr. Doherty said.

According to the literature, "when the spectator passes into the Mangrove Gallery, he or she is introduced to a unique habitat where trees grow into the salt water and fish (mudskippers) live on land." The mangrove trees (artificial) sent their roots into the water, and as we reached one of these roots a mudskipper obligingly jumped in. Then we came out of the dimness into a clearing, where Mr. Doherty proudly pointed to a colony of proboscis monkeys—the kind with long, hanging noses. This is the only breeding colony in the country, he said; the monkeys are very rare nowadays, even in nature. There were five of them here—four captive-born, and one old female wild-caught. They busily jumped around and ate. They live on leaves, and members of the staff bring them branches from various genuine trees every day. Their habitat might have been a textbook illustration, even down to two sportive little otters swimming back and forth under a bank but in full view.

As we walked on toward the Rain Forest, the largest exhibit in JungleWorld, we encountered this intelligence: "While you are reading this sign, six acres of tropical forest are being cut or burned." Not far off was a disturbing set of pictures of timber workers cutting down trees and dismembering them and flattening former forest land into what was intended to be fields. Sobered, we thought back on what we had encountered at the entrance: a large screen of lights flashing on and off behind small colored photographs of animals, plants, and smiling Asian people, with a map of world jungles nearby. "Tropical rain forests cover only six per cent of the globe," said our printed guide, "but they contain a huge diversity of wildlife, accounting for more than fifty per cent of the world's plants and animal species." Some of the species were listed, among them vine snakes and flying geckos, flying frogs and leap frogs, and insects and "such phenomena as



"He's with Ken someplace, luxuriating in their maleness."

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giant walking-sticks," all of which are featured in a Diversity Gallery. The Rain Forest itself is staggeringly impressive. "Three hundred feet long and extending from lowland evergreen rain forest to lower montane rain forest," we read, "its incredible verisimilitude is aided by one of the largest naturalistic murals in the world, and huge buttress-root trees that soar out of sight." All true. A cloud of mist—genuine mist—hovers over the highest waterfall. But the giant trees, of course, are man-made.

Halfway across a bridge, we paused to look at something hard to believe, because we were so near to it. Two black panthers—"captive-bred, both of them, and both females," said Mr. Doherty—were walking back and forth on a fallen tree, or the simulacrum of a fallen tree, patting each other on the face and easily, lithely jumping one over the other to land, sure-footed, and continue prowling. Their eyes shone green. "It's the first time I've seen them together on that tree," Mr. Doherty said excitedly. He called to the Zoo's general director, William Conway, to come and look.

Dr. Conway did, and then called our attention to the panthers' background view, where langur monkeys leaped among the trees.

"Not within reach, surely?" we asked.

No, there was a glass barrier we couldn't see, he said.

Mr. Doherty went on talking about the panthers. "I was worried about that log," he said. "I mean, steel and fibre glass underfoot! The leopards' feet might slip on that stuff, because there's no purchase. So what we did was to flatten the top of the log just a little, and, as you can see, it works—they walk across without any trouble. Now, here we see the Rain Forest from a different angle—flat bottomland and pools. Go on, you can go down these steps for a closer look. We keep our gharials here. See them all together in that pool? They're a kind of crocodilian. And, up there, see that rotten log all hollowed out?"

"Surely that's not artificial?" we asked.

"It's artificial, but the Indian python who lives in it thinks it's natural," he said. "He's genuine, of course."

The guidebook nudged us with "A fossil skull protruding from nearby rocks shows a forty-million-year old gharial relative."

Back outside, we looked around, puzzled. We had been in JungleWorld nearly an hour. "How big is this place?" we asked.

Mr. Doherty smiled. "One acre," he replied.

One more sign faced us, a poem composed by a Senegalese named Baba Dioum:

> In the end, we will conserve only what we love.
> We will love only what we understand.
> We will understand only what we are taught.

Developments

SOME people imagine—or, rather, some people imagined—that history looks like this:

Many of those people lived late in the last century, when electromagnetism was shaking, and sometimes they went to magic-lantern shows and saw pictures of the Wild West. But the West was filling up—no more frontier. World wars! Some people started thinking that history looks like this:

What goes around comes around. This is an Eastern perspective; it sums up a lifetime of shuttling between New York and Washington. The Republicans, the Democrats—they're all the same. But that was before they broke up A.T. & T. and you had to choose which company to buy your phone from. That made lots of people believe that history looks like this:

But there's no percentage in thinking that way. Where does it get you?

Earlier this month, we stopped by the New York Restaurant School. Lynn Redgrave was there. Chef Bruce Beck was there. They star in the first issue of a new "video magazine" from Weight Watchers. Miss Redgrave looked svelte, leonine. "I am one of the few performers with a famous fat past, which I guess is why Weight Watchers wanted me," she said. "I'd been so visibly fat, and am now so visibly thin."

Chef Bruce looked trim, compact. "While I love food, I'm not that excited about eating things I've been working on," he said, and he added that television cooking is harder than kitchen cooking, since "one has to use more equipment." Why? Because "a lot of people are nervous when they see you working with your hands, even though your hands are your best tools."

The videotape will be "more than a weight-loss tape, more than a fitness tape," said a man who was more than a P.R. man. "It will be both."

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A FEW days later, some clothing people introduced Coca-Cola-brand clothing in the Cotillion Room of the Pierre. The press conference started twenty minutes late, and during those twenty minutes the Coke theme song played over and over. This same loud noise had preceded Coke's various announcements these last months about Old Coke and New Coke. We know what its fear is—its fear is that a mind left to wander in silence will turn some corner and see Pepsi, or a water fountain. Some of the clothes have the Coke logo splashed across them, but most are just clothes. These clothing people, too, have a video. In it, people dressed in blue business suits dance about as if they were automatons to a song called "Creatures of Habit." At the end, they don some Coca-Cola clothes. Mr. Mohan Murjani, whose firm will market the duds, explained why they will be a success: because the advertising budget for Coca-Cola (the drink) exceeds the total *sales* of "all but seventeen" American apparel companies. "We have licensed a legend," said Mr. Murjani. The company will open a store at Columbus Avenue and Seventy-third Street in September, and it will sell only Coca-Cola clothes. Customers will be issued trays and will order their garments at a counter, as if they were in a cafeteria. Mr. Murjani hopes to install a system resembling the electronic tellers used at banks which will allow customers to select, pay for, and receive clothes at any hour of the day or night. But this is a few years down the road.

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THEY ALL WENT UP TO AMSTERDAM

I TAKE Stephen into the nap room and settle him in the right-hand crib. It's the one under the window but I know Stephen will go to sleep without playing with the curtain.

April has finished her bottle and is standing up. I have forgotten Stephen's bottle. I go out and get his bottle from the refrigerator; it's the one with the nipple shaped like a bear. I carry it in. I give it to him. Allison doesn't take a bottle.

April and Allison are making sounds to each other. I drag the rocker down from the other end of the room. It's made of interwoven strips of green and white vinyl stapled to an aluminum frame. I take Allison on my lap so April will not have anyone to talk to. I position the rocker with my back to April so she will not talk to me either. I rock Allison and sing "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

Stephen is lying down but April is standing up looking at me. Allison lies easily against my body. Her eyes are open. After a while I put her back into her crib. I take up April. April starts to cry. I try to soothe her before Allison gets interested. April sobs. She wrenches off my lap and reaches for a book on the floor. I pick up the book. I sit down in the rocker and April lies back against me. She stops crying. I hold the book so both of us can see it. I turn the pages and say words that fit the pictures: "Bus." "Baby." "Snowplow."

The door opens. Bruce brings Margot into the room. He is leading her by the hand and carrying her bottle, a green pillow, and a book. She is talking to him in a loud voice. April rolls over to look at her.

Bruce gets Margot to lie down on the blue cot next to the wall, just beyond Stephen's crib. He goes out of the room and shuts the door. Margot sits up and tells me to read to her. I have to keep my rocker positioned between Allison and April. If I went to sit on Margot's cot, they would talk to each other. I tell her I'll do it soon. Stephen draws up his legs like a frog.

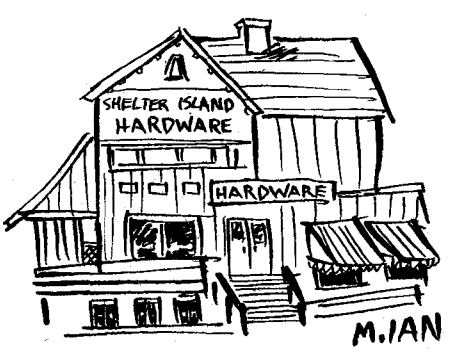
I rock April. She stares up at me. After a while I see that she doesn't see me. I slip my arm under her thighs and scoop her up. I step to the crib and tip her over into it, lowering her slowly so she is on her stomach on top of my arm. I keep on humming. I hum "I've Been Working on the Railroad." I draw my arm out carefully and hold my hand lightly on her back. I keep it there for a long time. I stop humming but she doesn't move. Her eyes are open but she cannot see. I take my hand off her back. She doesn't move. After a while I step away. Wearily, she pulls herself to her feet and holds on to the railing of the crib.

Allison is lying down with her back to the room. Margot is sitting up with her feet on the floor. Stephen is asleep. I sit down on Margot's cot and stretch her out. I read to her in a low voice. While I am reading, April starts calling—urgently, wordlessly—to Allison. Allison rolls over and calls back. She stands up. They hoot to each other as if they mean something, laughing.

When I finish the book, Margot says she wants a blanket. I find a yellow one. She says it is the wrong one. She wants the puppy one. I find the puppy one and carry it to her. She lies down and gathers the pillow and the blanket and the bottle into a bundle at her chest. I lay Allison and April back down in their cribs and rub their necks and backs and bottoms—first Allison, then April.

The door opens slowly. Bruce's arm urges Nikki and Kara into the nap room. The door closes. I put Nikki on the green cot at the very front of the room, the one on which the fabric is coming away from the aluminum bar at the side. Nikki lies down and plays her fingers along the frayed edge. Allison is standing up.

There is a mattress on the floor near Nikki's cot but if I put Kara on it she would talk to Nikki. She won't talk to Allison and April, who are babies. I pull the mattress down the room and put it near Allison's crib. I guide Kara by the shoulder so she will not stop to talk to Nikki or Margot. I put her on the mattress and smooth her hair off her face. She says she wants a book and a blanket. Nikki calls out that she wants a book and a blanket, too. Margot says she doesn't like the puppy blanket.



I give the puppy blanket to Kara and give Margot another blanket. I give Nikki and Kara books. Nikki reminds me about her blanket. I find a yellow blanket. It is a thermal blanket with a satin binding, but it is the wrong one. I know it is the wrong one even before I show it to her. Nikki's blanket has a satin binding but is more faded than this. I go outside for Nikki's blanket. It is on the top of the cubbies. I go back inside and give it to Nikki. Allison is still standing. April is crying a little. I go to her and pat her bottom. Her bottle has rolled to the other end of the crib, where she can't see it. I give it to her. She likes to hold it. She is quiet.

I pick up Nikki and carry her back to the rocker. With my foot, I pull the rocker away from the cribs and Kara's mattress. I sit down and take Nikki on my lap. I rock Nikki. I like the smell of her hair. With my foot, I pull a book toward me along the floor. I reach down for it and read it to Nikki.

Kara says, "I want to hear a book." I say, "Soon."

Allison and April are standing up. When I finish Nikki's book, I take Allison out of her crib and position the rocker between her and April again. I hold Allison and sing "I've Been Working on the Railroad." I sing it three times. When I get to Dinah blowing her horn, I sing, "Allison, blow your horn." When I get to someone in the kitchen, I sing, "Someone's in the kitchen with Allison." Margot sits up and puts her blanket over her head like a ghost costume. Nikki sits up and puts her blanket over her head, too.

Next I sing "There Were Three Jolly Fishermen." I sing "fisherwomen," though I have to hurry the syllables. Instead of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, I sing Allison, Nikki, and Margot. Halfway through the singing, when the fisherwomen go to Amsterdam, I see April lie down and fall asleep, though I am not looking straight at her.

I put Allison back into her crib, take the blankets off Nikki's and Margot's heads, and lay them down. Margot will not fall asleep soon.

I take Kara on my lap and read her a book and rock her. I put her back on her cot. I lie down on the floor next

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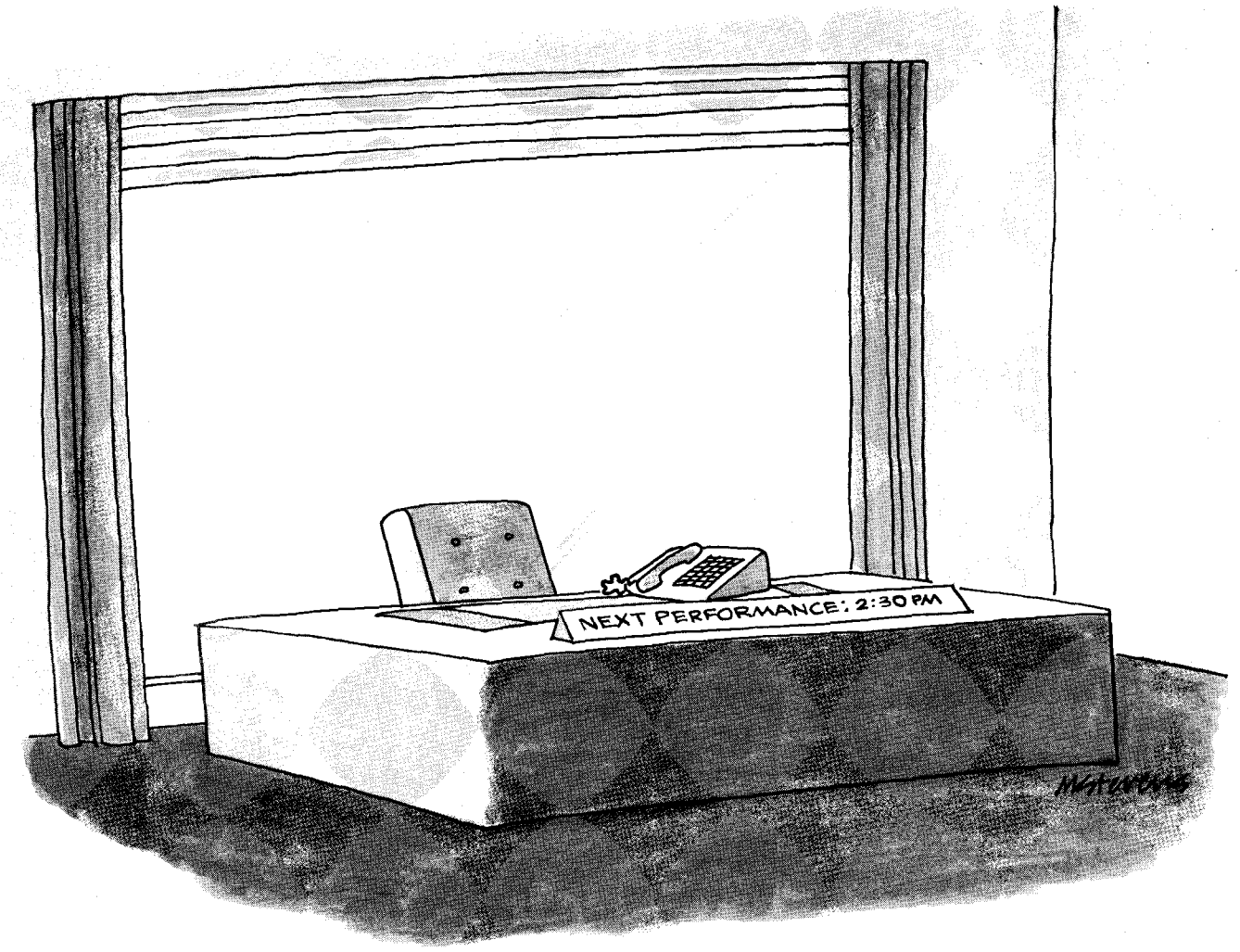

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to her. I rub her thighs and sing "Michael, Row Your Boat Ashore," except I sing, "Kara, Row Your Boat Ashore." It is quiet and dark. Allison is asleep. I hear Margot and Nikki start to talk in low voices so I put the rocker between them and rock by myself, with my back to Kara.

THERE is a particular way to rock. Though I am alone in the rocker now, I rock in the particular way, pushing a little harder than necessary on the front push and letting the back part of my mind slide slowly out of my head and down the back of the rocker, not caring with the front part of my mind whether they sleep or not, but with the middle part—the slow, certain part of my mind—closing their eyes, easing my mind over eyelids, Nikki's eyelids, easing my mind over the wrinkles in Nikki's eyelids, so that they smooth slowly, rounding over her eyeballs. But then they pull back. I rock heavily and hum and round Nikki's eyelids, with the hands of my middle mind, over her eyeballs. Again they snap up but it does not matter. The pull of my rocker takes Nikki's eyelids and smooths them over her eyeballs again. The next time, she is able to open them only halfway. Then she is able to let only a flash of light out of her eyes. Then they are closed.

Margot cannot sleep, will never sleep, unless I forget her. But I hear sounds from the next room and I am tired of sitting here. Still I must give Margot that present, let her be missing. One person or another is always thinking of Margot, snapping her into response, like someone who must remember how to speak when the telephone rings.

I rock and let the back of my mind leak down, and take the front of my mind and shape it carefully, making it play with what I will do when I leave here—projects for a perfect evening, food, Scotch, something made of smooth dark-red cloth, someone's hand, all coming to me, all having something to give, something free: steam rising from cooked food, fingers on my neck and shoulders. When the perfect evening is done, Margot is forgotten and can sleep. She is gone.

There is nothing that can help Kara sleep, now that she is too big to let herself go when her thighs are kneaded and her back is smoothed. There is nothing to do but to lie on the floor and wait. I take a pillow and lie down. I will not sleep; I am wary with wanting what I want. I can think of anything now, but I am wanting what I want. I wait and wait. She fingers the blanket. I won't win. I wait and wait. I'm not going to win. Her eyes ride steadily over the room, conscious, seeing. Impatience grows in me. The back of my mind slips up into place. I want to know what time it is.

Kara yawns. This is different. I hum silently now, for myself—the same song over and over. I know that I've won. I hum for a long time. I use my own name in the song. She arches and sleeps. —ALICE MATTISON

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WHAT IT WAS LIKE, SEEING CHRIS

WHILE I sit with all the other patients in the waiting room, I always think that I will ask Dr. Wald what exactly is happening to my eyes, but when I go into his examining room alone it is dark, with a circle of light on the wall, and the doctor is standing with his back to me arranging silver instruments on a cloth. The big chair is empty for me to go sit in, and each time then I feel as if I have gone into a dream straight from being awake, the way you do sometimes at night, and I go to the chair without saying anything.

The doctor prepares to look at my eyes through a machine. I put my forehead and chin against the metal bands and look into the tiny ring of blue light while the doctor dabs quickly at my eye with something, but my head starts to feel numb, and I have to lift it back. "Sorry," I say. I shake my head and put it back against the metal. Then I stare into the blue light and try to hold my head still, and to convince myself that there is no needle coming toward my eye, that my eye is not anesthetized.

"Breathe," Dr. Wald says. "Breathe." But my head always goes numb again, and I pull away, and Dr. Wald has to wait for me to resettle myself against the machine. "Nervous today, Laurel?" he asks, not interested.

ONE Saturday after I had started going to Dr. Wald, Maureen and I walked around outside our old school. We dangled on the little swings with our knees bunched while the dry leaves blew around us, and Maureen told me she was sleeping with Kevin. Kevin is a sophomore, and to me he had seemed much older than we were when we'd begun high school in September. "What is it like?" I asked.

"Fine." Maureen shrugged. "Who do you like these days, anyhow? I notice you haven't been talking much about Dougie."

"No one," I said. Maureen stopped her swing and looked at me with one eyebrow raised, so I told her—although I was sorry as soon as I opened my mouth—that I'd met someone in the city.

"In the city?" she said. Naturally, she was annoyed. "How did you get to meet someone in the city?"

It was just by accident, I told her, because of going to the eye doctor, and anyway it was not some big thing. That was what I told Maureen, but I remembered the first time I had seen Chris as surely as if it were a stone I could hold in my hand.

IT was right after my first appointment with Dr. Wald. I had taken the train into the city after school, and when the doctor was finished with me I was supposed to take a taxi to my sister Penelope's dancing school, which was on the east side of the Park, and do homework there until Penelope's class was over and Mother picked us up. Friends of my parents ask me if I want to be a dancer, too, but they are being polite. There is Penelope, and there is me.

Across the street from the doctor's office, I saw a place called Jake's. I stared through the window at the long shining bar and mirrors and round tables, and it seemed to me I would never be inside a place like that, but then I thought how much I hated sitting outside Penelope's class and how much I hated the doctor's office, and I opened the door and walked right in.

I sat down at a table near the wall, and I ordered a Coke. I looked around at all the people with their glasses of colored liquids, and I thought how happy they were—vivid and free and sort of the same, as if they were playing.

I watched the bartender as he gestured and talked. He was really putting on a show telling a story to some people I could only see from the back. There was a man with shiny, straight hair that shifted like a curtain when he laughed, and a man with curly blond hair, and be-

"And yet he could be a barrel of laughs when he wanted to be."

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tween them a girl in a fluffy sweater. The men—or boys (I couldn't tell, and I still don't know)—wore shirts with seams on the back that curved up from their belts to their shoulders. I watched their shirts, and I watched in the mirror behind the bar as their beautiful goldish faces settled from laughing. I looked at them in the mirror, and I particularly noticed the one with the shiny hair, and I watched his eyes get like crescents, as if he were listening to another story, but then I saw he was smiling. He was smiling into the mirror in front of him, and in the mirror I was just staring, staring at him, and he was smiling back into the mirror at me.

"Tough about Taylor. He was blindsided by the new technology."

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The next week I went back to Dr. Wald for some tests, and when I was finished, although I'd planned to go do homework at Penelope's dancing school, I went straight to Jake's instead. The same two men were at the bar, but a different girl was with them. I pretended not to notice them as I went to the table I had sat at before.

I had a Coke, and when I went up to the bar to pay, the one with the shiny hair turned right around in front of me. "Clothes-abuse squad," he said, prizing my wadded-up coat out of my arms. He shook it out and smiled at me. "I'm Chris," he said, "and this is Mark." His friend turned to me like a soldier who has been waiting, but the girl with them only glanced at me and turned to talk to someone else.

Chris helped me into my coat, and then he buttoned it up, as if I were a little child. "Who are you?" he said.

"Laurel," I said.

Chris nodded slowly. "Laurel," he said. And when he said that, I felt a shock on my face and hands and front as if I had pitched against flat water.

"SO are you going out with this guy, or what?" Maureen asked me.

"Maureen," I said. "He's just a person I met." Maureen looked at me again, but I just looked back at her. We twisted our swings up and let ourselves twirl out.

"So what's the matter with your eyes?" Maureen said. "Can't you just wear glasses?"

"Well, the doctor said he couldn't tell exactly what was wrong yet," I said. "He says he wants to keep me under observation, because there might be something happening to my retina." But I realized then that I didn't understand what that meant at all, and I also realized that I was really, but really, scared.

Maureen and I wandered over to the school building and looked in the window of the fourth-grade room, and I thought how strange it was that I used to fit in those miniature chairs, and that a few years later Penelope did, and that my little brother Paul fit in them now. There was a sickly old turtle in an aquarium on the sill just like the one we'd had. I wondered if it was the same one. I think they're sort of prehistoric, and some of them live to be a hundred or two hundred years old.

"I bet your mother is completely hysterical," Maureen said.

I smiled. Maureen thinks it's hilarious the way my mother expects everything in her life (*her* life!) to be perfect. "I had to bring her with me last week," I said.

"Ick," Maureen said sympathetically, and I remembered how awful it had been, sitting and waiting next to Mother. Whenever Mother moved—to cross her legs or smooth out her skirt or pick up a magazine—the clean smell of her perfume came over to me. Mother's perfume made a nice little space for her there in the stale office. We didn't talk at all, and it seemed like a long time before an Asian woman took me into a small white room and turned off the light. The woman had a serious face, like an angel, and she wore a white hospital coat over her clothes. She didn't seem to speak much English. She sat me down in front of something hanging on the wall which looked like a map of planets drawn in white on black.

The woman moved a wand across the map, and the end of the wand glimmered. "You say when you see light," she told me. In the silence I made myself say "Now" over and over as I saw the light blinking here and there upon the planet map. Finally the woman turned on the light in the room and smiled at me. She rolled up the map and put it with the wand into a cupboard.

"Where are you from?" I asked her, to shake off the sound of my voice saying "Now."

She hesitated, and I felt sick, be-

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IN THE GARDEN

The other night I stepped
into the garden to check on the greens;
something had been eating holes in their leaves
while I slept.

There was no moon, and so
I took a flashlight and threaded my way
through the humid darkness into the rain-
soaked rows.

The broad and floppy ears
of the collards, like splayed-out cabbages,
brushed wetly against my legs as I trudged
through and peered

beneath leaves, looked over
the ground, up and down stems. In the dim light
the day's colors had faded to ash-white,
ivory,

pale green, and black—the hues
of marble. I followed a wrinkled trail
through the half-light and found him—a large snail
who moved through

his corner of the dark
like a full-blown daydream, his soft body
a nimbus of flesh that seemed to study
the slow work

at hand. During the day
I had picked sleeping snails from the garden
and hurled them into the street from the yard—
a quick way

to weed them out. Their shells
crack like eggs on the pavement. I also
set out snail bait, a cruel poison. Though
their bellies

swell up like small balloons
as soon as they eat it, it takes them hours
to die. Then the ants arrive to devour
the remains.

Yet this good night I stood
alone with the dark and peculiar grace,
the luminous flesh, the silver traces,
and I could

think only of slowly
moving caravans, distant and afoot
at dusk, the nodding pace of storybooks,
the torsos

of ancient statues. His
antennae fully extended, he took
his way through the leaves, as they lightly shook
and whispered.

—SIDNEY WADE

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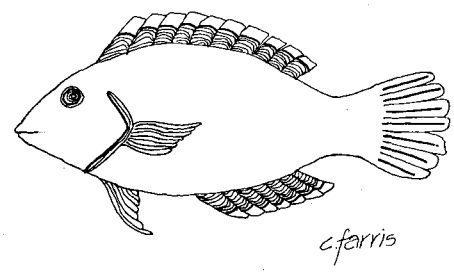
cause I thought I had said something rude, but finally the meaning of the question seemed to reach her. "Japanese," she said. She put the back of her hand against my hair. "Very pretty," she said. "Very pretty."

Then Dr. Wald looked at my eyes, and after that Mother and I were brought into his consulting room. We waited, facing the huge desk, and eventually the doctor walked in. There was just a tiny moment when he saw Mother, but then he sat right down and explained, in a sincere, televisionish voice I had never heard him use before, that he wanted to see me once a month. He told my mother there might or might not be "cause for concern," and he spoke right to her, with a little frown as she looked down at her clasped hands. Men always get important like that when they're talking to her, and she and the doctor both looked extra serious, as if they were reminding themselves that it was me they were talking about, not each other. While Mother scheduled me for the last week of each month (on Thursday, because of Penelope's class) the cross-looking receptionist seemed to be figuring out how much Mother's clothes cost.

When Mother and I parked in front of Penelope's dancing school, Penelope was just coming out with some of the other girls. They were in jeans, but they all had their hair still pulled up tightly on top of their heads, and Penelope had the floaty, peaceful look she gets after class. Mother smiled at her and waved, but then she looked suddenly at me. "Poor Laurel," she said. Tears had come into her eyes, and answering tears sprang into my own, but mine were tears of unexpected rage. I saw how pleased Mother was, thinking that we were having that moment together, but what I was thinking, as we looked at each other, was that even though I hadn't been able to go to Jake's that afternoon because of her, at least now I would be able to go back once a month and see Chris.



"And all week," I told Maureen, "Mother has been saying I got it from my father's family, and my father says it's glaucoma in his family and his genes have nothing to do with retinas."

"Really?" Maureen asked. "Is something wrong with your dad?"

Maureen is always talking about my father and saying how "attractive" he is. If she only knew the way he talks about her! When she comes over, he sits down and tells her jokes. A few weeks ago when she came by for me, he took her outside in back to show her something and I had to wait a long time. But when she isn't at our house, he acts as if she's just some stranger. Once he said to me that she was cheap.

OF course, there was no reason for me to think that Chris would be at Jake's the next time I went to the doctor's, but he was. He and Mark were at the bar as if they'd never

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"Finish it? Why would I want to finish it?"

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From then on, I always went straight to Jake's after leaving the doctor, and when I passed by the bar I could never help glancing into the mirror to see Chris's face. I would just sit at my table and drink my Coke and listen for his laugh, and when I heard it I felt completely still, the way you do when you have a fever and someone puts his hand on your forehead. And sometimes Chris would come sit with me and talk.

At home and at school, I thought about all the different girls who hung around with Chris and Mark. I thought about them one by one, as if they were little figurines I could take down from a glass case to inspect. I thought about how they looked, and I thought about the girls at school and about Penelope, and I looked in the mirror.

I looked in the mirror over at Maureen's house while Maureen put on moved. I went to my little table, and while I drank my Coke I wondered whether Chris could have noticed that I was there. Then I realized that he might not remember me at all.

I was stalling with the ice in the bottom of my glass when Chris sat down next to me. I hadn't even seen him leave the bar. He asked me a lot of things—all about my family and where I lived, and how I came to be at Jake's.

"I go to a doctor right near here," I told him.

"Psychiatrist?" he asked.

All I said was no, but I felt my face stain red.

"I'm twenty-seven," he said.

"Doesn't that seem strange to you?"

"Well, some people are," I said.

I was hoping Chris would assume I was much older than I was. People usually did, because I was tall. And it was usually a problem, because they were disappointed in me for not acting older (even if they knew exactly how old I was, like my teachers). But what Chris said was "I'm much, much older than you. Probably almost twice as old." And I understood that he wanted me to see that he knew perfectly well how old I was. He wanted me to see it, and he wanted me to think it was strange.

When I had to leave, Chris walked me to the bar to say hello to Mark, who was talking to a girl.

"Look," the girl said. She held a lock of my hair up to Mark's, and you couldn't tell whose. Mark's eyes, so close, also looked just like mine, I saw.

"We could be brother and sister," Mark said, but his voice sounded like a recording of a voice, and for a moment I forgot how things are divided up, and I thought Mark must be having trouble with his eyes, too.

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nail polish, and I tried to make myself see my sister. We are both pale and long, but Penelope is beautiful, as everyone has always pointed out, and I, I saw, just looked unsettled.

"You could use some makeup," Maureen said, shaking her hands dry, "but you look fine. You're lucky that you're tall. It means you'll be able to wear clothes."

I love to go over to Maureen's house. Maureen is an only child, and her father lives in California. Her mother is away a lot, too, and when she is, Carolina, the maid, stays over. Carolina was there that night, and she let us order in pizza for dinner.

"Maureen is my girl. She is my girl," Carolina said after dinner, putting her arms around Maureen. Maureen almost always has some big expression on her face, but when Carolina does that she just goes blank.

Later I asked Maureen about Chris. I was afraid of talking about him, because it seemed as if he might dissolve if I did, but I needed Maureen's advice badly. I told her it was just like French class, where there were two words for "you." Sometimes when Chris said "you" to me I would turn red, as if he had used some special word. And I could hardly say "you" to him. It seemed amazing to me sometimes when I was talking to Chris that a person could just walk up to another person and say "you."

"Does that mean something about him?" I asked. "Or is it just about me?"

"It's just you," Maureen said. "It doesn't count. It's just like when you sit down on a bus next to a stranger and you know that your knee is touching his but you pretend it isn't."

OF course Maureen was almost sure to be right. Why wouldn't she be? Still, I kept thinking that it was just possible that she might be wrong, and the next time I saw Chris something happened to make me think she was.

My vision had fuzzed up a lot during that week, and when Dr. Wald looked at my eyes he didn't get up. "Any trouble lately with that sensation of haziness?" he asked.

I got scorching hot when he said that, and I felt like lying. "Not really," I said. "Yes, a bit."

He put some drops in my eyes and sent me to the waiting room, where I looked at bust exercises in *Redbook* till the drops started to work and the print melted on the page. I had never noticed before how practically no one in the waiting room was even pretending to read. One woman had bandages over her eyes, and most people were just staring and blinking. A little boy was halfheartedly moving a stiff plastic horse on the floor in front of him, but he wasn't even looking at it.

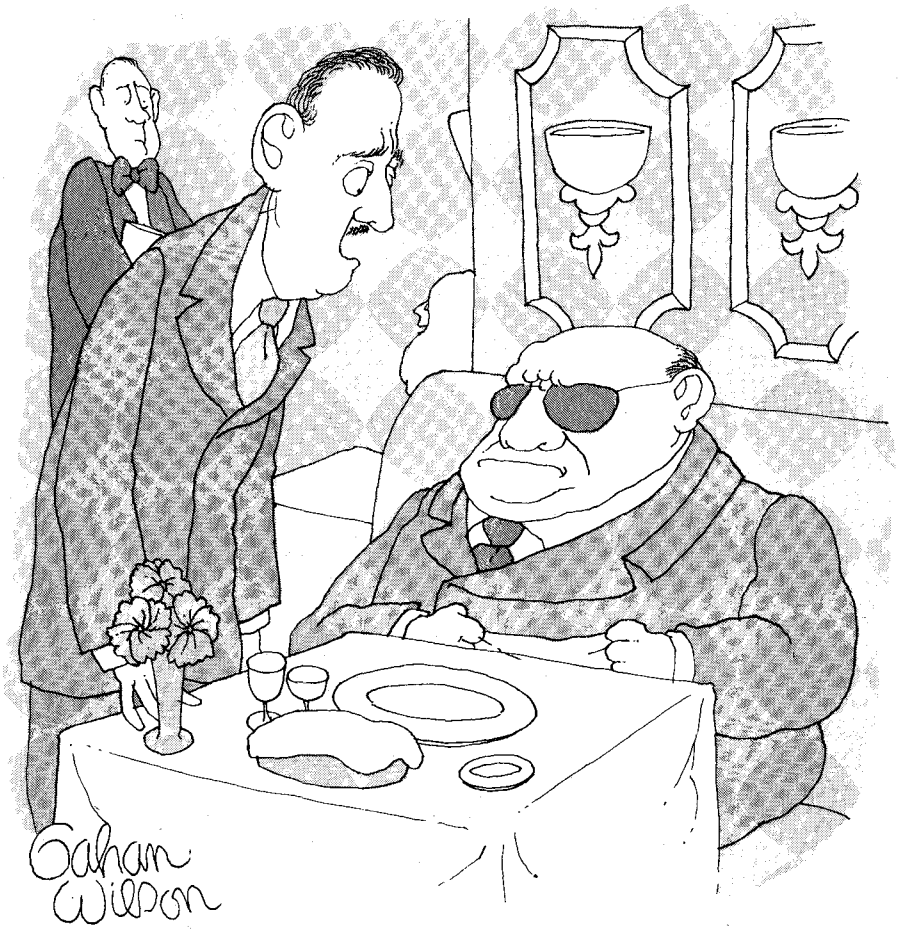
The doctor examined my eyes with the light so bright it made the back of my head sting. "Good," he said. "I'll see you in—what is it?—a month."

I was out on the street before I realized that I still couldn't see. My vision was like a piece of loosely woven cloth that was pulling apart. In the street everything seemed to be moving off, and all the lights looked like huge haloed globes, bobbing and then dipping suddenly into the pocketed air. The noises were one big pool of sound—horns and brakes and people yelling—and to cross the street I had to plunge into a mob of people and rush along wherever it was they were going.

When I finally got through to Jake's my legs were trembling badly, and I just went right up to Chris at the bar, where he was listening to his friend Sherman tell a story. Without even glancing at me, Chris put his hand around my wrist, and I just stood there next to him, with my wrist in his hand, and I listened, too.

Sherman was telling how he and his band had been playing at some club the night before and during a break, when he'd been sitting with his girlfriend, Candy, a man had come up to their table. "He's completely destroyed," Sherman said, "and Candy and I are not exactly on top of things ourselves. But the guy keeps waving this ring, and the basic idea seems to be that it's his wife's wedding ring. He's come home earlier and his wife isn't there, but the ring is, and he's sure his wife's out playing around. So the guy keeps telling me about it over and over, and I can't get him to shut up, but finally he notices Candy and he says, 'That your old lady?' 'Yeah,' I tell him. 'Good-looking broad,' the guy says, and he hands me the ring. 'Keep it,' the guy says. 'It's for you—not for this bitch with you.' "

One of the girls at the bar reached over and touched the flashing ring that was on a chain around Sherman's



"I'm sorry about this table, Mr. Stenman, but today it's just been one terribly important person after another."

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neck. "Pretty," she said. "Don't you want it, Candy?" But the girl she had spoken to remained perched on her barstool, with her legs crossed, smiling down at her drink.

"So what did you think of that?" Chris said as he walked me over to my table and sat down with me. I didn't say anything. "Sherman can be sort of disgusting. But it's not an important thing," Chris said.

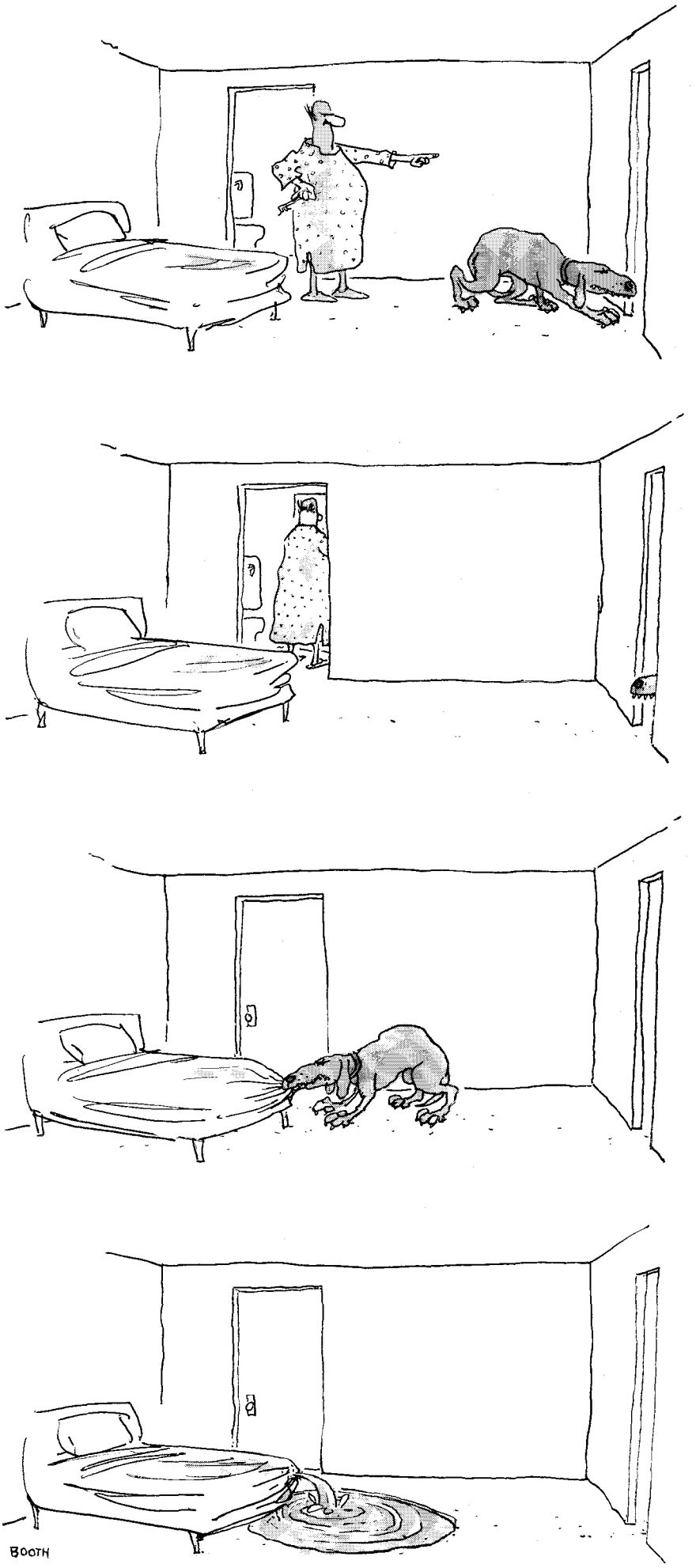
The story had made me think about the kids at school—that we don't know yet what our lives are really going to be like. It made me feel that anything might be a thing that's important, and I started to cry, because I had never noticed that I was always lonely in my life until just then, when Chris had understood how much the story had upset me, and had said something to make me feel better.

Chris dipped a napkin into a glass of water and mopped off my face, but I was clutching a pencil in my pocket so hard I broke it, and that started me crying again.

"Hey," Chris said. "Look. It's not dead." He grabbed another napkin and scribbled on it with each half of the pencil. "It's fine, see? Look. That's just how they reproduce. Don't they teach you anything at school? Here," he said. "We'll just tuck them under this and we'll have two very happy little pencils."

And then, after a while, when I was laughing and talking, all at once he stood up. "I'm sorry to have to leave you like this," he said, "but I promised Mark I'd help him with something." And I saw that Mark and a girl were standing at the bar, looking at us. "Ready," Chris called over to them. "Honey," he said, and a waitress materialized next to him. "Get this lady something to drink and put it on my tab. Thanks," he said. And then he walked out, with Mark and the girl.

But the strange thing was that I don't think Mark had actually been waiting for Chris. I don't think Chris had promised Mark anything. I think Mark and the girl had only been looking at us to look, because I could see that they were surprised when Chris called over to them, and also the three of them stood talking on the sidewalk before they went on together. And right then was when I thought for a minute that Maureen had been wrong about me and Chris. It was not when Chris held my wrist, and not when Chris understood how upset I was, and not when Chris dried off my tears,



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but it was when Chris left, that I thought Maureen was wrong.

MY grades were getting a lot worse, and my father decided to help me with my homework every night after dinner. "All right," he would say, standing behind my chair and leaning over me. "Think. If you want to make an equation out of this question, how do you have to start? We've talked about how to do this, Laurel." But I hated his standing behind me like that so much all I could do was try to send out rays from my back that would make him stand farther away. Too bad I wasn't Maureen. She would have loved it.

FOR me, every day pointed forward or backward to the last Thursday of each month, but those Thursdays came and went without anything really changing, either at the doctor's or at Jake's, until finally in the spring. Everyone else in my class had spent most of a whole year getting excited or upset about classes and parties and exams and sports, but all those things were one thing to me—a nasty fog that was all around me while I waited.

And then came a Thursday when Chris put his arm around me as soon as I walked into Jake's. "I have to do an errand," he said. "Want a Coke first?"

"I'm supposed to be at my sister's class by six," I said. In case he hadn't been asking me to go with him, I would just seem to be saying something factual.

"I'll get you there," Chris said. He stood in back of me and put both arms around my shoulders, and I could feel exactly where he was touching me. Chris's friends had neutral expressions on their faces as if nothing was happening, and I tried to look as if nothing was happening, too.

As we were going out the door, a girl coming in grabbed Chris. "Are you leaving?" she said.

"Yeh," Chris told her.

"Well, when can I talk to you?" she asked.

"I'll be around later, honey," Chris said, but he just kept walking. "Christ, what a bimbo," he said to me, shaking his head, and I felt ashamed for no reason.

When Chris drove his fast little bright car it seemed like part of him, and there I was, inside it, too. I felt that we were inside a shell together, and we could see everything that was outside it, and we drove and drove and Chris turned the music loud. And suddenly Chris said, "I'd really like to see you a lot more. It's too bad you can't come into the city more often." I didn't know what to say, but I gathered that he didn't expect me to say anything.

We parked in a part of the city where the buildings were huge and squat. Chris rang a bell and we ran up flights of wooden stairs to where a man in white slacks and an unbuttoned shirt was waiting.

"Joel, this is Laurel," Chris said.

"Hello, Laurel," Joel said. He seemed to think there was something funny about my name, and he looked at me the way I've noticed grown men often do, as if I couldn't see them back perfectly well.

Inside, Chris and Joel went through a door, leaving me in an enormous room with white sofas and floating mobiles. The room was immaculate except for a silky purple-and-gold kimono lying on the floor. I picked up the kimono and rubbed it against my cheek and put it on over my clothes. Then I went and looked out the window at the city stretching on and on. In a building across the street, figures moved slowly behind dirty glass. They were making things, I suppose.

After a while Chris and Joel burst back into the room. Chris's eyes were shiny, and he was grinning like crazy.

"Hey," Joel said, grabbing the edges of the kimono I was wearing. "That thing looks better on her than on me."

"What wouldn't?" Chris said. Joel stepped back as Chris put his arms around me from behind again.

"I resent that, I resent that! But I don't deny it!" Joel said. Chris was kissing my neck and my ears, and both he and Joel were giggling.

I wondered what would happen if Chris and I were late and Mother saw me drive up in Chris's car, but we darted around in the traffic and shot along the avenues and pulled

"Well, yes, we've put your money to work. As for what it's doing at this very moment, I have no idea."

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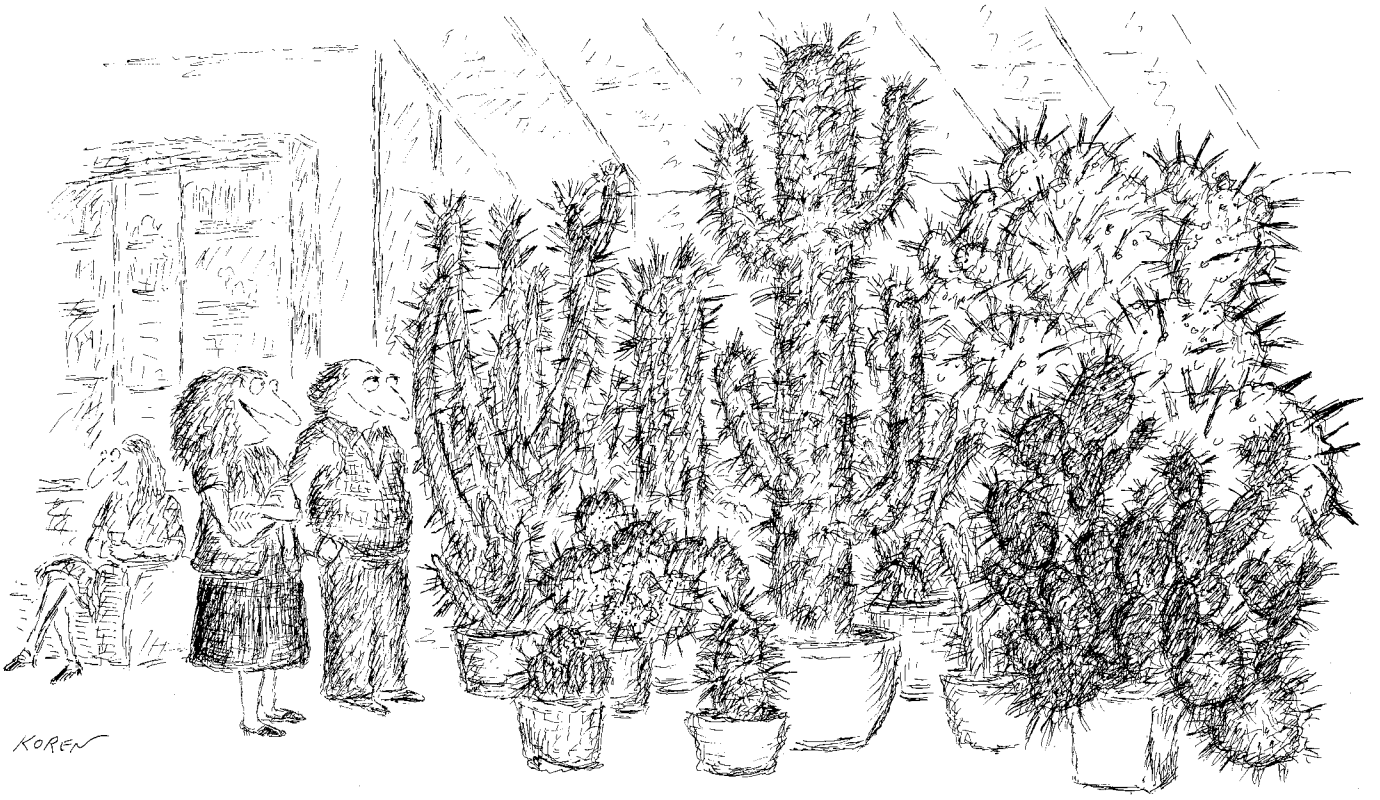

"I envy your talent—I never had much luck with cactus."

• •

up near Penelope's dancing school with ten minutes to spare. Then, instead of saying anything, Chris just sat there with one hand still on the wheel and the other on the shift, and he didn't even look at me. When I just experimentally touched his sleeve and he still didn't move, I more or less flung myself on top of him and started crying into his shirt. I was in his lap, all tangled up, and I was kissing him and kissing him, and my hands were moving by themselves.

Suddenly I thought of all the people outside the car walking their bouncy little dogs, and I thought how my mother might pull up at any second, and I sat up fast and opened my eyes. Everything looked slightly different from the way it had been looking inside my head—a bit smaller and farther away—and I realized that Chris had been sitting absolutely still, and he was staring straight ahead.

"Goodbye," I said, but Chris still didn't move or even look at me. I couldn't understand what had happened to Chris.

"Wait," Chris said, still without looking at me. "Here's my phone number." He shook himself and wrote it out slowly.

At the corner I looked back and saw that Chris was still there, leaning back and staring out the windshield.

"WHY did he give me his phone number, do you think?" I asked Maureen. We were at a party in Peter Klingeman's basement.

"I guess he wants you to call him," Maureen said. I knew she didn't really feel like talking. Kevin was standing there, with his hand under her shirt, and she was sort of jumpy. "Frankly, Laurel, he sounds a bit weird to me, if you don't mind my saying," Maureen said. I felt ashamed again. I wanted to talk to Maureen more, but Kevin was pulling her off to the Klingemans' TV room.

Then Dougie Pfeiffer sat down next to me. "I think Maureen and Kevin have a really good relationship," he said.

I was wondering how I ever could have had a crush on him in eighth grade when I realized it was my turn to say something. "Did you ever notice," I said, "how some people say 'in eighth grade' and other people say 'in *the* eighth grade'?"

"Laurel," Dougie said, and he grabbed me, shoving his tongue into my mouth. Then he took his tongue back out and let me go. "God, I'm sorry, Laurel," he said.

I didn't really care what he did with his tongue. I thought how his body, under his clothes, was just sort of an outline, like a kid's drawing, and I thought of the long zipper on Chris's leather jacket, and a little rip I noticed once in his jeans, and the weave of the shirt that I'd cried on.

I CARRIED Chris's phone number around with me everywhere, and finally I asked my mother if I could go into the city after school on Thursday and then meet her at Penelope's class.

"No," Mother said.

"Why not?" I said.

"We needn't discuss this, Laurel," my mother said.

"You let me go in to see Dr. Wald," I said.

"Don't," Mother said. "Anyhow, you can't just . . . wander around in New York."

"I have to do some shopping," I said idiotically.

Mother started to say something, but then she stopped, and she looked at me as if she couldn't quite remember

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who I was. "Oh, who cares?" she said, not especially to me.

There was a permanent little line between Mother's eyebrows, I noticed, and suddenly I felt I was seeing her through a window. I went up to my room and cried and cried, but later I couldn't get to sleep, thinking about Chris.

I called him Thursday.

"What time is it?" he said with his blistery laugh. "I just woke up." He told me he went to a party the night before and when he came out his car had been stolen. He was stoned, and he thought the sensible thing was to walk over to Mark's place, which is miles from his, but on the way he found his car parked out on the street. "I should've reported it, but I figured, hey, what a great opportunity, so I just stole it back."

Chris didn't mention anything about our seeing each other.

"I've got to come into the city today to do some stuff," I said.

"Yeh," Chris said. "I've got a lot to do today myself."

Well, that was that, obviously, unless I did something drastic. "I thought I'd stop in and say hi, if you're going to be around," I said. My heart was jumping so much it almost knocked me down.

"Great," Chris said. "That's really sweet." But his voice sounded muted, and I wasn't at all surprised when I got to Jake's and he wasn't there. I was on my third Coke when Chris walked in, but a girl wearing lots of bracelets waylaid him at the bar, and he sat down with her.

I didn't dare finish my Coke or ask for my check. All I could do was stay put and do whatever Chris made me do. Finally the girl at the bar left, giving Chris a big, meaty kiss, and he wandered over and sat down with me.

"God. Did you see that girl who was sitting with me?" he said. "That girl is so crazy. There's nothing she won't put in her mouth. I was at some party a few weeks ago, and I walk in through this door, 'cause I'm looking for the john, and there's Beverly, lying on the floor stark naked. So you know what she does?"

"No," I said.

"She says, 'Excuse me,' and instead of putting something on she reaches up and turns out the light. Now, that's thinkin', huh?" He laughed. "Have you finished all those things you had to do?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said.

"That's great," Chris said. "I'm really running around like a chicken today. Honey," he said to a waitress, "put that on my tab, will you?" He pointed at my watery Coke.

"Sandra was looking for you," the waitress said. "Did she find you?"

"Yeah, thanks," Chris said. He gave me a kiss on the cheek, which was the first time he had kissed me at all, except at Joel's, and he left.

I knew I had made some kind of mistake, but I couldn't figure out what it was. I would only be able to figure it out from Chris, but it would be two weeks until I saw him again. Every night, I looked out the window at the red glow of the city beyond all the quiet little houses and yards, and every night after I got into bed I felt it draw nearer and nearer, hovering just beyond my closed eyes, with Chris inside it. While I slept, it receded again; but by morning, when I woke up and put on my school clothes, I had come one day closer.

After my next appointment with Dr. Wald, Chris wasn't at Jake's. For the first time since I had gone to Jake's, Chris didn't come at all.

On the way home it was all I could do not to cry in front of Mother and Penelope. And I wondered what I was going to do from that afternoon on.

"And how was Dr. Wald today?" my father said when we sat down for dinner.

"I didn't ask," I said.

My father paused to acknowledge my little joke.

"What I meant," he said, "was how is my lovely daughter?"

I knew he was trying to say something nice, but he could have picked something sincere for once. I hated the way he had taken off his jacket and opened up his collar

"I'll be on the porch, pushing ninety."

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and rolled up his sleeves, and I thought I would be sick if he stood behind my chair later. "Penelope is your lovely daughter," I said, and threw my silverware onto the table.

From upstairs I listened. I knew that Penelope would have frozen, the way she does when someone says in front of me how pretty she is, but no one said anything about me that I could hear.

Later, Penelope and Paul and I made up a story together, the way we had when we were younger. Paul fell asleep suddenly in the middle with little tears in the corners of his eyes, and I tucked Penelope into bed. When I smoothed out the covers, a shadow of relief crossed her face.

"Miss Adamson, pluck someone from nowhere and put him in a position of responsibility."

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THAT Saturday, Mother took me shopping in the city without Penelope or Paul. "I thought we should get you a present," Mother said. "Something pretty." She smiled at me in a strange, stiff way.

"Thank you," I said. I felt good that we were driving together, but I was sad, too, that Mother was trying to bring me into the clean, bright, fancy, daytime part of New York that Penelope's dancing school was in, because when would she accept that there was no place there for me? I wondered if Mother wanted to say something to me, but we just drove silently, except for once, when Mother pointed out a lady in a big white, flossy fur coat.

At Bonwit's, Mother picked out an expensive dress for me. "What do you think?" she said when I tried it on.

I was glad that Mother had chosen it, because it was very pretty, and it was white, and it was expensive, but in the mirror I just looked skinny and dazed. "I like it," I said. "But don't you think it looks wrong on me?"

"Well, it seems fine to me, but it's up to you," Mother said. "You can have it if you want."

"But look, Mother," I said. "Look. Do you think it's all right?"

"If you don't like it, don't get it," she said. "It's your present."

At home after dinner I tried the white dress on again and stared at myself in the mirror, and I thought maybe it looked a little better.

I went down to the living room, where Mother was stretched out on the sofa with her feet on my father's lap. When I walked in he started to get up, but Mother didn't move. "My God," my father said. "It's Lucia."

My mother giggled. "Wedding scene or mad scene?" she said.

Upstairs I folded the dress back into the box for Bonwit's to pick up. At night I watched bright dancing patterns in the dark and I dreaded going back to Dr. Wald.

THE doctor didn't seem to notice anything unusual at my next appointment. I still had to face walking the short distance to Jake's, though. I practically fell over from relief when I saw Chris at the bar, and he reached out as I went by and reeled me in, smiling. He was talking to Mark and some other friends, and he stood me with my back to him and rubbed my shoulders and temples. I tried to smile hello to Mark, who was staring at me with his pale eyes, but he just kept staring, listening to Chris. I closed my eyes and leaned back against Chris, who folded his arms around me. When Chris finished his story, everyone laughed except me. Chris blew a little stream of air into my hair, ruffling it up. "Want to take a ride?" he said.

We drove for a while, fast, circling

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the city, and Chris slammed tapes into the tape deck. Then we parked and Chris turned and looked at me.

"What do you want to do?" Chris asked me.

"Now?" I said, but he just looked at me, and I didn't know what he meant. "Nothing," I said.

"Have I seemed preoccupied to you lately, honey?" he asked.

"I guess maybe a little," I said, even though I hadn't really ever thought about how he seemed. He just seemed like himself. But he told me that yes, he had been preoccupied. He had borrowed some money to start an audio business, but he had to help out a cousin, too. I couldn't make any sense of what he was talking about, and I didn't really care, either. I was thinking that now he had finally called me "honey." It made me so happy, so happy, even though "honey" was what he called everyone, and I had been the only Laurel.

Chris kept talking, and I watched his mouth as the words came out. "I know you wonder what's going on with me," he said. "What it is is I worry that you're so young. I'm a difficult person. There are a lot of strange things about me. I'm really crazy about you, you know. I'm really crazy about you, but I can't ask you to see me."

"Why don't I come in and stay over with you a week from Friday," I said. "Can I?"

Chris blinked. "Terrific, honey," he said cautiously. "That's a date."

I ARRANGED it with Maureen that I would say I was staying at her house. "Don't wear underwear," Maureen told me. "That really turns guys on."

Chris and I met at Jake's, but we didn't stay there long. We drove all over the city, stopping at different places. Chris knew people everywhere, and we would sit down at the bar and talk to them. We went to an apartment with some of the people we ran into, where everyone lay around listening to tapes. And once we went to a club and watched crowds of people change like waves with the music, under flashing lights.

Chris didn't touch me, not once, not even accidentally, all during that time.

Sometime between things we stopped for food. I couldn't eat, but Chris seemed starving. He ate his cheeseburger and French fries, and then he ate mine. And then he had a big piece of pecan pie.

Late, very late, we climbed into the car again, but there was nothing left to do. "Home?" Chris said without turning to me.

Chris's apartment seemed so strange, and maybe that was just because it was real. But I had surely never been inside such a small, plain place to live before, and Chris hardly seemed to own anything. There were a few books on a shelf, and a little kitchen off in the corner, with a pot on the stove. It was up several flights of dark stairs, in a brick building, and it must have been on the edge of the city, because I could see water out of the window, and ribbons of highway elevated on huge concrete pillars, and dark piers.

Chris's bed, which was tightly made with the sheet turned back over the blanket, looked very narrow. All the music we had been hearing all night was rocketing around in my brain, and I felt jittery and a bit sick. Chris passed a joint to me, and he lay down with his hands over his eyes. I sat down on the edge of the bed next to him and waited, but he didn't move. "Remember when I asked you a while ago what you wanted to do and you said 'Nothing'?" Chris asked me.

"But that was—" I started to say, and then the funny sound of Chris's voice caught up with me, and all the noise in my head shut off.

"I remember," Chris said. Then a long time went by.

"Why did you come here, Laurel?" Chris said.

When I didn't answer, he said, "Why? Why did you come here? You're old enough now

"May I introduce the Dorner twins? One's good, one's bad."

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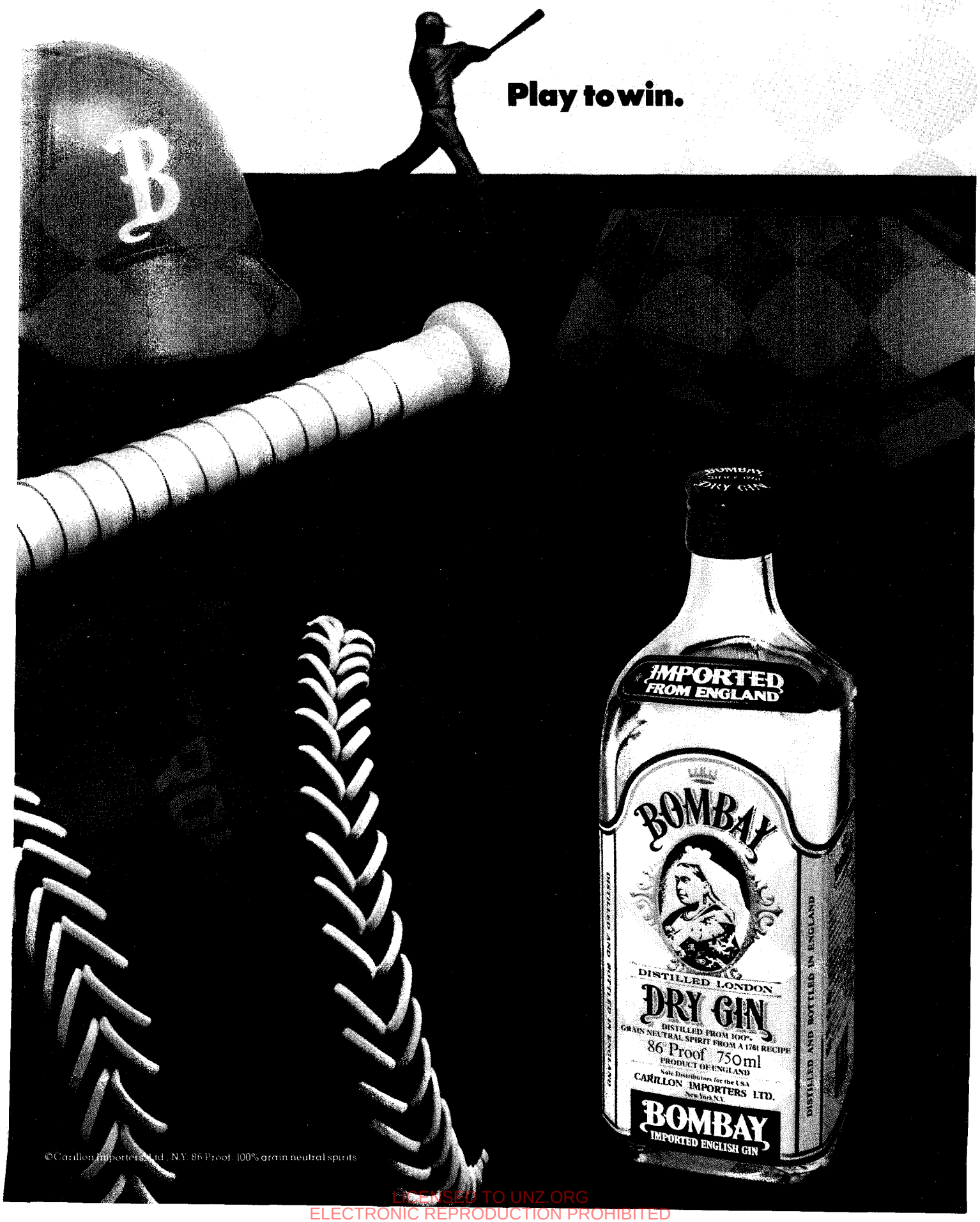

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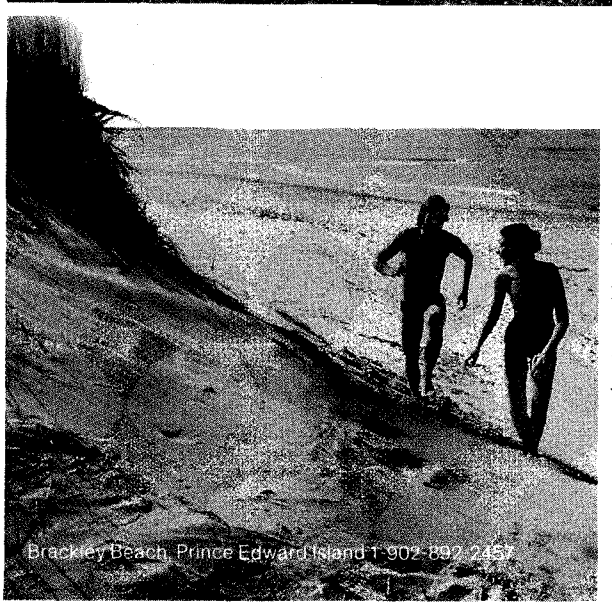

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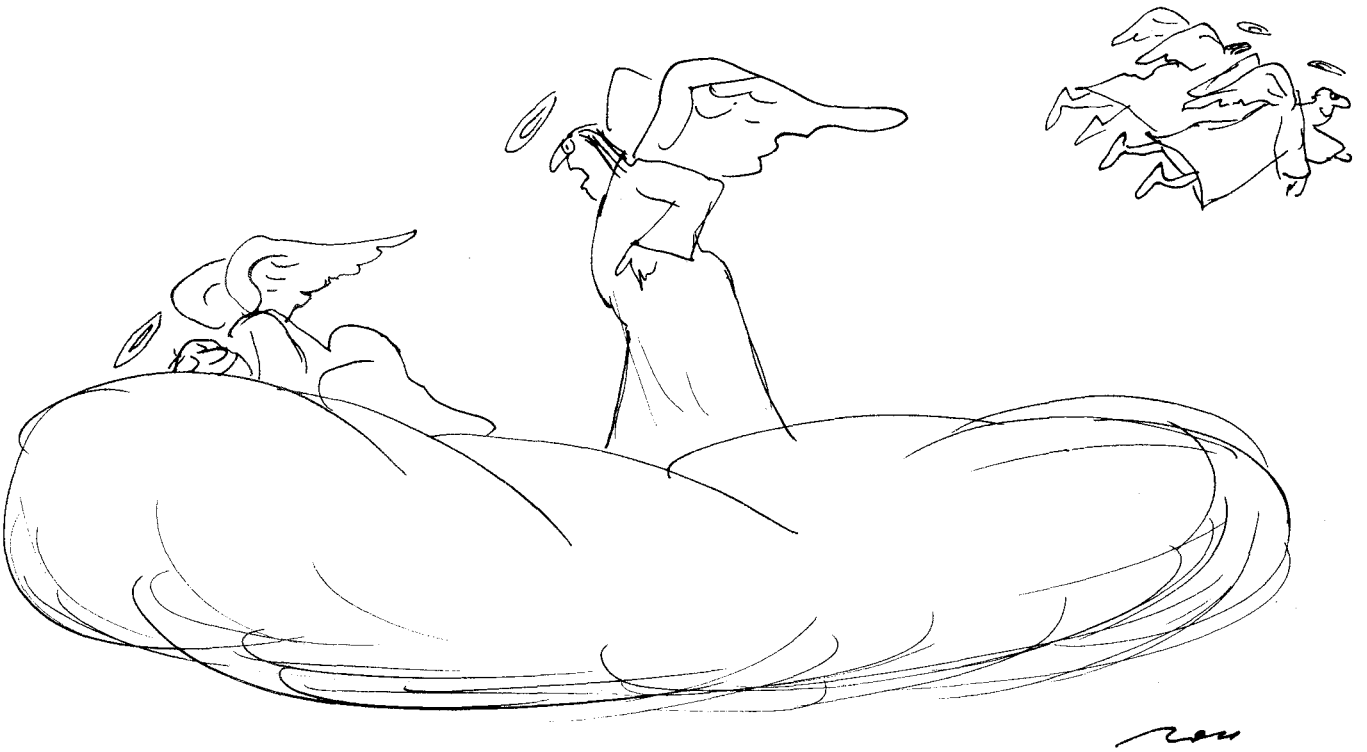

"Wilbur! It's time to get up and fly around!"

• •

to think about what you're doing." And I remembered I had never been alone with him before, except in his car.

"Yes," I said into the dead air. Whatever I'd been waiting for all that time had vanished. "It's all right."

"It's all right?" Chris said furiously. "Well, good. It's all right, then." He was still lying on his back with his hands over his eyes, and neither of us moved. I thought I might shatter.

Sometime in the night Chris spoke again. "Why are you angry?" he said. His voice was blurred, as if he'd been asleep. I wanted to tell him I wasn't angry, but it seemed wrong, and I was afraid of what would happen if I did. I put my arms around him and started kissing him. He didn't move a muscle, but I kept right on. I knew it was my only chance, and I thought that if I stopped I would have to leave. "Don't be angry," he said.

Sometime in the night I sprang awake. Chris was holding my wrists behind my back with one hand and unbuttoning my shirt with the other, and his body felt very tense. "Don't!" I said, before I understood.

" 'Don't!' " echoed Chris, letting go of me. He said it just the way I had, sounding just as frightened. He fell asleep immediately then, sprawled out, but I couldn't sleep anymore, and later, when Chris spoke suddenly into the dark, I felt I'd been expecting him to. "Your parents are going to worry," he said deliberately, as if he were reading.

"No," I said. I wondered how long he had been awake. "They think I'm at Maureen's." And then I realized how foolish it was for me to have said that.

"They'll worry," he said. "They will worry. They'll be very frightened."

And then I was so frightened myself that the room bulged and there was a sound in my ears like ball bearings rolling around wildly. I put my hands against my hot face, and my skin felt to me as if it belonged to a stranger. It felt like a marvel—brand-new and slightly moist—and I wondered if anyone else would ever touch it and feel what I had felt.

"Look—" Chris said. He sounded blurry again, and helpless and sad. "Look—see how bad I am for you, Laurel? See how I make you cry?" Then he put his arms around me, and we lay there on top of the bed for a long, long time, and sometimes we kissed each other. My shirtsleeve was twisted and it hurt against my arm, but I didn't move.

When the night red began finally to bleach out of the sky, I touched Chris's wrist. "I have to go now," I said. That wasn't true, of course. My parents would expect me to stay at Maureen's till at least noon. "I have to be home when it gets light."

"Do you?" Chris said, but his eyes were closed.

I stood up and buttoned my shirt.

"I'll take you to the train," Chris said.

At first he didn't move, but finally he stood up, too. "I need some coffee," he said. And when he looked at me my heart sank. He was smiling. He looked as if he wanted to start it up—start it all again.

I went into the bathroom, so I wouldn't be looking at Chris. There was a tub and a sink and a toilet. Chris uses them, I thought, as if that would explain something to me, but the thought was like a sealed package. Stuck in the corner of the mirror over the sink was a picture of a man's face torn from a magazine. It was a handsome face, but I didn't like it.

"That's a guy I went to high school with," Chris said from behind me. "He's a very successful actor now."

"That's nice," I said, and waited as long as I could. "Look—it's almost light."

And in the instant that Chris glanced at the window, where in fact

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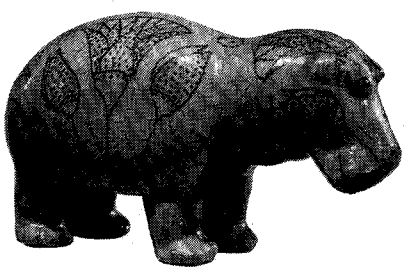

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the faintest dawn was showing, I stepped over to the door and opened it.

In the car, Chris seemed the way he usually did. "I'm sorry I'm so tired, honey," he said. "I've been having a rough time lately. We'll get together another time, when I'm not so hassled."

"Yes," I said. "Good." I don't think he really remembered the things we had said in the dark.

When we stopped at the station, Chris put his arm across me, but instead of opening the door he just held the handle. "You think I'm really weird, don't you?" he said, and smiled at me.

"I think you're tired," I said, making myself smile back. And Chris released the handle and let me out.

I took the train through the dawn and walked from the station, pausing carefully if it looked as though someone was awake inside a house I was passing. Once a dog barked, and I stood absolutely still for minutes.

I threw chunks from the lawn at Maureen's window, so Carolina wouldn't wake up, but I was afraid the whole town would be out by the time Maureen heard.

Maureen came down the back way and got me. We each put on one of her bathrobes, and we made a pot of coffee, which is something I'm not allowed to drink.

"What happened?" Maureen asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"What do you mean, you don't know?" Maureen said. "You were there."

Even though my face was in my hands, I could tell Maureen was staring at me. "Well," she said after a while. "Hey. Want to play some Clue?" She got the Clue board down from her room, and we played about ten games.

THE next week I really did stay over at Maureen's.

"Again?" my mother said. "We must do something for Mrs. MacIntyre. She's been so nice to you."

Dougie and Kevin showed up together after Maureen and Carolina and I had eaten a barbecued chicken from the deli and Carolina had gone to her room to watch the little TV that Mrs. MacIntyre had put there. I figured it was no accident that Dougie had shown up with Kevin. It had to be a brainstorm of Maureen's, and I thought, Well, so what. So after Maureen and Kevin went up to Maureen's room I went into the den with

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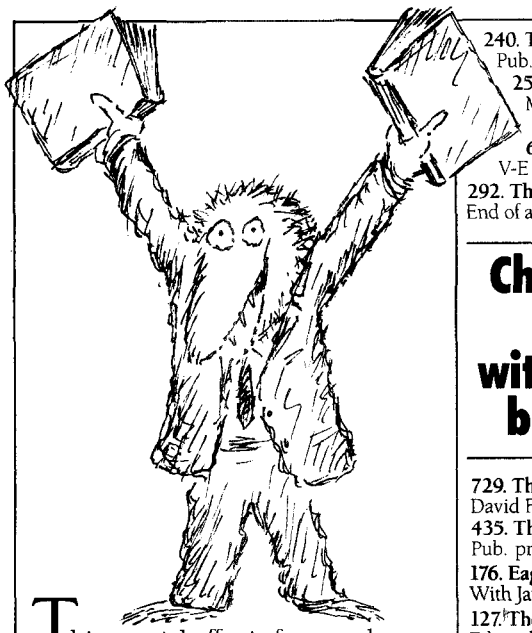

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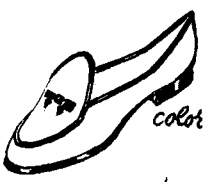

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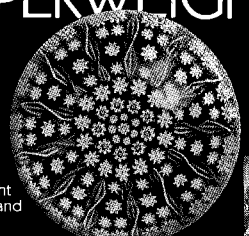

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Dougie. We pretty much knew from classes and books and stuff what to do, so we did it. The thing that surprised me most was that you always read in books about "stained sheets," "stained sheets," and I never knew what that meant, but I guess I thought it would be pretty interesting, and that it would be some kind of sign that things had changed—that everything would be a new color. But I still don't know what it means, because everything seemed exactly the same, except that I wished Dougie would completely disappear.

We went back into the living room to wait, and I sat while Dougie walked around poking at things on the shelves. "Look," Dougie said, "Clue." But I just shrugged, and after a while Maureen and Kevin came downstairs looking pretty pleased with themselves.

I SAT while Dr. Wald finished at the machine, and I waited for him to say something, but he didn't.

"Am I going to go blind?" I asked him finally, after all those months.

"What?" he said. Then he remembered to look at me and smile. "Oh, no, no. We won't let it come to that."

I knew what I would find at Jake's, but I had to go anyway, just to finish. "Have you seen Chris?" I asked one of the waitresses. "Or Mark?"

"They haven't been around for a while," she said. "Sheila," she called over to another waitress, "where's Chris these days?"

"Don't ask me," Sheila said sourly, and both of them stared at me.

I could feel my blood travelling in its slow loop, carrying a heavy proudness through every part of my body. I had known Chris could injure me, and I had never cared how much he could injure me, and it had never occurred to me until this moment that I could do anything to him.

OUTSIDE, it was hot. There were big bins of things for sale on the sidewalk, and horns were honking, and the sun was yellow and syrupy. I noticed two people who must have been mother and daughter, even though you couldn't really tell how old either of them was. One of them was sort of crippled, and the other was very peculiar-looking, and they were all dressed up in stiff, cheap party dresses. They looked so pathetic with their sweaty, eager faces and ugly dresses that I felt like crying. But then I thought that they might be happy, much happier than I was, and that I just felt sorry for them because I thought I was better than they were. And I realized that I wasn't really different from them anyhow—that every person just had one body or another, and some of them looked right and worked right and some of them didn't—and I thought maybe it was myself I was feeling sorry for, because of Chris, or maybe because it was obvious even to me, a total stranger, how much that mother loved her homely daughter in that awful dress.

When Mother and Penelope and I got back home, I walked over to Maureen's house, but I decided not to stop. I walked by the playground and looked in at the fourth-grade room and the turtle that was still lumbering around its dingy aquarium, and it came into my mind how even Paul was older now than the kids who would be sitting in those tiny chairs in the fall, and I thought about all the millions and billions of people in the world, all getting older, all trapped in things that had already happened to them.

When I was a kid, I used to wonder (I bet everyone did) whether there was somebody somewhere on the earth, or even in the universe, or ever had been in all of time, who had had exactly the same experience that I was having at that moment, and I hoped so badly that there was. But I realized then that that could never occur, because every moment is all the things that have happened before and all the things that are going to happen, and every moment is just the way all those things look at one point on their way along a line. And I thought how maybe once there was, say, a princess who lost her mother's ring in a forest, and how in some other galaxy a strange creature might fall, screaming, on the shore of a red lake, and how right that second there could be a man standing at a window overlooking a busy street, aiming a loaded revolver, but how it was just me, there, after Chris, staring at that turtle in the fourth-grade room and wondering if it would die before I stopped being able to see it.

—DEBORAH EISENBERG

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The state Coastal Commission has approved construction of a clubhouse, tennis courts and other amenities at a golf course at 901 Encinal Canyon Road developed by California Fuji International. The only golf course in the Malibu coastal zone, it stretches for 28 miles along the shore and five miles inland.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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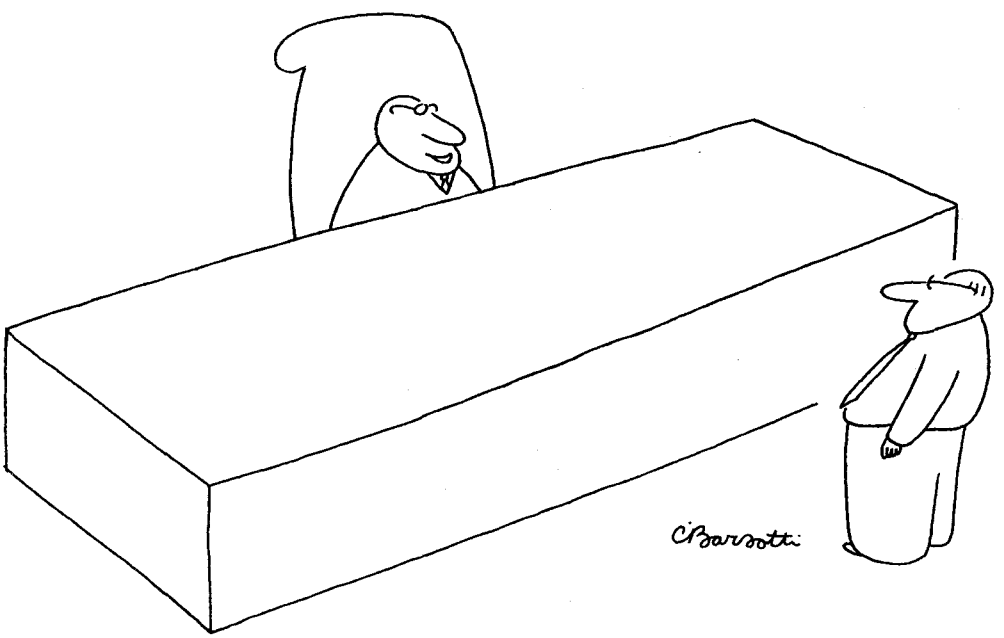
ENGLAND, FIRST AND LAST

ON the train going south into England, I slept against my mother's shoulder. Once, I woke to hear the clickety-clack of the wheels and smell the chill, sooty air, and as I saw where I was my thoughts tumbled in on one another: I was *back*. I was not in Dayton, Ohio, where I had been sent to wait out the war. The woman who had met me as I got off the ship in Glasgow, and whom I had recognized after a moment's hesitation as my mother, was here, sitting next to me in the first-class compartment, for the moment asleep, her cheeks damp with tears—tears of relief, of delight, of sadness, of all sorts of tangled-together emotions. My cheeks were wet, too; the tears had been contagious. Four years! The seven-year-old boy in gray shorts and blue gabardine raincoat to whom she waved goodbye in September, 1940, had become a youth of nearly twelve, wearing long trousers and speaking with a broad American accent. My suitcase was in the overhead rack and my twin-handled tartan-patterned holdall on the floor near the sliding door into the corridor. I could see my breath form clouds and, shivering deeper into my overcoat, felt my mother move slightly. Her proximity was obviously natural and yet strange—I wasn't used to it. Although nearly all the rest of the unheated train was packed with people, many of them servicemen on their way to London, we had this first-class compartment to ourselves—space and privacy bought at the expense of body warmth we might have shared in third class. I was aware of something novel—that I was remembering things from before I had gone to America, which I had until this moment forgotten, and was comparing them with things more recently got used to. The word "rail*way*;" the first and third classes; the sliding door, with its pull-down blind. Small, framed brownish photographs above the opposite seats displayed a Scottish hotel and a stretch of countryside in Derbyshire. The communication cord, really a short length of red-painted chain, hung in a recess over the other, outside door, to be pulled in an emergency, penalty for improper use £5. I had forgotten about pounds, shillings, and pence. Five pounds was a lot, the note itself a crisp white document with black copperplate script on it indicating the seriousness of promises made to the Bearer by the Bank of England. I remembered seeing a small stack of five-pound notes in the bank my father had managed before the war. Thinking of money, I put my hand in my jacket pocket and felt the coin there, an American silver dollar, a keepsake and talisman, before I dozed off again.

The last few days of the voyage had been exacting. An early-November gale in the Irish Sea had forced our ship, an escort carrier named H.M.S. Ranee, to remain hove to in the Firth of Clyde, waiting for the weather to moderate so that she could safely berth at Greenock. Then there had been farewell ceremonies with the officers, who had kept everybody busy on the ten-day voyage from Brooklyn. We were signed off as we had been signed on: a dozen unofficial Boy Seamen—in effect, passengers on what the United States Committee for the Care of European Children, which had handled my evacuation to and return from America, called, quite rightly, a special sailing. My mother and I drove through Glasgow in a taxi, an Austin 16 saloon, which was perhaps large by British standards but seemed about half the size of the Cadillac or the Buick or the La Salle that my Ohio foster family, the Spaeths, had had in the three-car garage alongside their Dayton house. Glasgow had been wet and gray, dark in midafternoon; there were gaps between houses, partly plugged with wooden scaffolding and buttresses, and I could see the ghosts of staircases, along with wallpaper and fireplaces, as in giant doll houses from which the floors had been removed. In the station buffet, with its blackout curtains pulled (though air raids were largely past: one reason it had been judged safe for me to come home), my mother bought cups of tea and cheese sandwiches; they tasted unlike anything I'd eaten during the past four years.

"There won't be any food on the train," my mother said. Her tone of voice seemed to be preparing me for things that might take getting used to. But at that moment the general dilapidation and deprivation apparent to me—perhaps all the more so because of what I would soon realize had been the fantastic comfort of my Ohio life—seemed just further aspects of my transatlantic adventure, which hadn't ended yet. I was more concerned about having been deprived of possessions I'd been forced to leave in Dayton because they were too bulky for my suitcase: a miniature printing press; a microscope that Otto Spaeth, my foster father, had given me the previous Christmas; and my collection of war posters, now passed on to my school friend Fred



"Have you ever thought, Richards, how unfair it all is?"

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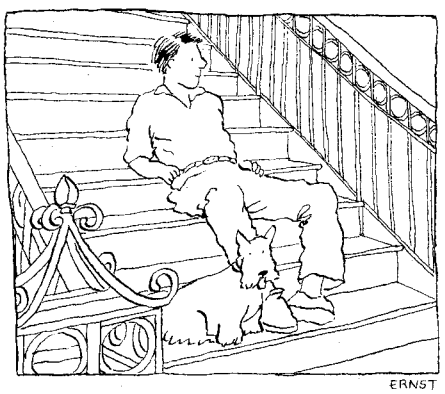
Young. I was also excited at the chance to come back to a war I had involuntarily left in the autumn of 1940—to help finish off Hitler and his gang, to cheer on at closer range the Allied armies as they battled eastward across Europe to squeeze the German forces against the advancing Russians, and to experience (not to miss!) some of the remaining dangers. V-1 flying bombs and V-2 rockets, the secret weapons that Hitler hoped would swing the war back in his direction, were still falling in southeastern England. My father was now part of this war effort, as Americans called it; after a long wait for the bank to release him for call-up, he had eventually been commissioned in the Pioneer Corps, an unglamorous branch of the service which performed many dogsbody duties. He now had the interesting and—what was most important to my mother—relatively safe job of helping run a prisoner-of-war camp.

I dozed and several times woke up. An elderly railway guard came in and clipped our tickets. I suspected that travelling first class, like taking the taxi in Glasgow, was an extravagance—that perhaps my father had insisted on it, for my mother's sake, or perhaps it was an attempt to minimize for me any jolts of return. (Eloise Spaeth, my foster mother, had brought me to New York from Dayton by train, travelling in a private compartment, which was certainly first class, though not called so.) Once, I woke and found my left hand stuck in the narrow space between seat cushions and, as I slid it out, remembered how at the age of five or six I had found a ten-shilling note that way on the Isle of Wight train taking us to Sandown for our summer holidays. I wondered what sort of pocket money my parents could afford to give me. Would it be the equivalent of the quarter a week I had got in Dayton, and what could one buy with it here? (The silver dollar in my pocket had been a Halloween concession from Orville Wright, the aged pioneer of flight, whom Fred Young and I had called on when we were trick-or-treating the year before.)

I listened to the train wheels. The Spaeths had had a record on which an English Hollywood actor, Reginald Gardiner, pretended to be a train starting, stopping, passing over points and through stations. "Schenectady, Schenectady, Schenectady," went one refrain; we had passed through that important junction of the New York Central system on the way to New York. "London Midland Scottish, London Midland Scottish," went the wheels of our L.M.S. carriages. I remembered that off to the east ran the London and North Eastern, the L.N.E.R., and that we were heading in the direction of territories spanned by the Great Western Railway and the Southern—*my* railway, on which my father and I had travelled to London from Portsmouth when I set off for America. *I was on my way home.* This was an idea I hadn't let my mind settle on while I lived in Ohio, though I had always known I was intended to stay with the Spaeths only "for the duration," however long that might turn out to be. I had become almost a son to them, almost a brother for Tony Spaeth and his sisters, Marna, Debbie, and Mimi. I was the Spaeths' English boy. It was a condition that involved being from England—that is, slightly different—but also involved being the Spaeths' charge. I had ceded something of myself to them in return for the love and hospitality they gave me. I had graduated from Mr. E. Bennett Owen's sixth grade at Harman Avenue Grade School. I had recently embarked on a promising career at Oakwood Junior High School, a larger institution, which seemed to hold before me all sorts of growing-up possibilities: the football squad; the track team; carrying heavier textbooks from class to class; having more to do with girls. And then Eloise had said, "Tony Bailey, you're going home."

My mother's arm was around my shoulders when I woke up on one occasion. I didn't look to see if she was awake. I didn't stir. Perhaps I recognized the four-year claim that, asleep or waking, she had upon me.

And on another occasion I thought that perhaps it was a dream, and I was still in my shared cabin on H.M.S. Ranee, and the carrier was lurching and rolling across the ocean, and the cabin door was opening. Someone, or part of someone, appeared briefly; then



the door closed again. But it wasn't a dream. I felt my mother's arm. I saw the photograph of the hotel. I glanced at the door, and at the floor, where my holdall had been.

"The holdall's gone!" It was in surprise, first of all, that I cried out. But, apart from a sweater and toilet stuff that I wouldn't have minded losing, the holdall contained presents from the Spaeths for my parents and Bridget, my sister, and several books about airplanes and ships, which were mine, and which I immediately wanted back.

My mother, for one so exhausted by events, was fast out into the corridor. In the next carriage she found the guard, returning from his ticket-collecting trip along the train. And in a few minutes he returned with a stern-faced sergeant, who was already talking as he approached, apologizing for one of his men, who was going to catch it, truly catch it this time, bleeding well begging your pardon, Ma'am, going to be for the flipping high jump, since he was an idle no-good and this was the last straw. Unless my mother wanted to press charges, which she certainly had the right to do, she could rest assured that the Army would cope with the perpetrator of this criminal act.

All this while, he was cradling the holdall, the exhibit in the case, and I was wondering if I was going to get it back. The incident was disconcerting. For four years, I had been in a part of the world where this sort of skulduggery was uncommon or had not impinged on me. A British soldier, in khaki battle dress! Didn't he know that I, too, was English—on his side? You could be robbed by your own fighting men.

"Oh, no—poor young man," my mother was saying. Apparently, she could visualize the thief as a youth in need of care and better fortune. The sergeant, as stern as ever, seemed satisfied by the generosity of this response—which the culprit did not at all deserve, mind you. "Thank you, Ma'am," he said, handing over the holdall.

It was put up on the rack alongside the suitcase, the door was closed again, and my mother and I were left sitting there, slightly apart as a result of the disturbance. The train ran on through the night, but for a little while it was hard to get back to sleep. The question that had been forming in confused fragments all round me since I landed from the Ranee was now

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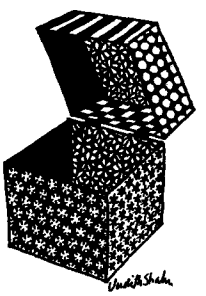
abruptly shaped: What was it I had come back to?

EVERYTHING was smaller. It wasn't the suddenly reduced "standard of living" that I noticed so much as that everything was closer, denser, more tangible. Like Gulliver in Lilliput, I found it hard not to bump into things. Only my sister Bridget, who had been three when I left, was bigger than I had expected; she was thrilled that I was back in time for her seventh birthday. Bridget walked with me around Edenholme, the bungalow my father had rented early in 1940, in order to move us farther away from the obvious air-raid target of Portsmouth, with its naval dock yard. I felt, but didn't say to her, that the whole house would have fitted into the Spaeth living room, at 630 Runnymede Drive. As we made our tour, Bridget watched me touching things, objects that I now remembered and could almost have greeted with "Well, here we are again, you and I." Most of the furniture was coeval with the dawn of my memory—it had been in the flat over the bank in Portchester and, before that, in Kingston Cross in Portsmouth, in another bank flat, to which I was carried a few days after being born. (That was in January, 1933.) Some household items I had forgotten. I saw them as if for the first time while at nearly the same moment recollecting their existence.

Edenholme was a product of the sparse, symmetrical imagination of a local builder. It was built of an orange-red brick, the material used in most of the other bungalows and semi-detached cottages that lined Duncan Road. This rural thoroughfare, in the hamlet of Park Gate, was half a mile from the main road to Southampton; it twisted downhill past Edenholme and a small timber yard that made punnets and baskets for the market gardeners and strawberry growers roundabout, and then ran alongside the yard of Swanwick station, a stop on the Portsmouth-Southampton railway line. At each end of Duncan Road was a sign that said "UNADOPTED"—advertising, presumably for legal reasons, the fact that the Fareham District Council did not charge certain rates to property owners along the road and therefore was not responsible for its haphazardly gravelled surface or its ruts and potholes, which held muddy pools of water after rain. From the road, several concrete steps led to a small white gate marked "Edenholme" and set in a high hedge, over which the roof of the bungalow could be seen. The symmetry of the house was visible once one was through the gate: the front door was smack in the middle, between the windows of two equal-sized rooms. The bottom edge of the roof and gutter ran immediately across windows and door, giving the impression, as with a low forehead, of constrained development. The front door—hemp doormat at one's feet; round brass casing of a clockwork-operated doorbell between the letter box and a frosted-glass panel in the top fifth of the door—opened into a narrow corridor that ran into the house and was visible in the pale light from the panel, which matched a similar panel in an interior door at the other end. Passing along the corridor, I could almost touch the wall on each side by sticking my elbows out. A door on the left gave access to the drawing room. Facing it, a door on the right swung into my parents' bedroom. Here the double bed with curved mahogany headboard and green eiderdown took up much of the space, and what was left was occupied almost completely by a matching wardrobe and dressing table, whose vertically hinged three-sectioned mirror, placed in front of the window, reflected the room and its occupants but kept out a good deal of daylight.



The drawing room was similarly filled by a couch and two matching armchairs, upholstered in a floral-patterned fabric that seemed to make the already buoyant arms and backs swell even farther forth, leaving the seats deep. Bridget bounced into one, rose briefly, and then sank, giggling. There was room between the couch and the chairs for a round walnut coffee table, and, along the walls, my mother's bureau-desk and a standup, windup gramophone. But there would have been no way of fitting in an upright piano, let alone one of the two grand pianos the Spaeths had had (as if unable to make up their minds between a Steinway and a Baldwin) in the living room at 630. On the mantelpiece, over the small tiled fireplace, stood photographs of my father in uniform, of Bridget grinning, and of me, with a faint smile, in my American football gear.

The doorways to two small bedrooms—one Bridget's, one mine—faced each other next along the corridor. At the end of it we came to the dining room, and from this, as one stood facing the garden at the back, the bathroom was to the right, the kitchen to the left. The loo—no longer the john—was hard by the bathroom in a little chamber of its own, its flushing mechanism worked by a chain hanging from a high cistern. In the dining room, I ran my fingers over the gray oak dining table, with its two leaves in their retracted place underneath—square and small, for our contracted family. The sideboard was of the same oak. I had forgotten that its left-hand drawer had no handle—it had been broken long ago and never replaced. To prevent the drawer from being pushed all the way in, and preserve a gap for fingers to grip its edge to pull it out, a green-velvet-covered sausage-shaped cushion was left standing at the front of the drawer, its head poking out, rather like a limp rag doll.

In the kitchen, with a small electric cooker, a stone sink, and a wooden draining board, the cream-painted cupboard had a central door that flapped down to form a work surface, disclosing shelves and cubbyholes where various condiments were stored, and where a metal cone for holding flour was suspended with a handle at its base which one turned to release the flour into a measuring cup. A gas hot-water heater, which I had forgotten was called a geyser, hung on the wall over the sink, and a similar but larger geyser was in the bathroom, its pilot light always burning, the water-heating gas lighting with a *pop* when one turned on the bath tap, the water itself falling into the bath in a rather miserly stream. Unavoidable in America, hot water was, I realized—and without dismay—in short supply here in England. (Older evacuees returning may have found this more of a shock. A woman I know remembers coming back as an adolescent girl from Buenos Aires at this time and taking three hot showers a day; no one liked to tell her not to. Later, as the hard facts of national privation got through to her, she felt pretty silly about it.)

Outside, Bridget led me to several outbuildings. The first was the small garage, semi-buried in the slope of ground next to the road; it had held a Ford Popular saloon when I left in 1940, and was empty now. "Daddy sold the car when he went into the Army," Bridget said. I took in the fact

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that we were carless without attaching any judgment—with no sense of "What a pity!" or "Gosh, and to think of all the cars the Spaeths had!" It was simply a difference to be noted, part of the way things were in my new-old life. Anyway, we were moving on—to the garden shed, which was not far from the kitchen door, and was made of black, creosoted timber, the grain raised in corrugated ridges, leaving furrows where damp glistened. It contained my parents' bicycles, a lawnmower, a workbench, tools, pieces of timber, tins of paint, and my father's collection of nails, screws, cup hooks, and electrical fittings, stored neatly in old jam jars. A shed like this went with just about every house to which my parents moved in the years to come. A tin opener was fixed just inside the door, my father for some reason having decided early in his married life that tin openers belonged not in the kitchen but in the shed, to which he carried tins of peas, beans, salmon, and sliced peaches, even when it meant a dash through the rain. Not far away was the air-raid shelter, rather like a concrete igloo grassed over, though inside it felt more like a tomb. I wasn't keen to go in for the first time since September, 1940, but thought I'd better show Bridget that I could put up for a minute with the damp, subterranean-smelling confines that she and my mother had endured for hours, day and night.

Then we ran down the garden. In Dayton, the house at 630 Runnymede had sat on a surprisingly paltry patch of ground, shaded at the rear by several tall maples, which in the fall produced great piles of red-brown leaves. Here the proportions of house and garden were reversed. Immediately behind the house was a lawn, on which in the summer of 1940 my father, home from work, had bowled tennis balls to me as I flourished my small-size cricket bat. Behind the lawn was a vegetable bed, in which several rows of blue-green cabbages paraded. And then, sloping gently away with a tall untrimmed hedge on each side, the orchard, the grass high and wet under forty fruit trees. The garden of Edenholme made up in its bounty for the parsimony of the house. There were Victoria and damson plums, Conference and Williams pears, greengages, and apples of many kinds, Coxes, Worcesters, Bramleys, Blenheims, Laxtons, and Russets among them. A few late ones were still on the trees, and a number of windfalls lay in the grass. Bridget had helped my mother wrap many of the apples in newspaper for keeping, using pieces economically torn from the thin, four-page editions of the *Daily Telegraph* or the Southampton evening paper, the *Southern Daily Echo*. Stored in boxes in the shed, the apples lacked the umblemished, standard good looks of a Granny Smith or a Golden Delicious, the modern supermarket produce that in later years would cause my father to bemoan the shortage of what he called "good old English apples of the sort we had in Park Gate." These were frequently spotty, with gnarled skins or patchy color, and they had flavors that, whether sharp or sweet, differed not only from tree to tree but often, so it seemed, from apple to apple, and were never, whatever the outside promised, disappointing.

Bridget showed me the place in the garden where she and my mother had been standing that May when a pair of twin-engined Messerschmitts roared over low, guns firing—at *them*, she thought as she and my mother dived into the grass. In reality, the German planes had opened up on a line of Canadian tanks and other vehicles parked in a nearby lane—part of the forces assembling all over southern England for D Day. Now, five months later, the fields stretched peacefully away beyond our orchard. I could see the railway line enter a short cutting on its way to Fareham. The barrage balloons that had hung like fat fish in the 1940 summer sky over Portsmouth had been lowered away. Perhaps at that moment, I was taking in the wherewithal for thoughts that would later pop to the surface, such as that, however dispiritingly broke and crowded Britain might come to be, its landscape made up for it. But I also found myself wishing that a lone Heinkel or Dornier would put in an appearance, to be chased and shot down by a Hawker Typhoon or Bristol Beaufighter.

The apples were un-American; different, too, for a four-year veteran of Spaeth cuisine, was much of the food put before me. Gone, thank goodness, were the highly touted (by Eloise) and dreaded (by me) asparagus, artichokes, avocados, summer squash, eggplant, and okra. But gone, too, were hamburgers and angel-food cake and peppermint-stick ice cream. My mother

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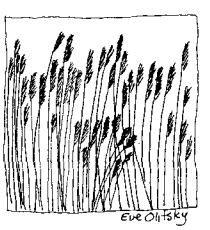
put on the dining table in those first few days some dishes that had been my favorites, so she said, "before you went to America" (a phrase used frequently in the years to come). She made toad-in-the-hole (sausages baked in batter pudding) and spotted dick (steamed pudding with raisins). There was blackberry-and-apple pie and steak-and-kidney pie. I recognized as if it were an old toy the eggcup my mother put in the pie dish, inverted, so that its base held up the center of the crust, which had a scroll decoration around the edge, made with a fork, and incisions in several places to let the steam escape. This eggcup was plain white and goblet-shaped, but there were also eggcups with faces or flowers on them, and eggcups in the shape of chickens or Toby jugs. Boiled eggs in Ohio had been called "soft-boiled" and had been served decanted from their shells, in glasses—a process that made them seem insufficient. Now an egg might once again be the main course at tea, with toast or bread that my mother cut up for Bridget into thin fingers she called soldiers, meant for dunking in the bright, runny yolk. In Dayton, the day had slid through lunch and built to the crescendo of dinner, often a formal occasion in the Spaeth dining room. Here the day peaked at lunch, with a hot meal that my mother had got used to cooking then ("Your father always wants a hot meal at lunchtime"), and slowly declined past the way stations of tea and perhaps a snack for supper. Tea sometimes meant toast—especially on Sundays—if a fire had been lit in the drawing-room grate, and if the coals were glowing sufficiently at teatime. Then bread would be impaled on the long, three-pronged brass toasting fork and held before the fire. You had to be careful to keep shifting hands and changing the angle at which you held the fork, or your fingers would toast, too. Bramble jelly was good on toast. (I had forgotten the Robertson's Golliwog label on the back of the jar.) I preferred it to Shippam's Paste, a meat or fish spread that came in small glass jars with lids that were fastened by curious, perversely difficult metal straps. A greater delight was in the rediscovery of Tate & Lyle's Golden Syrup, into which I plunged a spoon at breakfast, twirling it to collect as much of the syrup as possible, and then flipping the syrup in a gleaming parabola onto the porridge.

Many of the dishes my mother made then must have been created with difficulty. Rations were small, and getting smaller at this time; one of the first things she did on my return was take me to a Ministry of Food office in Fareham to get me a child's blue ration book and an allotment of clothing coupons. (Certain items, like bananas, were given out only to children; some returning evacuees may have had the impression that they were welcome chiefly for facilitating the purchase of such fruits, long hungered after by the adults they returned to.) My mother talked of coupons and points; she managed cleverly with small amounts of lard and butter; she exchanged information with neighbors and fellow-customers in shop queues about when and where scarce commodities would be available. She made jam and lemon marmalade, and bottled fruit from the garden. She made summer pudding, the black, blue, and red fruit coloring the soaked bread in lovely mottled patterns. She made rabbit stew, and I felt fortunate if I had the piece with the shoulder bone, which with the meat removed looked like a sail. She made desserts that I connected with earliest childhood, like junket and blancmange, and she made custard with yellow powder from tins labelled "Birds" or "Foster's Clarks." Another sort of yellow powder came in tins marked "Eggs." My mother used this in recipes that in normal times would have required real eggs, and she sometimes cooked it with bacon or sausage as a stand-in for the genuine article, the mixture (powdered eggs plus water) forming a lumpy yellow splodge that gradually hardened into a sort of pancake. In fact, my mother thrived on the difficulties of cooking in those years; later on, with a plentitude of raw materials in the shops, her culinary prowess found satisfaction in a simple, staple regimen of joints, chops, casseroles, and sausages. ("Excellently cooked," my father would say about the sausages, the slightly sardonic edge to the compliment evident, with much repetition, as a form of devotion.) Any suggestions from Bridget or me that she might spread her wings a little would meet with some such remark as "Oh, your father won't eat things like spaghetti"—or, for that matter, rice, macaroni, or noodles—and I would see that my father was gallantly refraining from saying that she never gave him the chance.



At Park Gate, I was once again closer to what was going on in the kitchen than I had been in Dayton. Here there was no butler's pantry between the dining room and the kitchen, and no cook like Artie, no butler like James, who had presided over their own domains at 630 Runnymede. Even that first day, Bridget and I assisted my mother. We carried things to and from the larder—a walk-in cupboard with an always open window, where meat and butter were kept under domed lids made of wire gauze. We set the table and helped wash and dry the dishes. The smell of cooking drew us to the kitchen—we weren't so very far away. I was put to work stirring the gravy, seeing that it browned properly and thickened evenly, without any lumps. My mother had been alone with Bridget for three years, except when my father came home on leave. The sense of being needed conveyed to me by the duty of gravy-making helped reincorporate me into my own family, though an intermittent feeling of strangeness—of being on one side of a transparent but definite screen, through which I looked at them and they looked at me—remained. It took a long time to go away.

I got out my old toys. I put together the straight and curved sections of Hornby model-railway track and, holding the driving wheels so that they didn't spin, wound up the motor of the bright-green engine—the locomotive, I would have called it in America. Over one of the driving wheels on each side was a small curved nameplate: "Caerphilly Castle." Four years' disuse hadn't harmed it. I watched it run around the track that I had arranged on my bedroom floor—around and around, under the bed and out again. It wasn't much of a run, especially compared with Otto's railroad system, allegedly built as a Christmas present for Tony Spaeth and me, and which extended through two rooms in the basement at 630 and had quantities of rolling stock—freight cars and passenger cars pulled by electric-powered locomotives in the colors of the Chesapeake & Ohio, the New York Central, and the Pennsylvania Railroad—running past model towns and factories, across real bridges, and through tunnels in the walls. "Caboose," I said to myself—funny word, nice sound. English trains had guard's vans, without the platforms at either end or the raised section of roof that allowed for win-

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dows giving a view forward over the train. Would I see a caboose again?

I noticed that my Meccano set was still there, but I didn't take it out; it was pretty much like the Erector set with which Tony and I had made contraptions meant to be trucks and cranes. I turned to the African ceremonial paddles—they looked like spears—that Grandfather Molony had brought back from a tour of duty in the Gold Coast (called by my mother the white man's grave) at the turn of the century, which were hanging on one of my bedroom walls. My mother had brought my grandfather to Edenholme a day after a bomb demolished the house next door to his house in Southampton, and he had died here a few days later, of a stroke that followed the shock. The paddle-spears had been carved out of ebony in an intricate pattern and pierced with holes, but I sat for a while on the edge of my bed pretending to be in a canoe on Torch Lake, in Michigan, where T.S. and I had gone to camp this past summer and the summer before. Then I found my red stamp album, and turned the pages—Bhopal, Bhor, Pitcairn Island, Tahiti, Tchad, Togo. I had half a page of Maltese stamps, which had been sent to me in small batches by Grandfather Molony's sister, Great-Aunt Bessie, who after nursing service on the Western front in the First World War became the matron of a military hospital in Malta. The king's head sat in one corner of the rectangular stamps, which featured Maltese scenes; the head of George V made one think of a sea captain, perhaps because of his beard, while that of the present king, George VI, beardless, even in miniature and in profile seemed fragile. I had been told that George V was a great stamp collector, with a say in picking the designs of the stamps the British Post Office put out. A lot of my stamps had never been stuck in, and, despite the number of rainy afternoons in the next few years when I had little to do, the quantity remaining in envelopes, awaiting their proper place in the album, constantly increased. It was a fussy process, licking the small, opaque hinge that had to be stuck on the back of the stamp before one pressed it to the page, hoping to get it straight.

Having a bedroom to myself was unfamiliar—not sharing with Tony Spaeth anymore, not being punished for talking after lights-out with him in one bunk bed and me in the other, not having someone to argue with, horse around with, and occasionally fight with. The three Spaeth girls had been at a remove from us—Mimi a baby when I arrived; Debbie a crucial year older; Marna, older still, away at school. Bridget, as a much younger sister, was clearly someone I had to look after and impress by example—someone, too, I had the awesome power to tease. (It was a power I occasionally couldn't resist displaying. Bridget remembers that I handed her an apple once and watched her eat it, then said to her, "Did you like the taste of that worm?" She burst into tears.) She had inherited some of my toys—my Teddy bear and golliwog, and my koala bear, which my mother's youngest brother, Vincent, had sent from Australia, and whose back unzipped so that you could replace the battery that made its eyes light up. I was glad to see that I still had my white-hulled model yacht, named Endeavour, which I had sailed on the boating pond of Southsea Common. It stood on top of my wardrobe, its sails in need of wind, reminding me of some of the first principles of full-scale sailing I'd learned on Torch Lake. Ready about. And mind the boom!

Before going to bed that first night, I looked at the Bulova watch that Eloise had acquired for me at the last minute as a farewell present. I didn't have to set it ahead an hour, as I'd had to some nights on the Ranee. I said my prayers, continuing to incorporate in them the Spaeths and my own family. ("Please, God, bring Daddy safely home from the war. Thank you for getting me home.") My mother said, "Perhaps tomorrow you'd better write to Uncle Otto and Aunt Eloise and tell them about your voyage back." Having spent four years writing home from America once a week, I apparently had a future in which I had to write to America from here instead.

MUCH later, people would say, "It must have been a dreadful shock for you, coming back," or "Wasn't it like being thrown out of paradise?" Although the transfer from the Eden of 630 Runnymede to Park Gate's Edenholme might appear discomforting, even traumatic, I don't remember any conscious turmoil on that score. When one is eleven going on twelve, most of one's concerns are immediate: What's going to happen today? Perhaps (I've thought since) the process of being evacuated, of leaving home and returning to it, made me notice things and observe differences. (I asked why British houses didn't have storm windows.) But at the time many of the things that weren't rediscoveries seemed like novelties. And I was a novelty, too, or, at least, unusual—an English lad who sounded like one of those G.I.s and who had spent four years in what most local people, stuck here during the war, considered an immensely exotic place. As I stood in the queue at the provisions counter in Peterkin's store, wearing my woolly camel-colored coat over a plaid lumberjack shirt, I heard my mother explaining my presence, and other women shoppers saying "Wasn't he lucky!" and "You must be glad to have him home." "Come back to help us polish off the Jerries, have you?" boomed Mr. Peterkin, slicing off a fragment of cheddar with a wire cutter. But this note of welcome was not apparent in the sardonic grin on the face of the boy who, delivering for the butcher, handed over a parcel of sausages at our door as I said, "Thanks a lot."

Even if there had been a need for contemplation, there wasn't much time for it. Swift decisions had to be made about school. Many returning evacuees from better-off families came home and were at once sent to boarding school, for which their names might have been put down soon after their birth, with money invested in special accounts and trusts to pay the fees. My parents couldn't have afforded to send me away to school even if they had wanted to. The autumn term was already two months old, and in my case it was an important one, for I was at the age when British children began their secondary-school careers. In Dayton, I had had four years of grade school and had been furnished most recently with a letter from Mr. Allan Zook, principal of Oakwood Junior High, saying that I had made a good start there and had "a fine attitude" toward my work. Armed with this, my mother took me to Fareham for an interview with the headmaster of Price's—a grammar school for boys—and a test in writing and mathematics. The next step—interview and test passed—was a gents' outfitters in East Street. Here, in a small room at the

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back walled with white cardboard boxes, I was divested of my New World clothing and fitted into the uniform of an English schoolboy: gray jacket, with a Price's badge of a lion standing on its hind legs; gray shorts; long gray socks; gray flannel shirt; striped red-and-gray tie; and peaked cap. Dayton had given me hope that as far as day-to-day clothing was concerned my knees had disappeared forever. Here they were again. They stuck out, like two red, grinning faces, between the bottom of the shorts and the tops of the socks, which had to be turned down neatly over elastic garters. As for the gray flannel shirt, it was pulled on over one's head (the American-style shirt, which buttoned all the way down the front, was only slowly making an appearance in Britain), and it gave meaning to the phrase "hair shirt" when I later came upon it, in Hendrik Van Loon's tales of the Inquisition and various martyrs to liberty. The British Army, I also discovered later, issued shirts of similarly textured (though khaki-colored) cloth, perhaps best imagined by thinking of oneself as being in constant contact with material liberally sprinkled with fibre-glass dust. Comfort, clearly, was not going to be a major element in my new life. At first, the tie was a nuisance to deal with every morning, but as time passed it seemed to fall readily into the same, somewhat shiny knot. The garters, which when they were new impressed a corrugated ridge on one's calves from the pattern of the socks, gradually lost their grip. In the course of the journey to school, the socks crept down one's legs, undermining the effect of neatness and discipline which the uniform was meant both to convey and instill.

If there was any shock involved in coming back, the business of turning up as a new boy at Price's brought it about. Price's followed the traditional public- and grammar-school practice of calling the lowest class, or grade, in the school the second form. There were two of these, 2a and 2b, the latter regarded as more backward. I was put in 2b. The other members of the form had, of course, all been new boys together, two months before; compared with me, they were veterans. For several days, I was the object of curiosity, disdain, and—from one or two lads—downright hostility. My American accent prompted feelings that the person speaking was overprivileged—a junior, civilian version of the American soldiers who dispensed cigarettes and chewing gum and, no doubt helped by their higher pay, all too successfully romanced English girls. "Yank" was the obvious nickname for me, and "Yank" stuck, long after my nasal, Ohio manner of talking had faded into a mere undertone modifying basic British speech. "Yank!" said with a taunt or a ring of malice by a few in those first days. "Yank!" yelled as a challenge by a fellow-member of 2b, a freckled, pug-faced lad named Ginger, whose gray uniform already showed more than usual wear and tear because of playground fights, in which he was generally the victor. Ginger's version of the war to date gave no credit at all to the Americas. In Dayton, I had been compelled on several occasions to stand up for England, but now I found myself forced into the role of spokesman for the United States: for Generals MacArthur and Mark Clark; for PT boats and Mustang fighter planes; for Sherman tanks. This meant that during one midday break, at about the same time that McAuliffe's men were holding the German Ardennes counter-offensive at Bastogne, I was squaring off with Ginger in the playground. I attempted to keep him at a distance with my fists, but Ginger was more of a wrestler, and he came at me with arms extended and head lowered, ignoring my impeccable Georges Carpentier stance, and knocked me over. We were thrashing around on the gravel, egged on by Ginger's followers, when Ollie Johnston, the Latin and cricket master, stalked up on his way to inspect his precious cricket square, in which he took a year-round interest. We were hauled to our feet. Had it been summer, I later discovered, we would have had several hours of dandelion-weeding on the turf; as it was, we were told to report for Wednesday-afternoon detention, where each of us was ordered to write out a hundred times the cases of *mensa* and the declensions of *amare*.

School was six days a week. On Wednesday and Saturday, there were lessons in the morning and games in the afternoon. I reached Price's by train and foot—running down Duncan Road in the morning to Swanwick station, flashing my season ticket to the man on duty, charging up over the footbridge to the far platform, then climbing into a preferably empty com-

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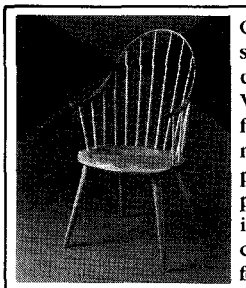

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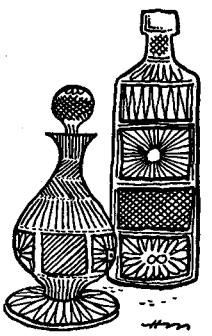
partment of the train. I opened the window wide and stood with my head half out of it in the wind as the train chugged across the Hampshire countryside—hedges, fields, copses, cows, a river—through cuttings, over and under bridges. Then the junction with the Botley and Wickhan lines flashed past, and the Fareham West signal box, and Fareham station. It was seven minutes on the train and a fifteen minutes' stroll or ten minutes' fast walk along West Street and up Trinity Street and Park Lane to where Price's sat on a hill on the north edge of town. I dashed past the house of Mr. Ashton, the headmaster, and generally encountered a few classmates for a game of conkers or marbles before the bell rang for morning prayers. Conkers were the biggest and hardest chestnuts we could acquire by throwing sticks up into chestnut trees—with holes skewered through them so that a string could be threaded through and knotted; they were then matched in single combat, each of us taking a turn swinging at and hitting an opposing conker in the hope of shattering it. The marbles had to be bought in a shop or won in the field of contest, and it was a sad thing to lose to an opponent a prized tulip-streaked alley.



The buildings at Price's were subecclesiastical in style. The assembly hall, which doubled as a gym, looked like a Victorian parish church (in bright-red brick rather than stone) with attached one-story wings, which contained classrooms. Behind these were several wooden huts, in which physics and art were taught. One classroom, larger than the rest, was called the partition room; it was unpopular with the masters, who kicked on the wooden screen dividing it in two if they thought too much noise was coming from the other side. Most lessons took place in our own form rooms, where we sat at rows of wooden desks with lift-up lids and with sliding metal tops over inset inkwells. The tools of our trade were carried in rectangular wooden boxes, also with sliding tops; in these we kept pencils, penholders, nibs, and a rubber eraser—blue at one end, for attempting to deal with ink smudges, white at the other, for corrections to pencil mistakes. Soon the middle finger on my right hand acquired next to the top knuckle a dent that was always inkstained. In brown leather satchels we carried exercise books and battered textbooks with our names inscribed inside their front covers, at the foot of lists of those who had been privileged to possess the books before us.

For four years, my proper name had been Tony Bailey, spoken as if hyphenated. It had been doubled up in that way to distinguish me from Tony Spaeth—though, of course, when we were separate (and we were in different grades at school) our friends called us simply Tony. Tony Spaeth and I used to refer to each other much of the time as T.S. and T.B. Here at Price's, I was Yank to my contemporaries and A. C. Bailey (for classroom purposes, usually abbreviated to Bailey) to my teachers. The initials signalled the commencement of a usage that seemed part of a system fitting me back into English society, a usage that would follow me from school to the Army, to the university, and into bank accounts, memberships, and subscriptions—and one that I was never quite able to think of as me, the bearer of the initials. I was also a little unsure about the Christian name Anthony, and still find it a touch pretentious. In the early thirties, Anthony Eden was a handsome, suave M.P. active in foreign affairs, and it was perhaps his glamour, and the fact that Anthony was a good Catholic name, that recommended it to my mother. The C. was for Cowper, my father's first name, which for a long time I believed was in honor of the poet William Cowper. Actually, the Mr. Cowper in question was the veterinary surgeon in Shanklin, Isle of Wight, who successfully looked after the health of my grandfather's herd of dairy cows.

Ollie Johnston taught Latin impatiently. He frequently gave way to the temptation of physical violence, and in those first few weeks at Price's, as I tried to hasten across two months' untrodden ground, I was often the object of his quick temper, which permitted him to perceive only that the wrong case or declension had been sputtered forth by the boy who was reciting, and not that the boy had a good excuse. When that happened, Ollie Johnston looked like an American eagle pouncing on his quivering victim with a wild glare and outstretched talons. He would generally grab the short hair on one's temples, right next to the scalp, and pluck one to one's feet, there to stand reciting until the offending sentence came out right. Latin metre remained a mystery to me; scansion was an obscure Morse code with strange signals called dactyls, spondees, and strophes (the hiatus, a pause for breath, was understandable). Finding the right occasion for the subjunctive or the ablative absolute was generally a matter of luck. Yet, despite these handicaps, I became good at Latin—at least as being good was measured by exam marks, and, despite Ollie Johnston's punitive ways, which tended to produce a blur in my mind rather than linguistic clarity, I actually gained from his lessons a respect for Caesar, Livy, Cicero, and Virgil. It was indoctrination, I suppose, and it worked.

I had other problems besides Latin. I had to get back into the habit of putting "u" in words like "neighbour" and "rumour," and writing "aeroplane" and "sailing boat" instead of "airplane" and "sailboat." "Icebox" and "automobile" had to be abandoned, and "cans" transmuted into "tins." Relearning the non-metric intricacies of pounds, shillings, and pence and managing to multiply and divide them (why weren't they in neat, reasonable American decimals?) involved constant hazards and depressions. But *per ardua ad astra*—it was the R.A.F. motto. In the report I received at the end of that first term, I was twenty-seventh out of twenty-nine pupils in the form. The next term, I was sixteenth. At the end of the summer, I was first—and was promoted into 3a instead of 3b. I wonder if I felt a need to reach the top in order to make up in some way to my parents for their being deprived of me—or was an urge to succeed something that rubbed off from the Spaeths?

THEN it was cold. Winter—Hitler's last ally—preoccupied Britain; it was colder than it had been in fifty years. At Price's, the classroom radiators were barely warm, and the Bunsen burners were kept alight in the chemistry lab. It was also wet. The dark-blue gabardine raincoat that I wore to school was often soaked through by the time I got there; my shoes dried on my feet, their brown leather streaked with white stains. Winter in Dayton had been as cold as this, if not colder, but there we had snowsuits and fur-lined leather helmets—and effective central heating. Out-of-doors, the fierce mid-continental cold had been dry, unlike this bone-

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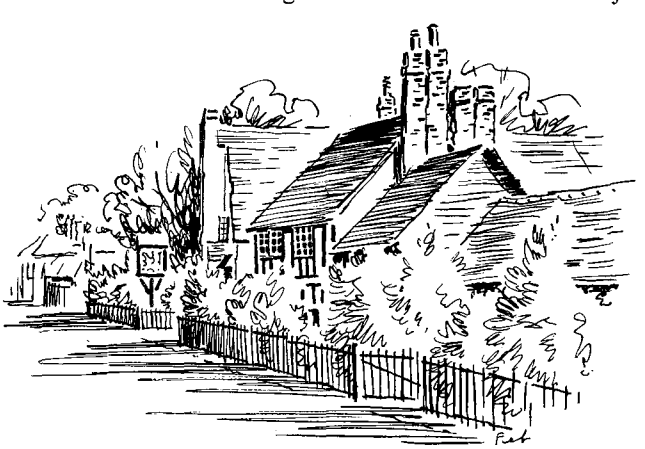
piercing island damp. Indoors, I had got used to the even seventy degrees of warmth brought about by the great furnace that James tended in the basement. In England, when the temperature went below what people regarded as usual, pipes froze; there were fuel shortages and power cuts; electric trains couldn't run (on the Fareham line, we were still hauled to school by coal-burning engines). In Peterkin's queue, people wondered if Hitler had rearranged the Gulf Stream. At Edenholme, we huddled close around the lumps of coal smoking in the drawing-room fireplace or sat over what was called an electric fire—a copper bowl with wires glowing at the center, which directed a narrow beam of heat toward those areas of the body falling in its path, warming them slightly without affecting the enveloping chill of the room. Stoneware hot-water bottles, or rubber bottles in knitted woollen covers, filled with near-boiling water from the kitchen kettle provided the only salvation in bedrooms. I jumped into bed, slid shivering between the frigid sheets, and attempted to get as much as possible of my feet and striped-pajama-clad legs around the hot-water bottle. By morning, the bottle had turned cold and disagreeable to the touch. Frostbite might have produced injuries that would have let me feel I was emulating, on the daily trip to Fareham, the exploits of Scott and Shackleton; chilblains, the painful dark-blue blisters that appeared on one's pink-gray fingers as a result of cold and ill-circulating blood, were badges without glory.

In the *Daily Telegraph* each morning that first winter home, I looked at the maps showing the advance of the Allies on the western borders of Germany. As I fought my way up through 2b, Montgomery, Dempsey, Bradley, Patton, and Leclerc, under Eisenhower's direction, pushed the German armies back toward the Rhine. In December of 1944, it was judged safe to stand down the Home Guard—in which my father had served before being called up—after four and a half years of guarding Britain against invasion. I was proud of the fact that my father was now a captain, helping run a prisoner-of-war camp in Oxfordshire, and soon he was to take part in the bloodless liberation of the Channel Islands and look after German prisoners on Guernsey. (His letters and postcards were sent postage-free with the superscription "On Active Service," and were stamped by a censor.) In Park Gate, we were already in a peaceful backwater; the great fleets of Lancasters and Flying Fortresses heading out to pulverize Hamburg, Dresden, and the Ruhr did not pass over us, and it was a rare, misdirected flying bomb or rocket, at the end of its range, that came toward Portsmouth or Southampton. Clearly, as the singers on the BBC assured us, there were soon to be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover and lilacs would again be there in the course of spring walks down English lanes. Yet there were plenty of intimations that whenever the lights went on again, illuminating a world at peace, England wouldn't be quite the same as it had been before September 3, 1939.

Christmas in Edenholme, just under seven weeks after I came back, marked a return to the prewar custom of finding a pillowslip containing presents at the foot of my bed when I woke up on Christmas morning. In Dayton, we had dashed downstairs to the living room to see what Santa had brought and piled up, in great mounds of splendidly wrapped packages, under the Christmas tree—whose angel's halo brushed the ceiling. Here in Park Gate, I looked down the bed and saw the pillowcase, which resembled a cloth draped over the barest remains of a meal; as I pulled it toward me, I realized that, for what presents my mother had managed to get, the pillowcase was too big. Reaching inside, I found a pair of wool-lined leather gloves; a model-airplane kit; some hazelnuts; a bar of chocolate; and an orange. An orange—a present! My disappointment focussed on it. I knew that it represented everything that was in short supply, and I liked oranges, but still it seemed pathetic. I thought of all the oranges we'd had for the asking in Ohio. The quarts of orange juice!



But it was too cold to lie there. I heard my mother making up the fire in the drawing room, and took her the small bar of scented soap I'd bought as her present. A telegram from my father came during the morning, saying that he was thinking of us. After eating, we listened to the King's halting voice on the wireless—the radio. Bridget had been given a play nurse's uniform, and I stretched out on the oval rug in front of the fireplace pretending to be her patient and wondering what T.S. was doing at that moment.

I HAD heard from Eloise soon after getting back. She had written from the Madison Hotel, to which she had returned after taking me to Brooklyn to board the Ranee.

MY DEAR TONY,

Now you are gone and I am back at the hotel alone. There were many things that I wanted to say at the last minute but when the time came—it just didn't seem to be the time.

I do want you to know that we loved having you every minute that you were with us for all the four years—even when I had to tell you to WALK downstairs.

Tony is going to miss you very much. Perhaps your Daddy and Mother will let you come back and spend some of your summers with us. . . . I can't wait to hear all about your trip. Tell us all you can without giving away any military secrets.

Love to all at home and remember

ELOISE

I wrote in reply telling her and Otto about my return. They both wrote back. Eloise told me how Otto had given Mimi her first spanking: "She was quite bland about it but he was considerably shaken." Otto didn't refer directly to this but wrote, "Mimi is getting lovelier every day and also a little naughtier." He enclosed two United States War Bonds I owned, bought with money I'd earned doing odd jobs. He said that he and Tony particularly missed me, but he was happy that I was home. "Otherwise you would never realize what your family have sacrificed. I know it is going to be difficult for you and I also know that you are going to take it in your stride."

Probably most of the time I was doing just that. But now and then I got out the small collection of things I'd brought back from Dayton, and my stride may have

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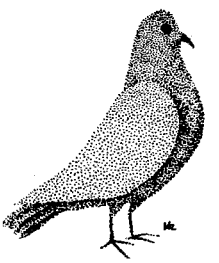
faltered. I looked at my Cub Scout badges and the certificate that said I was eligible to become a Tenderfoot Scout, and I set out on the bed the awards I'd received at Camp Fairwood—cloth letter "F"s won for prowess in archery or canoeing and meant for sewing on sweaters. I also had a round red-and-black felt badge from the National Rifle Association, Junior Division, as a "Pro-marksman," whatever that was. I reread the brochures for Otto's company, Dayton Tool & Engineering, which promised "Accurate Tools, Delivered on Time." I had kept a paper placemat from the restaurant at the Moraine Country Club, showing the layout of the golf course there; Otto had numbered the holes and put arrows showing the direction of play. I had a number of small white cards that I had printed on my miniature rotary press with the names and addresses of many of my school friends. I looked at a snapshot, taken a month or so before I left, of Debbie, Mimi, Tony S.—staring intently, very Otto-like—and me on the front steps of 630 Runnymede. On the back of the photograph Debbie had written, "To our beloved 'Brother,' Tony Bailey." For some reason—perhaps the suggestion of departedness in the word "beloved"—this inscription made me think of the cards, asking for prayers for the repose of a person's soul, that one found sandwiched in the gold-edged pages of missals.



At Christmas and on my birthday, in early January, letters came from others. I heard from the Australian Air Force officers serving at Wright Field who had been billeted in two of the Spaeths' attic bedrooms, and whose shoes I had shined to make pocket money. Perhaps because I had been a reminder for them of the mother country, or because, like me, they were far from home, they had treated me as a pal, albeit a junior one. Ron Wilson, a squadron leader, wrote to say that he had been made a wing commander, that Tony S. had had a tooth pulled and had a face like a full moon the next day, and that I was missed in Dayton. "However, you can't be in two places at the same time, can you?" Terry Bond, a flight lieutenant, wrote on the back of the same piece of foolscap to tell me things that the Winker, as he called Ron Wilson, might have forgotten, such as the depth of the snow on Talbott Hill and the panic—except among the Australians, naturally—at the impending visit of an R.A.F. air marshal to the Commonwealth mission in Dayton. He ended, "Keep that Bailey chin up at all times." The chin needed raising most on those occasions when I faced the dilemma of not being able to be in two places at the same time. T.S. wrote to thank me for a book I'd sent him and to tell me that he had got a BB gun—an air rifle—*and* a bike for Christmas. The BB gun was something that I knew he'd wanted badly. (Perhaps anticipating jealousy, Eloise wrote in her next letter to say that the gun was a secondhand one that had been fixed up.) I continued to want a bike.

A few months later, there was a sudden salvo of mail—twenty letters from my junior-high classmates, obviously under the pressure of a teacher's assignment. "Everybody in our class is writing you a letter, or at least they are supposed to," wrote Russell Weller, giving the game away. The subject matter in all the letters was largely the same. The track meet between Oakwood High and Wilbur Wright High had been lost, 49½ to 69½. The math now being embarked on was causing some initial bafflement. My friend Bill Bettcher wrote, "In Arithmetic we are working equations. After we understand them we know how to work them." Bill modestly neglected to tell me that he had set the track record in the hundred-yard dash of 12.7 seconds. Harry Schlafman told me that. Jim Schwinn described the effect on Dayton weather of a recent tidal wave in the Gulf of Mexico, and added that he had got ninety-nine per cent on a geography project about ores. Bob Neumeister made an effort to put himself in my shoes: "I imagine you found England a very different country than when you left it. . . . I imagine the welcome you received from your parents and sister." John Wood's mind was entirely on his pet racing pigeons: "I have four full grown ones and three squabs, which were hatched on Good Friday. I keep them in the attic." Dick Bigelow told me about the Seventh War-Bond Drive: "Our class hasn't brought in too many sales but I hope we may pull up. The room which brings in the most bond sales gets an afternoon off. That's the way we are over here. We won't do anything unless there is a prize for first place." (An A for per-

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ception, Bigelow!) My good friend Fred Young also told me about the track meet before demonstrating his burgeoning geopolitical sense, discussing first the final phases of the war and then the San Francisco conference to set up the United Nations Organization. He added, "You'll be interested to know that Marilyn Sargent is getting along well. She is quite popular." (Marilyn, dark-haired and vivacious, had been in my sixth-grade class at Harman Avenue; I had been one of her many pre-adolescent fans. No letter came from Marilyn, or any of the other girls, however.) My other really good friend, Harry Ebeling, had already written to me twice, unprompted by teachers. (One letter was about F.D.R.'s death.) Harry had his own notepaper, headed "From the Desk of Harry Ebeling." He decorated the margin of this latest letter with flags —the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, the Hammer and Sickle, and the Ebeling flag, a skull and crossbones he labelled the Jolly Hank ("Roger was drafted"). Harry also told me about the General Eisenhower Paper Drive, a nationwide effort. "All Boy Scouts collecting 1000 pounds of paper are eligible for the General Eisenhower Medal. . . . I am eligible for a medal and hope to get it soon." Harry went on, in his joshing way, "As you probably know I'm writing this letter from school. Most likely anything I tell you somebody else will say. (That last statement brings out the genius in me. What genius?) Will write soon (out of class), Eby."

Now and then in the years that followed, I found myself thinking, What would I be like if I were now in America, growing up there, going to school with Harry and Fred? What would life be like if I had stayed in Dayton? But these questions, pondered and almost wallowed in for a while, made me feel a trifle guilty. Remaining in America—as some older evacuated children did, especially if their home circumstances had changed by, for example, the loss of a parent—would have meant casting loose irrevocably from my own family. And how could I have done that?

—Anthony Bailey

•

J. K. Stevens, *page 94*, is a Vermonter whose qualifications for writing on politics include work as a carnival barker, bricklayer, deckhand, and staff member at Time-Life Books.—*Yankee.*

He might even be a little *over*-qualified.

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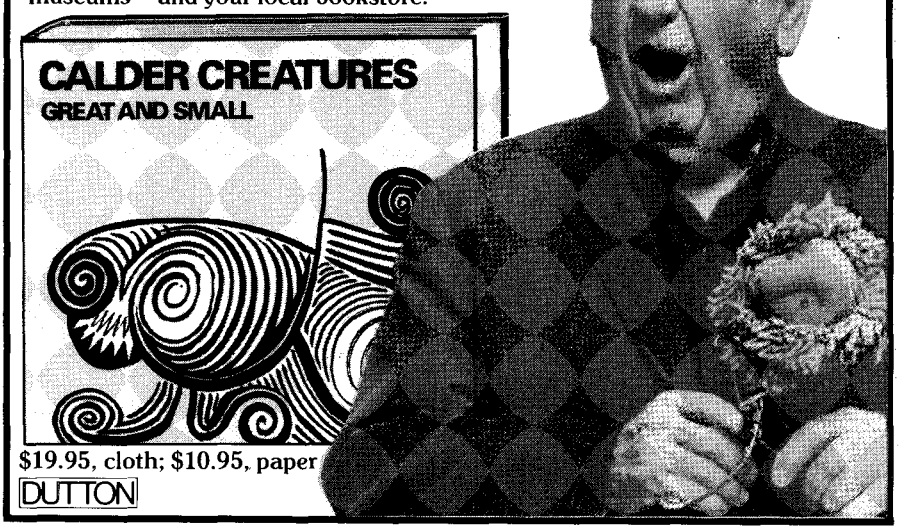

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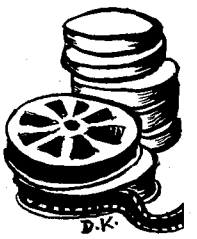
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Living Out a Song

THE least publicized of the American movies that have just opened in New York, "Songwriter" is the freest and funniest of the bunch—the most sophisticated, too. It's about the devious and sometimes felonious tricks that Doc Jenkins (Willie Nelson), a country-and-Western composer, uses to extricate himself from his legal entanglement with a Nashville gangster entrepreneur, who takes all the profits from his songs. Fed up with life on a tour bus—with the camaraderie, the partying, and the confusion—and unable to make any money from recordings of his music, Doc has turned to what his ex-wife, Honey (Melinda Dillon), calls "mogulling." He has been managing the career of his old singing partner Blackie Buck (Kris Kristofferson), the roué of the road, who loves the cash and the near-anonymous sex. And in the course of the movie Doc takes on another client, a woman singer—Gilda (Lesley Ann Warren), a sweet, insecure, boozing hysteric—who provides the leverage that Doc needs to outwit the gangster.



"Songwriter" is a satirical comedy about an artist trying to break free of the crooks who are binding him, but it never loses its sense of perspective on what a wily, frisky old pirate Doc himself is. With the stud in his ear, and his headband and long hair and graying reddish beard, Willie Nelson's Doc Jenkins is like a country-music version of Alec Guinness's scalawag painter Gulley Jimson in "The Horse's Mouth." The theme, which comes through explicitly in the songs that Nelson and Kristofferson wrote for the movie, is that artists are driven to become con artists in order to survive. And since the material is loosely based on Willie Nelson's own life and legend and financial misadventures (it's said that the song "Night Life," which he sold in 1961 for a hundred and fifty dollars, went on to be recorded by over seventy performers and sold more than thirty million copies), Nelson plays his role with considerable bite. Doc is tough and determined—he's trying to save his life, and get back to Honey and sanity. He needs some solid ground under his feet, and he needs to make music on his own terms.

The script, by Bud Shrake, provides Nelson and Kristofferson with a steady flow of sharp lines, and though the picture starts off at full tilt and it's cut fast, leaving you to fill in for yourself, the director, Alan Rudolph, has a freewheeling responsiveness to the performers, and he allows room for the two stars' amiability and their ad-libs. You can feel how much they enjoy singing together and drinking and hanging out together. Their mellowness is the essence of their "outlaw" country music, and it's right there on the screen; they harmonize even when they're not singing. Kristofferson, who's usually so detached that he seems camera shy, looks completely happy when he's just up on a stage performing in front of a crowd. Playing a vain, laid-back sensualist, the silver-bearded Kristofferson has a smiling glow; he has never been more at ease or a more chesty cavalier, or carried a larger sign that says, "I'm a good guy, but I don't want to be bothered."

Working with Shrake's material, which is much less high-toned and art-conscious than his own (his last picture was "Choose Me"), Rudolph is able to bring out the scrounginess and ribaldry of the down-home music scene. Whenever the mellowness threatens to get too warm and friendly, Rip Torn comes on and sideswipes the action. As a crumbum promoter who specializes in rip-offs—he draws audiences by advertising stars that he hasn't booked—Torn is the picture's insurance against gentility. Everything he says sounds mean and dirty, and even when you can't understand his snarled-out words he makes you laugh. (He's like W. C. Fields letting out his broadsides, but he's much speedier.) This grumbler feels he isn't getting his due—his whole being shouts it. And the moviemakers were smart enough to realize that Doc and Blackie would be as smitten by his cocky pride as we are. He becomes their pal, and soon three sets of beer-soaked whiskers are lined up at a honky-tonk bar.

The picture offers a wide range of rowdy slapstick, and some that's fairly highbrow and still rowdy. The performers seem up for everything that's handed to them. A girl who works for Doc at his headquarters in Austin, Texas, after he pulls up stakes in Nashville is played by a blond newcomer, Rhonda Dotson. She resembles the appealingly mysterious Marina Vlady of "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" and has something of Teri Garr's manic alertness and dippiness, too, but in a softer form. She's a romantic comedienne with awesome poise—she manages to be a lovely, still presence among the frantic people she shepherds. And, as the gangster whom Doc fears, Richard C. Sarafian (the director of "Vanishing Point") is big, and has a whomping comic menace; this gangster has the deadpan, self-righteous conviction that he's fully justified in screwing Doc—that that's business. The way Sarafian plays him, he's so totally, aberrantly self-centered that you get to like the slob. (His smile recalls the lopsided idiot's grin on Peter Sellers' face in "Being There.") Melinda Dillon has a special gift: as Honey, she blends right in with the gags. She doesn't have nearly enough screen time, but she gives a gentle, very pleasing performance. And you develop respect for the director's craftsmanship when you see how gracefully he plays down the idyllic scene in which Doc comes to see Honey and the kids, and sits right down to play guitar with his little girl, who shows him what she has learned.

Lesley Ann Warren's Gilda is a showier part, and the performance is spectacular. When we first see Gilda, she's a singer with no belief in herself and no class; she's an incredibly beautiful girl in a red dress bumping and grinding like a dumb floozy's idea of a hot mama. She's touchingly gawky, as if not sure how to move her long-limbed body, but her red lips and the excitement in her eyes are dazzling. And the cinematographer, Matthew Leonetti, knows that you don't get a camera subject like Lesley Ann Warren very often. Gilda winds up her rendition of "Great Balls of Fire" with a couple of pelvic twitches, and you're conscious of the intersection where her abdomen disappears into her thighs, and conscious that the men around her must want to dive into it. You can't say much more about her singing at this point than that it's loud, but Doc sees the possibilities in the total package. When he grooms her to go out as the opening act for Blackie, she begins to learn something about taste and musicianship, and her voice flowers. Besides being one of the

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great beauties of the screen, Warren can sing.

Plainness, naturalness, that's Willie Nelson's style, and he's a master at it—not just in his singing but in his acting, too. About the only thing that was lacking in his performances in "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Barbarosa" was an actor's tension—what Rip Torn has with such pungency that the atmosphere around him seems to reek. Nelson keeps (and polishes) his plainness here—it's his glory. And as Doc he's intense and almost Zen-like in his moment-to-moment decisiveness. Maybe because he respects the hipness of Shrake's dialogue, the suggestion of a few grains of sand in his throat—the grittiness that keeps his singing voice from being too sweet—works in his line readings. His jazz-inspired musical phrasing carries over, too. Nelson delivers a line so fast that he seems to be brushing it off, but though his lines have the casualness of throwaways, they're like the exit lines of a matinée idol—they linger in the air. For the first time onscreen, he's consciously using himself as an icon, and Kristofferson is doing it, too. They're looking at themselves in the mirror and they're also seeing each other as mirror images. You can sense the canniness that it took both of them to become stars. That's what the interplay between them comes out of, and they both recognize it and are undercutting each other in the friendliest possible manner. They're living out a song.

In the movie, Doc finds a way to outwit the Nashville operators. But Nelson and Kristofferson haven't found a way to outwit Tri-Star. The newest of the major production companies, Tri-Star is flush with the success of "Rambo," and in only the third year of its existence it is trashing movies as buoyant and entertaining as "Songwriter"—not giving this one even a token New York campaign or so much as a press screening. (The music was one of only three song scores nominated for an Academy Award earlier this year, but there's no space in the minuscule newspaper listing to say so.) "Songwriter" opened in New York at a tiny theatre—Film Forum 2, on Watts Street; if the movie has disappeared, there's some consolation in its being available on video cassette. But that doesn't make up for the fact that Lesley Ann Warren can give a performance as stunning as the one she gives here and not have it recognized. "Songwriter" is so good-natured it's like a fairy-tale satire. Is it possible that the gents at Tri-Star saw themselves in the caricatured Nashville thugs, and took revenge by deciding that there would be no audience for the picture?

"Back to the Future" is a piece of Pop Art Americana, featuring Christopher Lloyd as a small-town crackpot inventor who putters in his garage and builds a nuclear-powered Rube Goldberg time machine on the chassis of a gull-winged DeLorean. It's a clever, generally likable screwball comedy, with, basically, a very small cast. The inventor has only two friends: a big, floppy dog named Einstein and Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox), a seventeen-year-old high-school senior who visits him to escape his drab family life with a complaining, uptight mother (she belts down her liquor), a couple of loser siblings, and a whipped father who's a failure in just about every department. (The man is such a forlorn creep that he laughs in sync with the TV laugh track.) Almost everything that happens in the first part, set in Hill Valley, in Northern California, in 1985, is preparation for gags and plot devices that pay off when Marty escapes from a team of terrorists (whose plutonium the inventor has stolen to power the DeLorean) by jumping into the machine, which hurtles him to Hill Valley, 1955.

There Marty meets his parents as seventeen-year-olds going to the same massive, ugly high school he has been attending. It's a different era, though; it's the period when large numbers of teen-agers first began to have money to spend on clothes and records, and became a targeted consumer group, and when they also began to have access to cars, which meant freedom, and maybe even sex—or, at least, necking. Lorraine (Lea Thompson), Marty's mother-to-be, is a moony kid who lives in a state of dazed aphrodisia—her hormones seem to have blurred her expression—while George McFly (Crispin Glover), his father-to-be, is a tall, skinny, pathetic wimp who secretly writes sci-fi stories. Marty's arrival balls things up. Lorraine thinks he's a dreamboat, and develops a lascivious crush on him. Marty is panicked: How is he going to get her to switch her fixation from him to George, so he can eventually be born? The fun in the time-travel genre is, of course, in the hero's interfering with the course of history; specifically, Marty has to change the weakling George McFly—has to stop him from

"I don't tell you my dreams anymore, because you always go 'Hmmm.'"

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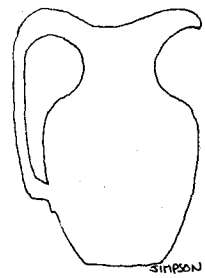
cringing, and make him stand up for himself, so he can win Lorraine. And while Marty's doing that the audience has the incidental fun of catching the comparative pop-culture references of the eighties/fifties time warp.

Directed by Robert Zemeckis, from a script he wrote with his regular teammate, Bob Gale, "Back to the Future" is ingenious; it has the structure of a comedy classic, and it's consistently engaging. If I can't work up much enthusiasm for it, it's because I'm not crazy about movies with kids as the heroes—especially bland, clean-cut, nice kids like Marty. In this role, Michael J. Fox (he's one of the stars of the NBC series "Family Ties") approaches acting as a form of aerobics—he's primed, he's nimble and proficient, and he delivers a processed, TV actor's charm. Everything he does is on the surface. Talking to George, he's like a feisty football coach trying to psych up a sad-sack player. And he's exactly, I think, what the moviemakers wanted. Steven Spielberg, under whose aegis the picture was made, says, " 'Back to the Future' is the greatest 'Leave It to Beaver' episode ever produced." That's what's the matter with it. I don't watch "Leave It to Beaver" reruns, and when I go to the movies I don't want to see a glorified "Leave It to Beaver."



Actually, this movie, with its high-school-age hero and the dream that he fulfills—the dream of being part of a de-luxe happy family, like the ones in TV commercials—represents a culmination of the fifties' appeal to the youth market. Teen-age tastes now dominate mainstream moviemaking, and that's where Zemeckis and Gale are working. (The movie is their fantasy about becoming mediocre—i.e., successful.) Marty doesn't have the consciousness of an adult hero, and he doesn't have a child's imagination, either; he's a hero for the young audience—a teen idol. And the picture doesn't have anything like the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge of Zemeckis and Gale's wonderful 1980 film "Used Cars" (which was also made under Spielberg's aegis, but before he became a youth-market czar, and which failed at the box office). Zemeckis knows how to set up a gag, and how to set his players on collision courses; his films—including "Romancing the Stone" (which he and Gale didn't write)—have comic drive. But scenes here, such as the ones in which George is bullied by a big jock, are laid on too thick and then repeated; at times, "Back to the Future" makes you feel you're at a kiddies' matinée. (Maybe it's too bad that this movie is as satisfying as it is: a few more pictures like "The Goonies," and even kiddies may be bored watching kiddies.)

What keeps "Back to the Future" from being a comedy classic is that its eye is on the market. Despite Zemeckis and Gale's wit in devising intricate structures that keep blowing fuses, the thinking here is cramped and conventional. I wish that moviemakers and their designers would stop using old *Life* magazines for their images of the American past. Hill Valley in 1955 has no pop glint, no vitality; the town is embalmed—it's printed on glossy paper. And the film's idea of happiness in the eighties—with one of Marty's siblings turned into a yuppie and the other into a deb, and his parents strolling like lovers amid the pastel sofas in a living room that looks like a commercial for a furniture-warehouse sale—should be a satirical joke but isn't.

Christopher Lloyd is a blissful silly, though. His wild-eyed glare doesn't seem to be directed toward anything in front of him—he's glaring backward into his own knotted-up mental processes. He makes you feel that the wires in his head are crossed; he's missing connections. And his thoughts seem to work independently of his gestures: his long arms swing about helplessly. He's like Frankenstein's monster as a sweetheart. And Lea Thompson is a gifted mime. Her woozy-faced young Lorraine has a sly lustiness that's entrancing. Crispin Glover's George McFly, with his cowering posture and his tortured mouth, is almost too painful a caricature. He has more force than anyone else in the movie—possibly because he's the only character that Zemeckis and Gale push to the limit. (In addition to the other horrors piled on him, he's a teen-age Peeping Tom.) I'm not sure what to make of the performance, but the movie would be considerably more innocuous without it.

MIDWAY through Lawrence Kasdan's "Silverado," from a script he wrote with his brother Mark, I began to be reminded of another roguish, mechanically plotted movie,

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"The Sting," which had also left me cold. "The Sting" had Marvin Hamlisch's arrangements of Scott Joplin's piano rags to give it some push. The orchestral score of "Silverado" is a mistake: it pounds you on the head trying to inflate the emotions that the movie intended to arouse, and so it makes you more aware of the hollowness of what you're experiencing. These movies aren't about anything but pinning index cards to a wall.

Lawrence Kasdan is an impersonal craftsman, hip in a post-modern way that's devoid of personality. He uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be, and though I kept waiting for the four men's stories to converge and the villains to turn out to be linked, as far as I could see, this didn't happen. Probably, to enjoy the movie you'd have to watch it as a cool, Western equivalent of TV's "Miami Vice," and accept the fights and shoot-outs as decorative, as part of the scenery. In this arch, uninvolving atmosphere, every time the director shows his good intentions—as he does in his treatment of the black hero's family, and in his concern for the terror experienced by a little boy—the film gets groggy. (Outraged by the news of some chicanery, the black cowboy uses his deepest chest tones on "That ain't right. I've had enough of what ain't right.")

—Pauline Kael

•

Franklin, Pa., June 8 (AP)—A lawsuit by a man seeking $5,764,609,563,143,700.48 from the state for suspending his driver's license has been dismissed by a local judge. Judge William E. Breene of Venango County Court agreed Thursday with the state's contention that the lawsuit by Frank A. Messina was groundless and violated court procedures.—*The Times.*

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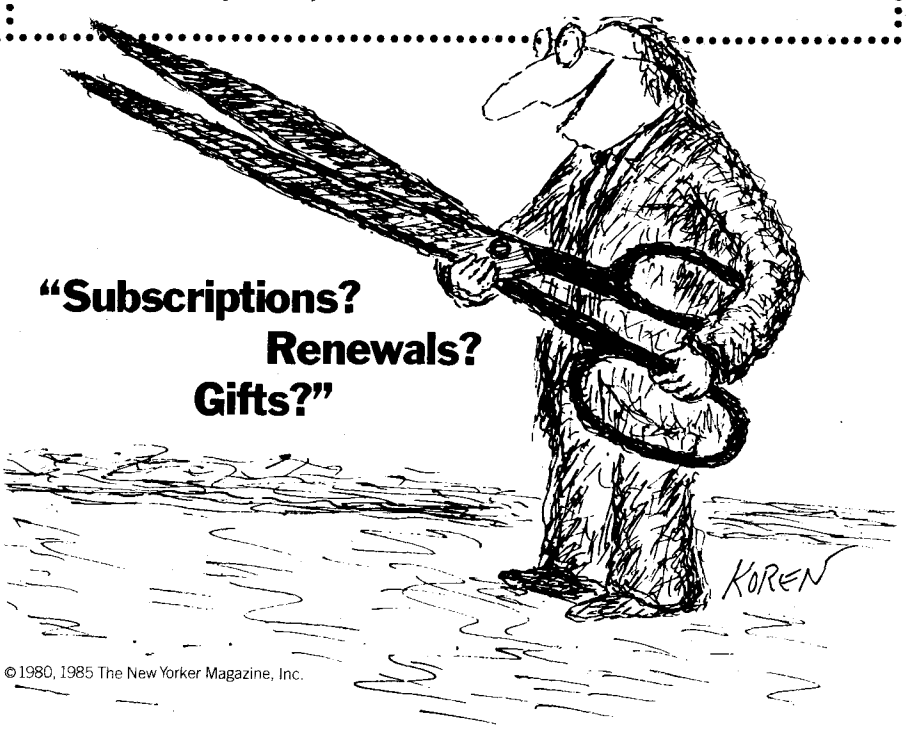

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LETTER FROM ISRAEL

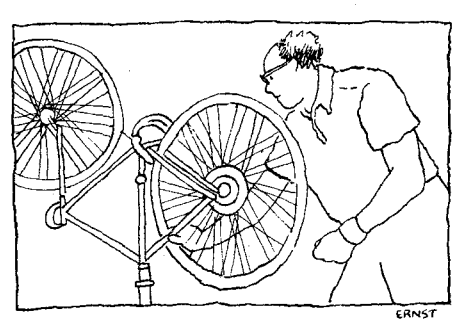
IN a three-room apartment overlooking the hills on the western outskirts of Jerusalem, an old man sits alone in half-darkness behind closed shutters. He avidly reads the daily newspapers and listens to the radio news. He rarely speaks to anybody, other than on the telephone. He receives very few visitors. He is Menachem Begin, the former Prime Minister of Israel. He has hardly ever been seen on his large terrace—which, by a weird coincidence, overlooks the remains of the former Arab village of Deir Yassin. During the war of 1948, Deir Yassin was the site of an infamous massacre for which Begin, as leader of the Israeli terrorist group Irgun Zvai Leumi, has been held responsible—an accusation that his political enemies have never allowed him to forget.

Even before his abrupt midterm resignation, in September of 1983, Menachem Begin had disappeared from the public eye. For nearly two years now, he has lived in self-imposed house arrest—a hermit content with his cell, a political Marabout. He has been seen leaving his house only twice—to attend a memorial service for his late wife, and to undergo an operation on his prostate gland at a local hospital. He did not bother to vote in last year's general election, nor was he willing at that time to issue a public statement endorsing his own Likud Party. He has never given a reason for his resignation, except the very personal one, not very satisfying in a parliamentary democracy, of "*Ayni yachol*," meaning "I cannot." He has never explained why.

The few recent photographs of Begin that have appeared in newspapers have shocked many of those who knew him in his prime, seven years ago, as one of the peacemakers at Camp David. The face seems sallow now, and haggard, the frame skeletal. The voice, once so firm and fierce, is now said to be thick, halting; the eyes glassy. Many Israelis see Menachem Begin's collapse as a Greek tragedy, and others see it as merely evocative of some tale of revolting putrescence by Gabriel García Márquez. There is still much speculation on the "real" reasons behind it—speculation that ranges from the sentimental to the medical. Some of Mr. Begin's former associates refer to the death of his wife, Aliza, in November, 1982, as the main cause of his emotional crisis. Others insist that he resigned in remorse over the disastrous war in Lebanon. Hell, it has been said, is truth seen too late.

According to this theory, he feels guilt for the more than six hundred and fifty Israeli dead and over thirty-eight hundred wounded so far in the Lebanese adventure—many of the latter invalids for life. Still others are convinced that Begin was felled not by history but by pathology. Although the doctors have pronounced him in reasonably good health, despite a stroke and two heart attacks, there had been a persistent rumor here for years that he was suffering from the effects of heavy medication and from frequent manic-depressive states, characterized by violent ups of excessive mental exaltation and downs of dejection, passivity, and lack of initiative. Sabbatai Zevi, the seventeenth-century "false messiah," according to his biographer, the late Professor Gershom Scholem, was also a manic depressive. Be this as it may, Begin's recent fate has been marked by a nightmarish quality of logic. Whatever the reasons for his breakdown, it was symptomatic of the moral agony, the political failure, the economic muddle, and the military crisis that terminated his six-year rule: a nation demoralized, divided against itself as never before in its history; a futile, costly, still unfinished war in Lebanon; a tottering peace with Egypt; and a worthless currency, three-digit inflation, and an economy that even his own Minister of Finance warned was on the verge of bankruptcy, what with zero growth, dangerously depleted reserves, and a foreign indebtedness of twenty-one and a half billion dollars—the highest, per capita, in the world, and more than double what it was when Begin assumed office.

SHIMON PERES, the Labor Party leader who stepped in last fall to pick up the pieces, is a sixty-one-year-old technocrat and former Minister of Defense. As a very young man, he had been the boy wonder of the Israeli bureaucracy, and, at the age of thirty, David Ben-Gurion's chief aide, the architect of Israel's weapons industry, and the "father" of the atomic bomb that Israel has at least the capability to produce. He became Prime Minister in the sobering aftermath of the general election of July, 1984. For most Israelis, this was the most crucial and at the same time the most frustrating general election in the country's history. The results did not herald any turning point but merely highlighted the inner disruption by producing deadlock and stalemate between the two major political blocs—the nationalist Likud, under Begin's successor, Yitzhak Shamir, and what is known as the Alignment, composed of centrist and left-of-center labor parties, under Peres. The two blocs, so different in tone and political ideology, captured between them the bulk of the Knesset's hundred and twenty seats, but each was weaker than before. Neither had enough seats to form a government of its own. Each maneuvered frantically, and in the end successfully, to block the possibility of the other's building a narrow majority by getting help from one of the fragmented extremes of the political spectrum. A new election would have very likely produced similar results. The solution found was a Tweedledum-Tweedledee government of "national unity," with alternating Prime Ministers—first Peres for two years, then Shamir until the next general election, in 1988. The idea of a national coalition was not new. It had been proposed by Shamir before the election, and had been rejected by Peres as a prescription for national paralysis. But afterward, in the prevailing hangover atmosphere, Peres began to view the proposition in a different light. Before the election, he had been much maligned by his opponents as "unpatriotic." His main task, as he began to see it, was to "legitimize" Labor once again in the eyes of an increasingly nationalistic, increasingly right-wing electorate, and to restore himself personally as a leader by national consensus. Public opinion, by and large, favored the grand coalition. It would have the support of at least three-quarters of the Knesset. It might usher in electoral reform, which had not been possible under any previous government. It could be the first in Israel's history not debilitatingly dependent for its majority on minute ethnic or ultra-Orthodox religious-fundamentalist pressure



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groups. And, finally, a grand coalition was seen as the only way to address the country's two most urgent tasks: to shore up the faltering economy and to end the war in Lebanon. Labor, by restraining the unions it controls, would make possible the far-reaching economic reforms necessary to improve the balance of trade and reduce three-digit inflation. In return, Likud, which was politically identified with, if not held responsible for, the war in Lebanon, would agree to a quick withdrawal of Israeli troops there.

But things have turned out differently. No sooner was Peres' twin government formed than the two parties began to prepare, politically, for its dissolution by once more courting the potential good will of the splinter parties. There was no more talk of electoral reform and much speculation about holding an early election before the end of Peres' two-year term. The new government remained bitterly divided on the issue of Lebanon. Nor has Peres been able to restrain the unions as he had hoped. At first, he seemed to have succeeded in scoring a temporary, partial victory against inflation. In December, prices rose by only 3.7 per cent. (Previous monthly rises had been as high as twenty-four per cent.) After that, however, prices once more began to rise sharply (by an annual rate of two hundred and ninety-nine per cent in the first six months of this year), because an artificial price freeze that had been imposed in December was not accompanied by large enough budget cuts and because the government continued to print billions of shekels and pour them into the economy to prevent large-scale unemployment.

Throughout these months, Mr. Peres has held on to his office with a kind of grim, grinding resolution. Some still wonder why he had been so anxious to assume the responsibilities of government at this difficult juncture. Most economists insisted that there was little chance of curing the economy without taking some very unpopular measures, which would most probably bring on huge unemployment. The withdrawal from Lebanon, planned to be completed by this summer, almost inevitably raised the risk that Shiite and Palestinian terrorists, who have bedevilled the Israeli army of occupation, would follow it across the frontier into Israel proper. Once again, northern Israel would be exposed to artillery bombardment and terrorist incursion from Lebanon.

"My love, who said 'Brevity is the soul of wit'?"

"You did, of course, dear."

• •

Which party would be held responsible, politically, for this? Likud, which had started the war in the first place, or Labor, which, in trying to trim the losses, was bringing the troops back across the border? I heard a man tell Shimon Peres the other day that it might have been politically more opportune for Labor to let Likud preside over the unpopular remedial measures. Peres responded, "Yes, probably, but it would not have been very patriotic."

PERES is not what is commonly called a charismatic leader. His appearances on television have always been somewhat awkward. He has on occasion described himself as an "unreasonably optimistic" man. "I am built like that. I am capable of becoming almost intoxicated by the potential of things," he has said. On matters of defense he was known in the past as a hawk. He moved leftward during the years in opposition to Begin's government. In the Prime Minister's office, he has surrounded himself with young aides in their early thirties, most of them sympathizers of the dovish Peace Now movement. They have helped to give him the sober, statesmanlike image of one who has taken upon himself an almost impossibly difficult task while remaining a man of compromise and moderation. But in a country mired in recent years of disappointment, so bitterly divided, so emotionally charged by high-pitched discourse, the Prime Minister's consistent pursuit of consensus has inevitably exposed him to charges of indecisiveness and lack of clear leadership. The economy, which in the year since Peres came into office has gone from bad to worse, is a main case in point; there have been others. The most recent was the affair of the hijacking to Beirut of a T.W.A. plane, on a scheduled flight from Athens to Rome, by Shiite fanatics who demanded the release of some seven hundred Lebanese, mostly Shiites, still held without charges in an Israeli prison. There was no reason to delay the prisoners' release for so long and thus sour relations with the United States, especially since they were supposed to be set free anyway, as Yoel Marcus, a leading columnist, wrote in the independent daily *Ha'aretz*. (Three hundred and thirty-one have since been released.)

Since his first day in office, Peres has been looking for his main chance—for

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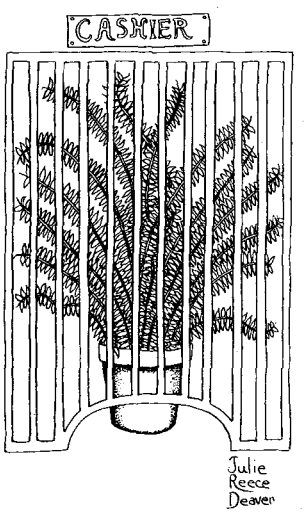
the great message, the event, the breakthrough that will lend momentum to his leadership, much as Anwar Sadat's visit to Jerusalem did to Begin's during his first year in office. He has not yet found it. In January, under the harrowing impact of more and more casualties among the young conscripts patrolling Lebanese towns and highways on search-and-destroy missions, he persuaded his Cabinet to begin the withdrawal from Lebanon despite the great risk. Most Likud ministers, including alternate Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, were against withdrawal, but two of them crossed party lines to give Peres the majority he needed. In February, he welcomed a proposal from Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak for direct peace talks between Israel, Jordan, and the Palestinians. But whether this was the great breakthrough he had been seeking, and probably secretly working for, remained to be seen. The way in which he welcomed the proposal as "constructive," despite fears that it might bring the P.L.O. in through the back door or break his coalition, or both, was characteristic. He once told an interviewer that for him "style" was not just a matter of technique but a quality of "vision." He has been very attentive to style and tone. He told another interviewer that he would very much like to fulfill a request made to him by Sadat at one of their meetings. "Please," Sadat had said, according to Peres, "above all, be generous in your public expressions." Since his rise to power, the general tone here toward the world at large, and especially toward the Arab countries—so strident before—has become more amiable. But so far Peres has not been successful in his efforts to improve relations with Egypt, which have been poisoned by Israel's invasion of Lebanon, by Egypt's desire to reingratiate itself with the Arab world, and by a bizarre controversy over a hotel and beach club on a few acres of sand at Taba, near Eilat, at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba.



By mutual agreement, the disposition of Taba was left open after the 1979 peace treaty. Some of the Prime Minister's advisers have been telling him in recent months that Israel's case in the Taba dispute, from the point of view of international law, is not very sound, and he has leaned toward submitting the problem to international arbitration if mediation should prove unsuccessful, as the two governments had previously agreed to do. But this proposal has been vetoed as "defeatist" by Shamir. Peres is reported to have told Shamir, "We are not gangsters. We shall not steal Taba in the dark of night. Taba is not that important, and it is not Jerusalem the Golden." But Shamir has continued to be obdurate on this issue. Perhaps he feels the Likud's diehards, led by Ariel Sharon, breathing down his neck. More likely, as a recent editorial in the Jerusalem *Post* suggested, Shamir became persuaded, after due consideration, "that any binding settlement of the Taba dispute must be resisted for precisely the reason it is favored by Mr. Peres: Because it could spell progress not only on normalization but, through it, on the entire Arab-Israeli peace front." Peres' first year in office has led some people to wonder whether he had not been right, after all, when, in the summer of 1984, he rejected Shamir's offer of a grand coalition as a prescription for national paralysis.

Shamir has similarly vetoed Peres' long-standing plan to approach King Hussein of Jordan with a generous offer of territorial compromise or of a sharing of power on the occupied West Bank. Before the election, Peres was heard to say privately that he was prepared to return "the bulk of the West Bank" to Jordan. When he was asked about the Israelis in the settlements planted in those areas by previous governments, he said, on one occasion, that they would simply have to be content to live under Jordanian rule. Under the circumstances, this was tantamount to saying that the settlements would be dismantled. In 1982, he publicly welcomed President Reagan's peace initiative (self-government for the Palestinians in association with Jordan), which the Begin government had dismissed outright as totally unacceptable. Peres has not repeated such statements, for fear of breaking up his coalition. Some of his aides, however, have been saying that if only King Hussein and the more moderate Palestinians would come forward for peace talks with Israel, as Anwar Sadat did in 1977 and as Hosni Mubarak was now proposing that they do, the entire political situation here could change. Some Likud deputies would bolt the government, with cries of "treason." Others might support it. Talks with Jordan could begin. New elections might be called. Peres could win on a "Let's talk peace" platform.

"I am not worried," Moshe Katzav, the Minister of Labor and Social Welfare and a leading Likud hawk, was quoted in February as saying—a little too glibly, perhaps. "I fully rely on the little king. He is not ready for peace. He will enable us to maintain [the coalition] at least until it is Shamir's turn to become Prime Minister."

IF Peres has recently been speaking of a new era in Israeli politics, many still live in the old one. A lot of people here—perhaps excluding the zealots of the far right—seem to be tired. The tiredness may be the result of their having lived for so long—for some, an entire lifetime—in what seems an interminable emergency. Or it may be a result of this country's being so overextended, both emotionally and physically. There was a time when it was said that Israel had too much history and too little territory. Since 1967, the opposite has been true. The strains are showing. Perhaps the weariness comes also from exaggerated dreams and expectations. Classical Zionism pursued a utopian dream of redemption. Like every ism, it produced wild hopes, which were followed by a reaction of cynicism and despair. The early Zionists were not content to found a nation-state like all others. They looked forward to a safe haven for Jews and a new paradise as well: a kingdom of saints; a new world, purged of suffering and sin. Only much later did they remember that in the Jewish tradition even Eden was never a peaceful place but, rather, a celestial cage soon rent with fear, conflict, arrogance, and lies. Perhaps it is only now that Israelis are beginning to awaken from what was so long and so lovingly called the Zionist dream. When the early Zionists made the decision to "go political," they did not consider the possibility that to the age-old difficulty of being a Jew would be added the perhaps greater difficulty of surviving as a ministate in a very disturbed part of the world.

In consequence, one senses a kind of

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Marc Chagall *July 7, 1887 – March 28, 1985*

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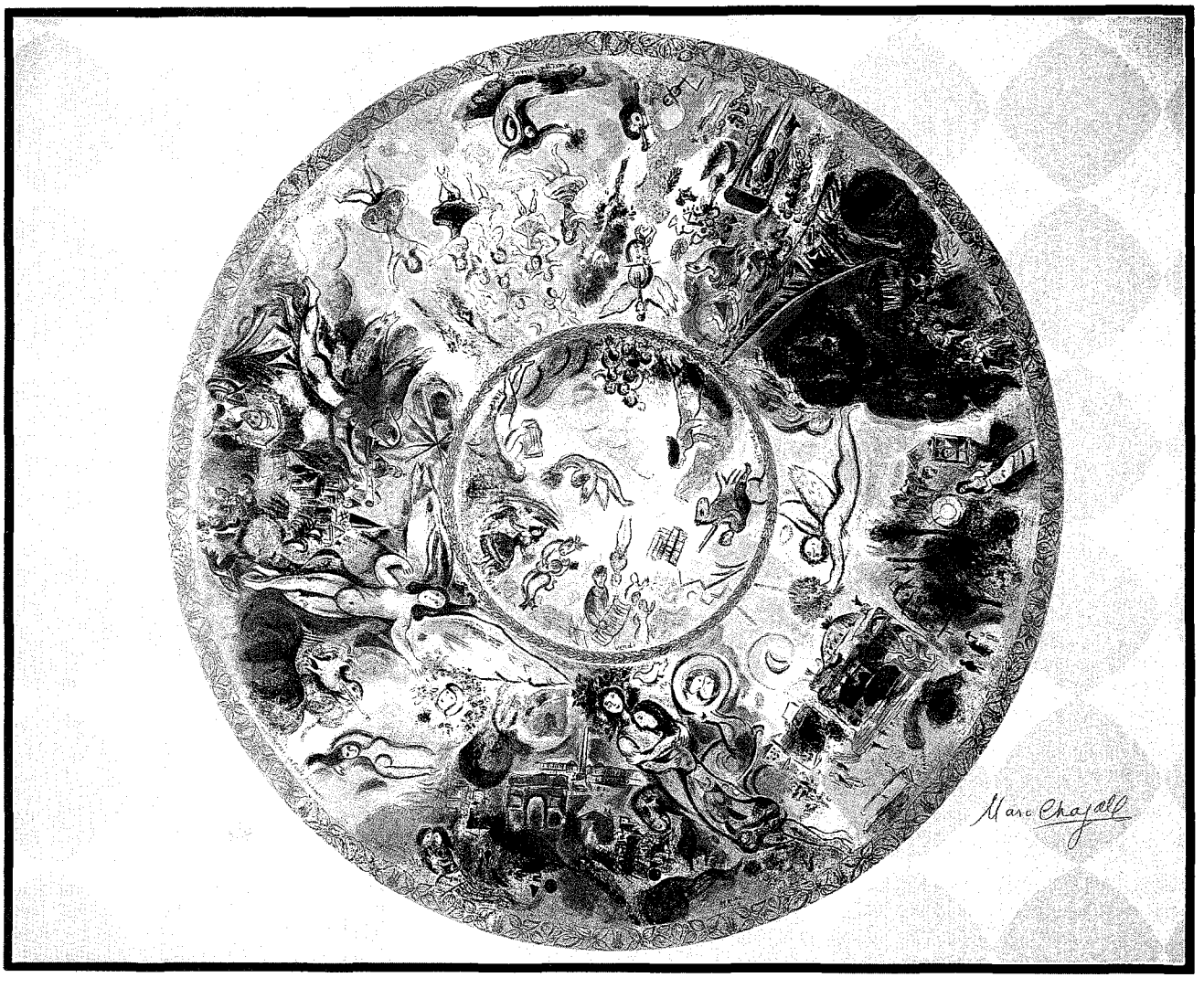

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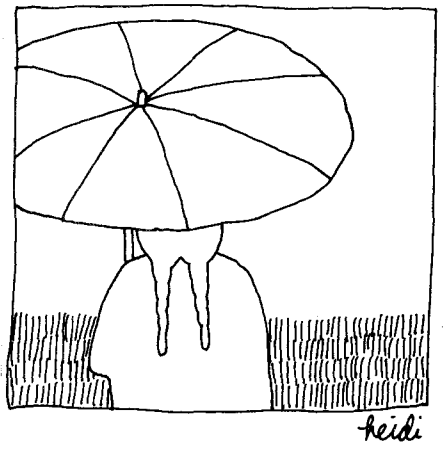
metal fatigue now attacking the body politic. It invites both rational and irrational treatment. General Ariel Sharon's continuing—some say growing—mass following is contributing to the latter. So are the emergence of a Jewish terrorist underground and the rise of two new ultra-right-wing parties—General Rafael Eitan's Tehiya (Awakening) and Meir Kahane's Kach. The two have so preyed upon current fears and hatreds and prejudices that unless the wolves in the Middle East suddenly dwell with the lambs, and the lions eat straw like the oxen, it will be very difficult in the future to contain those parties. Tehiya, which won five seats in the election, nearly doubled its representation in the new Knesset, and became the third-largest party. The ultra-right wing has gained the support, partly tacit, partly open and vocal, of an important segment within the Orthodox rabbinical establishment. In the trial of a group of self-confessed Jewish terrorists in Jerusalem District Court, the distinguished heads of two state-supported Orthodox *yeshivot* as well as one former Chief Rabbi of Israel have been cited as having secretly given the terrorists moral encouragement to commit mass murders. One was said to have hailed the terrorists who planned to blow up the Dome of the Rock, the Muslim shrine on the Temple Mount, in Jerusalem, as saints doing the work of God. Another was said to have been eager to participate in a terrorist attack upon innocent Arab bus passengers. More seriously, the alternate Prime Minister, Mr. Shamir, has been in the forefront of prominent Likud and religious politicians calling upon the President of the Republic to pardon the terrorists because their crimes (which included booby-trapping the motorcars of three West Bank Arab mayors—one lost his legs, another had a foot amputated as a result) were motivated, in his words, by patriotism and love of the Land of Israel. Meir Kahane has openly called upon the country to recognize the terrorists as national heroes.

It may be, as some argue, that Meir Kahane's mind is one of the more underdeveloped parts of the Middle East, as it previously was of Brooklyn, but he, too, has considerably improved his standing in the polls since his surprise capture of a seat in the current Knesset. If an election were held today, the American-born rabbi and founder of the Brooklyn-based Jewish Defense League would win twice as many votes as he did last July. His platform is openly racist. (The Arabs, he says, multiply "like so many dogs;" they must be expelled before they "poison" Israel's Jewish character. Arab men caught sleeping with Jewish girls should be "castrated." The Muslim mosques in Jerusalem should be dismantled, because, after all, "there is no synagogue in Mecca.") He used the media to build his movement in New York in the nineteen-sixties, and his skill at exploiting the Israeli press has been matched only by his contempt for it, as quotations from him testify: "I'll take care, when I come to power, of Arab dogs and Jewish traitors in the newspapers." "I am not a democrat; I am a Jew." "I'm going to drive this country crazy, and the press will cover every step." When a Jewish terrorist shot a missile at a crowded Arab bus in the heart of Jerusalem, the terrorist (soon apprehended by the police) was praised by Kahane with the words "Blessed be the hands that performed this act."

Still more serious is the continuing shift of young voters toward the extreme right. Had the country as a whole voted as the soldiers did in the last election, Likud, with the small Tehiya Party and its allies among the ultra-Orthodox fundamentalists, might have won a comfortable margin in the Knesset. According to a poll commissioned by the Van Leer Jerusalem Foundation (a privately financed research institute), as many as forty per cent of secondary-school pupils claim that they support the views of Rabbi Kahane's party (the percentage in the religiously Orthodox schools was said to be higher). Another poll by the same foundation showed that only a third of the fifteen-to-eighteen-year-old youngsters interviewed displayed "consistent democratic tendencies" (i.e., endorsed the existing governmental system). The remainder were more or less totalitarian in their attitudes, especially toward their Arab fellow-citizens. Some forty-four per cent favored legislation to prohibit criticism of the government's foreign and defense policies; forty-two per cent favored curtailing the civil rights of non-Jewish citizens; thirty-seven per cent favored curtailing the rights of Christians; forty-seven per cent felt that Muslims should not attain senior positions in government service; sixty per cent said that Arabs should not be entitled to full civil rights. Not only did thirty-eight per cent say they supported Jewish terrorist underground organizations but nine per cent said they were, as individuals, ready to join such an organization.



The report created a stir. The Ministry of Education decreed special classes in all schools to "deepen democratic consciousness" among schoolchildren. Shlomo Hillel, the Speaker of the Knesset, invited some thirty university professors, teachers, and writers to form a new Public Council for Democracy. At the council's first—and, so far, only—session, Professor Yonatan Shapiro, a sociologist at Tel Aviv University, argued that the problem might not be one of age, as most people suppose, but a structural one. There was a clear correlation, he said, between nondemocratic attitudes in Israel proper and attitudes toward the occupied territories and their inhabitants, and between such attitudes and Orthodoxy in religion: the incidence of nondemocratic attitudes is said to be invariably greater among the religionists pressing for a theocratic state or among those in favor of annexing the occupied territories.

THE late Moshe Dayan, on the strength of a visit to Vietnam in 1966, used to warn Israeli generals against wars that could not be ended. "They are the worst," he said. "Worse than those you lose." Today, many are wiser after the event, and place the blame for Israel's unfinished Lebanese campaign on Begin's alleged naïveté and on the brutality and bellicose lack of realism of Ariel Sharon. But the fact is that in the beginning the war had been a bipartisan cause. The Labor Party, too, with few exceptions, was in favor of the invasion. A handful of Labor deputies abstained from the vote in the Knesset, and only one, Yossi Sarid, spoke out openly against the war; he and the others were sharply criticized by their own

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party as lacking the minimal amount of patriotic solidarity. One Labor deputy, a veteran of twenty-five years in politics, now says bitterly that the most important lesson he has learned is that when the entire establishment is united on a move—as was the case here—it is almost inevitably wrong. Major General Moshe Levy, the present chief of staff of the Israeli Army, gloomily announced on television that he now knows "*much more* about Lebanon than three years ago"—a courageous but deeply disconcerting admission, as Hedda Boshes, a critic for *Ha'aretz*, wrote the next morning. General Levy, after all, had been deputy chief of staff when the war began.

Wars, of course, always begin in confusion, as in a thick fog or in a cheap waterfront bar. What hurts so much now is the more general realization that in Lebanon Israeli power has for the first time lost its credibility. Israelis love to philosophize about "power," and to a certain extent this was always part and parcel of the Zionist ethos. Zionism was intended to give defenseless ghetto Jews, previously dependent upon shifting moods of tolerance among non-Jewish rulers, a measure of power to determine their own fate. And now has come the great power paradox of the Lebanese war. As Abba Eban said recently, "Military power is a very odd thing. When it sheds its defensive role [in a country like Israel], it displays a curious impotence."

It is generally agreed that the war aims of Sharon, if not necessarily of Begin, had been twofold: first, to drive Yasir Arafat and the P.L.O. out of Lebanon, in order to free Galilee from terrorist incursion and weaken the Palestinians enough politically to give Israel a free hand on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip; and, second, to drive the Syrians out of southern Lebanon and Beirut and help set up a new, Christian-dominated government there, under the Gemayel clan and the Phalange, which had been armed and trained by Israel. In June of 1982, Begin, overjoyed at the rapid advance on Beirut and the smooth dismantling of the P.L.O. infrastructure in the south, spoke of an imminent peace treaty with Lebanon and ecstatically echoed the Book of Judges: "The land will have rest for forty years."

And yet almost from the beginning almost everything went wrong. In this case, power did not grow out of the barrels of Sharon's guns. His main political aims were not achieved. The Lebanese Christians ended up weaker politically than they had been before the war. Bashir Gemayel, and, after his assassination, his brother Amin Gemayel became President, but both refused to make peace with Israel. The Syrian Air Force was crushed, but Syria's President Hafez Assad emerged as the real master of Lebanon. The P.L.O. was driven out, but in its place on Israel's northern border emerged a fundamentalist Shiite Muslim enemy, more lethal than the P.L.O. had ever been. The sudden rise of Shiite power in Lebanon now breeds fears in Israel that all of southern Lebanon, as far north as Beirut, may soon emerge as a bastion of Muslim fanatics controlled by ferocious Iranian ayatollahs, with consequences for Israeli security in the Galilee too awful even to contemplate at this stage. But such may well be one of the unforeseen consequences of Begin's war in Lebanon, which catapulted the Shiites of that country to the political forefront. Moreover, the experience of Lebanon, where Shiite guerrillas made life unbearably difficult for the Israeli Army, was bound to have an impact on the Palestinians, too, particularly on the West Bank. In southern Lebanon, the Shiites have shown that it is indeed possible to *compel* Israeli troops to withdraw from occupied territories if only you kill a sufficiently large number of them. If the Shiites had not thrown hand grenades at Israeli soldiers, the soldiers would undoubtedly not have withdrawn. In the post-Holocaust generation, Israeli attitudes toward power have consistently been complex, and sometimes neurotic. But in Lebanon, it appears, Israelis had failed, at least at first, to make the needed distinction between power and violence. One Israeli writer compared Israel's war in Lebanon to a game of chess in which all the pieces had reached the edge of the board and fallen off.

IN June, the evacuation of Israeli forces from Lebanon was officially declared "completed." Unofficially, it continued in a five-to-fifteen-kilometre-wide security zone from Mt. Hermon to the Mediterranean Sea northeast and west of Metulla, the northernmost town in Israel. Metulla sits astride the Lebanese border. Its streets are lined with old eucalyptus trees. A tourist shop that only a year ago was doing a brisk business in T-shirts inscribed with entwined flags of Israel and Lebanon and the usual crosses and Stars of David carved of olivewood with little thermometers attached is now boarded up. The border station has recently been widened. A big sign facing the Lebanese side says, "SOLDIER! YOU ARE ENTERING ISRAEL TERRITORY. UNLOAD YOUR GUN." The station has been freshly painted white and looks neat. When a truckload of soldiers comes along amid the flat calm and crosses back into Israel, a sudden, quite deafening noise breaks the quiet. The soldiers shout in chorus, stamp their feet, and beat the seats with their mess tins, and the driver bleats his horn. The military policemen on duty at the crossing point simply wave them on. They are said to be used to such scenes. As I observed on a recent visit before the completion of the last stage of withdrawal, the latent hysteria suggests something like a psychodrama. The soldiers were behaving as though they had just escaped a natural disaster. There were cries of "We're through!" and "I'll never go back!" A high-ranking officer stood nearby. He commented that nothing like it had ever been seen in the Israeli Army, so well known for and so proud of its high morale. This is the first war that so many men in the Army, including those in its top echelons, have considered futile or wrong. Nor was the human toll limited to those who fell under enemy fire. Twenty-one servicemen committed suicide while on active duty in Lebanon, ten during the past year alone, as Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin told the Knesset recently. In the past two years, a hundred and forty-three regular servicemen and reservists have been sent to jail for refusing to serve in Lebanon. Dr. Ruth Linn, a social researcher at Haifa University, notes in a soon-to-be published study that most of the refusers belong to combat units and are college graduates; their average age is thirty-one. According to Dr. Linn, the real number of refusers is "very much higher" than a hundred and forty-three, for many were quietly released or posted elsewhere—not to Lebanon—by sympathetic company commanders. A fifth of those who refused are said to be officers.

The way soldiers here speak these days is new as well. "This cynicism,

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this bitter sense of futility over the sheer waste of human lives—was this the way U.S. soldiers spoke in Vietnam?" a writer in *Ha'aretz* asked recently. A well-known poet, Yitzhak Laor, author of "Ballad of the Stupid Soldier," itself a landmark unprecedented in Hebrew poetry, is one of the contributors to a recent book called "Fighting and Killing Without End." Nearly every leading Israeli poet is represented in the volume, which was issued in 1983 by the distinguished Ha'Kibbutz Ha'Meuchad publishing house. Laor spoke for a small but not insignificant minority when he wrote in one poem that at this time "the real courage is to look at war from afar, perhaps on television."

ACROSS the Lebanese border, the main road from Israel twists along for several kilometres before it forks, leading into the Christian towns of Kelia and Marj Uyun, on the right, now held by the Israeli-controlled Christian militia of General Antoine Lahad (the so-called S.L.A., or South Lebanese Army), and, on the left, to large Shiite villages on both sides of the Litani River. In 1982, Israeli troops were welcomed there by the Shiites as liberators from the P.L.O., and were showered with rice and flowers. But as the Israeli occupation continued into 1983 and 1984, cutting the Shiites off from their markets and from their political and religious leaders in Beirut, relations between Israelis and Shiites deteriorated. By the summer of 1984, Amal, the main Shiite militia, led by the ostensibly moderate Nabih Berri, was waging open war against Israeli troops wherever and whenever it could. Hardly a day passed without Army contingents being fired upon from behind roadside bushes, or hitting a land mine, or being the target of a hand grenade hurled from a balcony.

When I drove with an Israeli Army escort through parts of southern Lebanon recently, it was raining, but the sun dipped through the clouds and sparkled in the bushes. Israelis are allowed to travel these roads only in armed convoys. Everyone is required to wear a bulletproof vest. Two loaded guns must always point outward from open windows of each car. The wind slashed cold rain against the faces of the soldiers. Here every turn in the road could open you to a barrage of automatic fire, every pickup truck might be that of a Shiite suicide driver, every passing Mercedes sedan might shoot a missile at you. Religion is the abiding, murderous factor in this particular heart of darkness. Shiite and Sunni Muslims, Druze, Maronites, and Greek Catholics have been at one another's throats since the beginning of the Lebanese civil war. With so many armed sects and clans, and so much fighting among them, it has been difficult in recent years to speak of politics here, or of issues. There have been only fears and hatreds, and many of the latter now focus on the Israeli occupiers. Even the Christians have become eager to disengage; their involvement with Israel has left them weakened in the Lebanese power game. "You have not brought us luck," a Christian militia commander from Sidon told me. Only some of the more militant Maronites still favor a continued Israeli presence in Lebanon. Outside an ancient church in Kelia, a Maronite priest took my arm firmly and cried, "We Maronites have been waiting since the twelfth century!" Upon closer questioning, it transpired that he meant since the Battle of Hattin, which marked the beginning of the fall of the Crusader kingdom of Jerusalem. "Israel will help us. Israel must help us to help itself," he said. "Jerusalem will be theirs, Lebanon ours. *Beau Liban, pauvre Liban!* It must be ours once more."

"All of Lebanon?" I asked.

"Of course! Forty years ago, the Jews were a minority, too, in Palestine. *Mais ils étaient courageux.* Now they control it all. If the Jews withdraw, the Muslims will slaughter us first and then they will cross the border to slaughter the Jews."

In the next village, a Shiite businessman, seated in a vast formal room with two dozen gilded, embroidered armchairs lining its four walls, had coffee poured for us from silver pots into cups of the thinnest porcelain as we chatted. He complained that the Israeli occupation had lasted far too long. The Israelis had turned their former friends into enemies, he said. Businesses had been ruined. Innocent citizens were paying for acts perpetrated by a few outsiders. The Israelis were foolish to rely on their Maronite mercenaries. The minute the Israelis left, the Maronites would betray them. "I say to them, 'Take care, *Messieurs les Israéliens.* Why, even Danny Chamoun' "—the head of one of the Maronite militias—" 'sold the P.L.O. the arms given to him by the Israelis.' "

A high-ranking Israeli Army officer whom I met in his Lebanese headquarters said that the longer Israeli troops remained in Lebanon, even as mere advisers to the S.L.A. within the so-called security zone, the more radicalized the Shiites would become and the greater the chances would grow that Shiite and Palestinian terror squads would penetrate south into Israel after the withdrawal. "But the politicians don't want to listen," he went on. "They have to justify the original mistake that got us into this mess in the first place."

One opinion and the next one contradicting it, but before one hears any of them one drives through the strange ghost city that has sprung up north of Metulla since 1982, on the Lebanese side of the Israel security fence—a conglomeration of residential and commercial buildings that were abandoned even before they were finished, shops that were never opened, gas stations for cars that have never arrived, and the reinforced-concrete skeleton of a five-story hotel and another of a gambling casino. The casino was meant, said the contractor who was building it until about a year ago, to bring together gamblers from Saudi Arabia and from Israel. Yes, he had thought there would be peace and an open border, like that between Switzerland and France. No, he was not yet completely discouraged.

To walk through the gaping holes in the casino's walls or over the shaky scaffolding of the half-finished and already crumbling building, crows circling overhead, is to arrive at a situation that is very Lebanese—a situation where the ground under your feet is never solid, and no judgment is firm enough so that it cannot collapse overnight into its opposite. The contractor was an amiable middle-aged man, slim, nervous, all bones and muscles and smiles and gladsome energy. His automobile, a black Mercedes with Swiss license plates, was parked outside the casino. He said he had invested a few hundred thousand dollars in the enterprise. "*C'est fini!*" he asked us, snapping his brown-stained fingers. He lit a new cigarette from the burning stub of the last. As a Lebanese, he explained, he had little chance of dying of lung cancer. He said he was sorry he had

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never found an Israeli partner for his casino. He had been looking hard for one. Many Lebanese would have come to play.

We asked him if he could be sure of that.

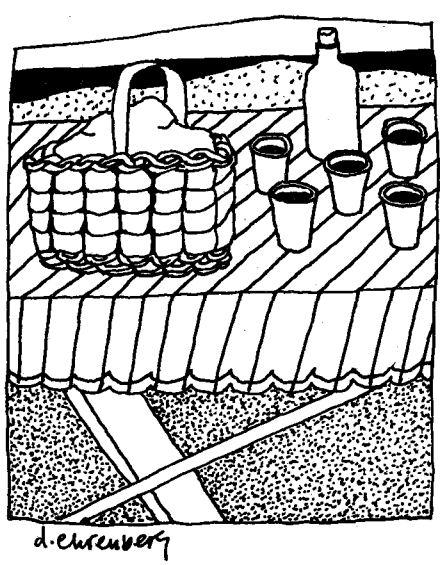
"Absolutely, yes!" he cried. "In Lebanon, everybody is a gambler. It's in our nature. I, too, am a gambler." Then he cited a Lebanese proverb: "God gave the Garden of Eden to those who are mad."

GALLOPING inflation has recently made the Israeli economy look precariously like that of certain Latin-American countries. Three-digit inflation turns businessmen into gamblers, and consumers into Don Quixotes fighting—mostly in vain—the windmills of daily price rises. The consumer almost always suffers. He pays tomorrow's prices with today's income. Salaried employees invest most of their paychecks in black-market dollars, or buy in sprees during the first week of the month in order to protect themselves against the inevitable price rises of the second week. Bank computers arrive at the limits of their technical capacities because they cannot handle figures of more than fifteen digits. Four per cent of the G.N.P. is said to be spent to protect the remaining ninety-six per cent from being undermined by inflation. These are only some of the external aspects of a malaise that affects much more than monetary values. It touches most citizens here more directly than the Arab-Israeli conflict does.

The war in Lebanon is said to have cost Israel three and a half billion dollars so far, and to be still costing a considerable sum each day for the maintenance of the Christian S.L.A. and its Israeli "advisers." But defense expenditure is by no means the sole reason for the hyperinflation. The others are growing foreign indebtedness; the printing of money on a vast scale to compensate for insufficient or diminishing returns from taxes; the spiralling effect of automatic indexation that links wages to whatever average increase in prices is announced each month by the Central Bureau of Statistics; the constant rise until 1984, under an essentially populist government, of real income, despite zero growth; and the relatively high cost of services and of production, caused by overemployment and inefficiency.

Still, the main cause, almost everyone here agrees, has been the enormous expenditure on defense. It amounted to some six and a half billion dollars in 1984, or roughly a quarter of the G.N.P. (compared with seven per cent in the United States, four per cent in most European NATO countries, and one per cent in Japan). A good way to visualize this burden in rough financial and human terms is to imagine maintaining a military power the size of that in France on the resources of Luxembourg. Professor Haim Barkai, of the Hebrew University, in Jerusalem, recently argued that "if West Germany had the same percentage of men under arms as Israel, its standing army would total four million"—instead of four hundred and fifty thousand, which is the largest European force in NATO. He went on to say, "The United States would have fourteen million men under arms, more than it did in the Second World War. In effect, for at least ten years we have maintained an armed force of a size that is characteristic of a full war." Even following the peace treaty with Egypt, in 1979, the defense budget continued to grow, although at a slower rate. While some Israeli governments have tried, none has ever managed to cut the defense budget, except the government of Ben-Gurion, who in 1952 ignored a threat of resignation by his Army chief of staff and sliced eighteen per cent from a budget of thirty-two million dollars. Ben-Gurion's successors have lived under the trauma of too many wars. And they have not had the self-assurance to tell generals, as Ben-Gurion did, that a stable economy is as important to national security as arms and manpower are.

"I don't want another Yom Kippur War," Peres was reported to have told Treasury advisers in January, when they urged serious cuts in the defense



expenditure. Peres has instead applied himself to reducing civilian expenditures by two billion dollars, a difficult—or, according to some observers, impossible—task, since more than half of the national budget of twenty-four billion dollars is untouchable. (Some thirteen and a half billion dollars goes either to defense or to the servicing of loans.) Food subsidies, public works, old-age pensions, and health and education services have already been slashed. Heavy new taxes have been imposed on already highly taxed imports and foreign travel. A small European car—a Fiat 127—now costs more than eleven thousand dollars, of which more than seven thousand is taxes. Each time he goes abroad, an Israeli now pays a flat departure tax of three hundred dollars, a twenty-per-cent tax on the price of his airplane ticket, and a charge of fifteen per cent on his travel allowance of eight hundred dollars. Nevertheless, foreign-currency reserves have steadily declined by some one hundred and forty million dollars each month since October. This June, reserves dropped to the two-billion-dollar mark, considered the absolute minimum. Were it not for the probable approval by the United States of more than a billion dollars in special aid (over and above close to three billion already approved), the country's international credit standing might be seriously harmed. Bankers and economists have been wondering whether it is possible to achieve real progress by administrative means only, without structural changes, defense-budget cuts, and drastic devaluation—all of which would, of course, mean large-scale unemployment.

Peres has so far rejected all such bold measures. Increased unemployment is another taboo that no government has dared to risk violating since 1965, and the jobless rate is currently being maintained at a relatively low four to six per cent. Peres has been strongly warning against both devaluation and unemployment, and has been saying that it is naïve and childish to think that inflation can be ended with a stroke. Difficult decisions are necessary, he has admitted, but can be made only "by joint agreement between management and labor." He has expressed hope for increased United States aid. Gad Ya'acobi, his Minister of Economic Coördination and one of his oldest, most loyal political lieutenants, has warned him not to take this for granted, and Ya'acobi has som-

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berly suggested that few societies have thus far survived an inflation such as Israel's without succumbing to one form or another of totalitarianism.

DURING this time of almost invariably bad news, the sudden influx of Ethiopian Jews has come as a welcome morale booster—as a reminder that in some areas this country is not yet like all others. Few others would have gone to such trouble at home and abroad to import fourteen thousand destitute Africans, many of them illiterate, at a time of economic crisis. The announcement that thousands of Jews were being rescued by secret airlift from the horrors of famine in Ethiopia and the hardships of the Marxist Mengistu regime was met with a satisfaction rare in its near-unanimity. The rescue mission—quickly nicknamed Operation Moses—gave Israel its first good press notices abroad in the past few years. For many Israelis, Operation Moses brought back for a moment the heady atmosphere of Entebbe. For some, it must have brought back as well something of the lost innocence and romance of the early years of Zionism. Israel, after all, was intended by its founders to be a haven for persecuted Jews, not the policeman of Lebanon, fighting Muslim fundamentalists, or of Nablus, quelling riots by Palestinian students.

The simple faith of the Ethiopians touched many a heart. "It is impossible not to love them," a doctor at one of the hospitals was reported as saying. He may have meant that they were not like most other Israelis today. Stepping off the airplane, still dressed in the burlap rags in which they had walked hundreds of kilometres from Gonder, in northern Ethiopia, to Gedaref, in the Sudan, and looking skeletal, even famished, some of the new arrivals resembled the survivors of Nazi concentration camps after the Second World War.

Although there are bigots in Israel, as there are in other countries, the black Jews from Ethiopia have been received with unusual warmth. They were welcomed as members of the Jewish *people* rather than of the Jewish *faith*. The only serious objection to their immigration has come from Orthodox rabbis who insist that their Judaism is "incomplete," since it is based on Old Testament teachings alone, and not on latter-day Talmudic law. The newcomers from Ethiopia have so far rejected, as "unjust and degrading," demands by the Chief Rabbinate that they submit to conversion rites that include symbolic circumcisions, carried out by drawing a drop of blood from the tip of each man's penis. By and large, popular opinion has been on the side of the Ethiopians, but the controversy was far from being over this summer. Most young Ethiopians continue to refuse to undergo conversion rites, and the Rabbinate refuses to marry them, a serious predicament in a country where there is still only rabbinical marriage. Last week, the newcomers from Ethiopia were demonstrating in the streets against their treatment by the Rabbinate. Their resentment was dismissed—too slickly perhaps, in view of the circumstances—by Arye Dulzin, chairman of the Jewish Agency, which is responsible for their absorption, as the result of "Communist indoctrination" in Mengistu-controlled Ethiopia.

The lesson has not gone unobserved. "The newcomers have exposed to us once again some of the darker, inhumane aspects of Orthodox rabbinical custom," Gideon Samet, a well-known columnist, noted. Immigration to Israel was at a low eighteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-six people last year, according to official figures; if it had not been for the sudden influx of the Ethiopian Jews, it would have reached an all-time low. The new immigrants, Samet added, "have taught us something about ourselves—more precisely, perhaps, they help us once again to entertain our illusions." By July, the public euphoria over the rescue of the Ethiopian Jews was over. The government was struggling, with little apparent success, to put the economy in order. The prevailing mood of bitterness and sarcasm, if not near-despair, was expressed by Yoel Marcus, in *Ha'aretz*, who wrote in June that "the willpower of this people is simply astounding. Nobody gave the Jewish state a chance, and nevertheless we established it. Everybody said we will not be able to withstand the assault of seven Arab countries, but we withstood them [and survived] . . . Everybody said that if Likud gets into power they will make a war; notwithstanding this warning, we voted Likud into power, and they made a war. Now everybody is saying that the Israelis have decided to commit suicide. You better trust their willpower; there's no force on earth that will stop them."

—AMOS ELON

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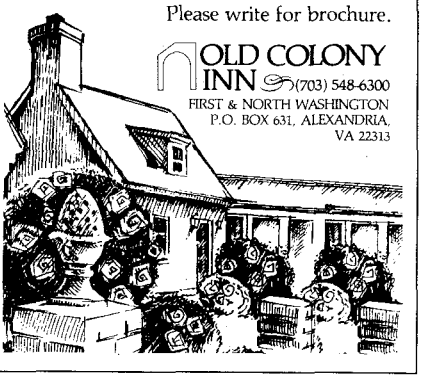

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Infinite Variety

THERE are high claims in Donald Grout's "Short History of Opera" which when it appeared, in 1947, before many of Handel's operas had been revived, had to be taken largely on trust. The tercentenary Handel season is providing testimony in sound to their accuracy. Of Handel's expressive arias, Grout said:

> The number and variety of these arias is so great, and the power of capturing the most subtle nuances of feeling so astounding, that one is tempted to believe that there is no emotion of which humanity is capable that has not found musical expression somewhere in Handel's operas.

Handel's Caesar, Cleopatra, and Bajazet are dramatic creations Grout described as "universal, ideal types of humanity, moving and thinking on a vast scale, the analogue in opera of the great tragic personages of Corneille." Handel by his music brought them to life, transcending the protocol and the conventions of the stock librettos he began with. And the quality that makes his characters great

> is more than the reflection of a certain musical style or a consummate technique; it is the direct emanation of Handel's own spirit, expressed in music with an immediacy that has no parallel outside Beethoven. It is the incarnation of a great soul.

So Handel keeps company with Corneille and Beethoven, but other names should be mentioned, too. He is not only grand, noble, and wise. He is witty, funny, and graceful. He delights in pleasures of the senses. His art, "like that of Bach, has the power of glorifying the apparently trivial," says Grout. "The song of the birds [in "Rinaldo"] is a magic window opening on a glimpse of pastoral Eden." He has a Mozartian certainty in dropping notes into exactly the right places, a Schubertian font of never-failing melodic invention (when other men's tunes play in as tributaries, he transmutes them), and a Shavian capacity to treat serious matters in an entertaining manner. Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Monteverdi, Purcell, and Verdi are other big names that are apt to turn up in Handel criticism as being, in one aspect or another, his companions.

"Jim and I believe in simplicity. That's why when we were in Corfu we stayed at the Hilton. It was simpler."

In some forty operas and twenty dramatic oratorios, Handel rejoiced in his strengths. "Giulio Cesare," first heard at the King's Theatre in 1724, is one of the longest and richest of his operas. Six characters—Cleopatra, Caesar, Cornelia, Sextus, Ptolemy, and Achillas—are fully and vividly drawn. The range of emotions spanned in the three carefully controlled acts is vast. The interplay of personalities and political strife is keen. The opera has often been revived with success, but usually in versions that scatter and discolor its rich treasures and distort its psychological subtlety. For many years, a version edited by Oskar Hagen, first performed in 1922, held the stage. It was a pioneering achievement—"Cesare" had been unheard for nearly two centuries—but it inaugurated, and its success perpetuated, unfortunate practices that linger on in some large houses. (As late as 1963, I heard the Hagen "Cesare" in Munich, with Lisa Della Casa, Hermann Prey, and Fritz Wunderlich.) The editor rescored the piece for a romantic orchestra; he abridged it heavily; he set not only heroic Caesar but also the foppish Ptolemy, the boy Sextus, and the eunuch Nirenus growling their music an octave too low. (Winton Dean remarked in "Handel and the Opera Seria" that "a performance of 'Giulio Cesare' that sounds like nothing so much as a cross between the 'St. Matthew Passion' and 'The Flying Dutchman' does no lasting service to Handel.") In 1927, Smith College introduced "Giulio Cesare" to America in the Hagen version. In 1965, Kansas City produced a "Cesare" that (in Dean's words) "made nonsense of music and drama alike": roles were transposed; the seduction scene of Act II was "enriched" by the prison duet from "Tamerlano." In 1966, the City Opera staged, and in 1980 it revived, a scrambled, largely transposed version in which only three of thirty-three arias were heard complete. (Yale performed that edition this year, thereby forfeiting, in Handelian eyes, any strong claim to be considered a seat of higher learning.) From the En-

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glish National Opera production of "Cesare," which was restaged in San Francisco three years ago, about a third of the score (including ten arias) was missing. The pitches, at least, were more or less right. (Some of the title role was lifted to accommodate Janet Baker in London and Tatiana Troyanos in San Francisco.)

Now, at last, we have had a complete "Giulio Cesare." It was given eight performances this month as part of the PepsiCo Summerfare festival, at Purchase, New York. It was a production responsive at every point to the seriousness, the splendor, the humors, and the variety of the work, alert at every moment to the movements and the meanings of the music. Peter Sellars was the director and Craig Smith the conductor, working in the harmony that irradiated the "Orlando," the "Così Fan Tutte," and the "Mikado" they did together. (Happy the director and conductor who achieve such concord. In "Teseo," another Summerfare offering, Nicholas McGegan insured it by being both musical and stage director of his production.) The show was set in the modern Middle East, but that was unimportant except insofar as it sharpened the audience's sense of watching real characters caught up in real events. Sellars hears Handel's music kinetically and realizes it in stage movement suggested by its flow, its tensions, its melodic, rhythmic, and dynamic shapes. At its best, his "choreography" is as subtle, musical, and revealing as Balanchine's. Sellars' means are eclectic. In "Cesare," they included Baroque sign language inflected with an amusing Egyptian accent, Kabuki enactment of deep, powerful emotions, and pop idioms of our day. Cleopatra sang "Piangerò" prostrate, trussed, blindfolded, writhing in slow shapes that limned and intensified the music. When her ships came home at last, her simile aria ("Da tempeste il legno infranto . . . salvo giunge in porto") found literal representation: gunboats sailed into the harbor. Again and again—alike in moments of stillness (such as Sextus' heart-stopping "Cara speme," one of those *largo* rhapsodies shared between cello and singer which Handel often placed in a first act) and in moments of deliberate, giddy silliness—Sellars created unforgettable imagery. In a program note he wrote of numbers "with clearly discernable comic intent" that "surround, quite unexpectedly, areas of peaceful contentment, maddened anxiety, and mind-bending bloodlust," and commented, "This is brilliant showmanship." So was his. "Cesare" can never have seemed richer, stranger, stronger, more passionate, or more high-spirited than in this presentation by artists aflame with appreciation for the opera as Handel wrote it, seeking not to conventionalize but to illumine its fierce originality.

The show called for, and had, singers of uncommon vocal and physical ability. Susan Larson, the Cleopatra (a role Montserrat Caballé undertook in Rome earlier this year), is a soprano compelling in everything she does, one whose lines are finely and eloquently molded. She caught exactly the infinite variety of the heroine's eight-aria progress from charming frivolity to lambent maturity. If intonation sometimes faltered in "V'adoro pupille," one could blame it on the difficulty of singing while descending on a wire from the flies: Sellars is prepared to sacrifice vocal comfort to theatrical effect when the balance is dramatic gain. Jeffrey Gall, the Caesar, is a consummate singer unfazed by antics: he carolled a dazzling cadenza while crawling under a table. He gave a brilliant performance as a smiling, smiling statesman ("Va tacito" was a conference-table statement of deadly smoothness), as a lighthearted lover who gets into deeper waters, as a resourceful man of action who snatches victory from setback. Lorraine Hunt, the Sextus, is a discovery—a soprano with wonderful candor and directness in her timbre and her manner, with tones and a temperament that held the house intent. Mary Westbrook-Geha, the Cornelia, was incisive in mourning, in self-defense against importunate lovers, in vindictive triumph; her words were oddly flecked with what sounded like an assumed German accent. Rodney Hardesty, the Ptolemy, was ugly of tone but assured in presentation. James Maddalena, the Achillas—bluff, honest betrayed captain—was moving as he wrestled with problems of loyalty and honor. Cheryl Cobb's Nirena (Handel gave precedent for turning the eunuch into a handmaiden) was piquant, and Herman Hildebrand's Curius—here Caesar's advance man cum bodyguard—was wondrously fleet and nimble.

Some of Smith's tempi at first struck me as—by what might be called ab-

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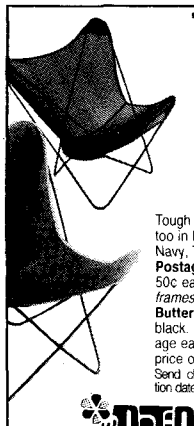

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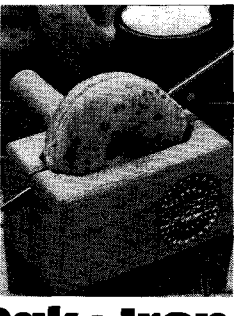

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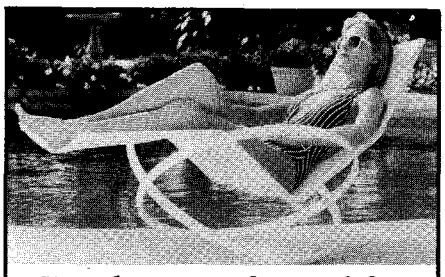

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solute standards—slow. The opera lasted four and three-quarters hours—about half an hour longer than the complete "Cesare" done in Birmingham, England, eight years ago. But on Handel tempi there is seldom much agreement, and Smith is not one of those conductors who approach a Handel score with preconceived, "absolute" ideas, determined by notation and convention, and are then unprepared to modify them to match the words of a particular aria, the actions of a particular production, and what most effectively suits a particular singer. Everything he did carried conviction; everything was felt; everything seemed apt. The instruments were modern. The opera was sung in Italian. The "wild beasts" that menace Cornelia became a pair of Doberman patrol dogs, and they raised no textual problems. But it was mildly disconcerting to hear Cleopatra address Nirena as "my faithful [male] companions" and her platoon of troops as "my faithful handmaidens," and to hear submachine guns called "swords."

"TESEO"—the Boston Early Music Festival production that I wrote about two weeks ago, which was conceived as a historical re-creation, so far as possible, of a performance of Handel's day—came to Summerfare and provided a striking contrast. In Boston, I had missed any strong dramatic presentation of the rival heroines, the sorceress Medea and the princess Agilea. In Purchase, I revelled in the sensuous beauty of the music, so lovingly shaped by Mr. McGegan, his singers, and his peerless band of instrumentalists making the sounds of Handel's day. The sequence that opens Act III is surely as lovely a stretch of composition as exists: Arcanus' slow-rolling arpeggios through a lush web spun by two recorders and five-part strings (divided violas); Clizia's airy two-part invention with a lively cello; Arcanus' fascinating alternation of 3/8 and 3/4 measures, his voice doubled in octaves by recorders and violins; Agilea's love-warm aria lapped by four-part strings and two bassoons. It's a feast of melodies, rhythms, timbres. But one can drop into this early opera almost anywhere and find comparable delights. In the Purchase theatre, more attractive than and acoustically superior to the one in Boston, the opera flowered. The singers made more of the music. Judith Nelson, the Agilea, took on new color. Drew Minter, the Arcanus, is a countertenor whose timbre and line again ravished all ears.

"SERSE," a late work—Handel's last opera but two—is an engaging and uncharacteristic piece, often revived. The libretto is adapted from one Nicolò Minato wrote for Cavalli, in days (1654) when operatic form was more fluid than it later became. The plot contains two incidents documented by Herodotus (the monarch's extravagant admiration of a plane tree, voiced in "Ombra mai fu," and his bridge of boats over the Hellespont); comic episodes around the Leporello-like servant Elviro; and a main matter sometimes serious, sometimes amusing, often both at once, that has "Twelfth Night"-like intricacies of lovers (two brothers, two sisters, and a third woman, the disguised Amastris) at cross-purposes. Handel responded with a score in which beguiling arias, ariettas, songs, arioso, and recitative mingle in a flexible and masterly way.

A big hit of the London season has been "Xerxes"—"Serse" in a new English translation, by the director of the show, Nicholas Hytner—at the English National Opera, done uncut (and lasting just over three and a half hours), in a sprightly, eclectic staging that ranges freely from Persepolis to Vauxhall Gardens. "Xerxes" at the Juilliard Theatre in April, done by the Juilliard American Opera Center in a new English translation by the conductor of the show, Albert Fuller, was cut to shreds and had what *Opera News* not unfairly called "the kind of performance that gives the composer a bad reputation." The staging, by Norman Ayrton, was in the conventional-cute, reach-me-down-Restoration, frilly manner once thought appropriate for "period" pieces, and particularly unsuited to student performance. The décor, by Kenneth Foy, was glittery and gaudy. Mr. Fuller's conducting was dull. The orchestral playing should have brought blushes to Juilliard cheeks. And all that was a pity, for onstage there were some talented young singers. Two mezzos from Peking, Yun Deng and Yan-yu Guo, played Xerxes and his brother Arsamenes; Rebecca Russell was Amastris, a princess dressed as a soldier. —ANDREW PORTER

•

GERMANY'S LINK TO NAZIS RAPPED
—*New Orleans Times-Picayune/States-Item.*

Link? What link?

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BOOKS

Louise Bogan's Story

ELIZABETH FRANK says in the foreword to her biography "Louise Bogan: A Portrait" (Knopf; $24.95) that Miss Bogan seldom talked about her life: "To those correspondents who committed the blunder of asking for biographical information, Bogan would reply—when she bothered to reply at all—that there were certain details, possessing 'tragic interest alone, and these I never describe or explain.' . . . Self-revelation she equated with confession; and . . . in her view, to confess was to ask for pardon, an act she considered as useless as it was ignoble." What was it she didn't care to go into? Her childhood, probably. Her forlorn first marriage. Her emotional dependence on a man she could not trust and unwillingly loved. Her struggle to forgive her own failures and those of the people who had failed her. Her periods of severe depression. The withdrawal, for years at a time, of her poetic gift.

As a schoolgirl she used to go home in the afternoon and write poems in the manner of Swinburne and William Morris and the Rossettis. The headmaster, noticing that her verse or prose compositions appeared in almost every issue of the school magazine, sent for her mother and told her to warn Louise that no Irish girl could expect to be editor of *The Jabberwock*. ("It was borne in upon me, all during my adolescence, that I was a 'Mick,' no matter what my other faults or virtues might be. It took me a long time to take this fact easily, and to understand the situation which gave rise to the minor persecutions I endured at the hands of supposedly educated and humane people.")

Her paternal grandfather emigrated from Londonderry as a boy, before the Potato Famine, and settled in Maine, became a captain of sailing vessels, and built a big house in Portland. He had twelve children. The oldest, Daniel, Miss Bogan's father, went with him as cabin boy on a voyage to South America that lasted several years. The ship was called the Golden Sheaf. His father kept a parrot in a cage in the saloon, and at the end of the voyage the boy discovered that cigars, rum, and Panama hats were hidden under the floorboards.

Miss Bogan's maternal grandfather was a schoolteacher whose last name was Murphy. He married a Dublin woman. Louise Bogan said, in a letter to a friend, "My maternal grandmother once picked up her mother-in-law, and was restrained only with some difficulty from dropping her down a stair-well." When and why they came to New England Miss Frank was unable to learn. He enlisted or was conscripted into the Union Army and was killed in battle. Either because his wife died or because she was destitute, their only child, named Mary Helen and called May, was adopted and raised by a Mr. and Mrs. Shields, who ran a saloon in Portland and were fairly prosperous. Miss Frank thinks that Louise Bogan never knew them. The adopted child was much loved and fussed over, and a great deal of attention was paid to the way she was dressed. She was sent to a convent school, and taught to sing and play the piano and other accomplishments expected of a young lady. At seventeen she married Daniel Bogan. He was twenty-one, and his copperplate handwriting had got him a job as a clerk in a paper mill. They were both the same height—five feet four inches—but he had finished his growing and she grew another five inches and towered over her husband. She was impulsive, high-spirited, and a beauty. She loved clothes, especially large hats with veils. When she was nineteen she gave birth to a son and thirteen years later, in 1897, to a daughter, the subject of this biography. Between them there was another child, a boy, who only lived four or five months.

Like the heroine of "Madame Bovary" May Bogan was a romantic, married to a man who bored her, and trapped in a world of the commonplace. As he worked his way up from clerk to superintendent, they lived in one ugly New England mill town after another—sometimes in a house of their own, sometimes in a hotel or a boarding house. "At some point," Miss Frank says, "Louise became aware of . . . whisperings and intrigues at whose center her mother occupied

"Mr. Chairman, distinguished guests, old Coke, new Coke . . ."

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some dread-inspiring role; conversations excluded her; secret signals were exchanged in her presence." The waitresses in the hotel dining room knew. And a woman who used to come to see her mother, one of her confidantes, who had the angry face of the queen of spades. The child went blind and then two days later suddenly saw the gas light in its etched glass shade, and knew that her sight had come back. Her father threatened to kill her mother, and her brother fought with him. On at least one occasion May Bogan took her small daughter with her to an assignation. As a grown woman Louise Bogan wrote, "As I remember my bewilderment, my judgment even now can do nothing to make things clear. The child has nothing to which it can compare the situation. And everything that then was strange is even stranger in retrospect . . . The door is open, and I see the ringed hand on the pillow; I weep by the hotel window as she goes down the street with *another;* I stare at the dots which make up the newspaper photograph (which makes me realize that I then had not yet learned to read). The chambermaid tells me to stop crying. How do we survive such things? But it is long over. And forgiven . . . "

ERRATICALLY, during a good part of her life, Miss Bogan kept a journal. In it she wrote, "The poet represses the outright narrative of his life. He absorbs it, along with life itself. The repressed becomes the poem. Actually, I have written down my experience in the closest detail. But the rough and vulgar facts are not there. At the same time, the desire (and need) remains to write of a time which has disappeared, and cannot be seen again, except in memory . . . A few old stories . . . But not egoistic or *minor* ones." She referred to the journal as her "long prose thing" and thought of publishing it as fiction, with the title "Laura Daly's Story." At the time of her death, fifteen years ago, it amounted to about seventy handwritten pages. It is in the main about remembered details of her childhood—sights and sounds, impressions, memories: the mill flume; her mother's character; a moment of illumination brought on by seeing a bouquet of French marigolds in a hospital room; a boarding house where for the first time she experienced true order; her brother's crippling attachment to her mother; and so on. Without it, no really adequate biography would have been possible. Again and again in these fragments she approaches the hurdle that she clearly intended to take, and at the last minute turns aside, and it is this turning aside that, finally, says all there is to say: What was unbearable once is unbearable still.

The journal was published in the January 30, 1978, issue of *The New Yorker*, under the heading "From the Journals of a Poet." In 1973, Ruth Limmer, Miss Bogan's literary executor, brought out a volume of her selected correspondence ("What the Woman Lived") and, in 1980, a book of excerpts from the journal and from Miss Bogan's stories, poems, letters, and literary criticism. The title, "Journey Around My Room," was borrowed from the title of her best short story. The subtitle, "The Autobiography of Louise Bogan," is a misnomer. My copy of Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines "autobiography" as "A biography written by the subject of it; memoirs of one's life written by oneself." This was a paste-up job, with a biographical end in view. It contained information at the time not generally known and of considerable interest, but until now Louise Bogan's life and work had not been subjected to the careful and intelligent scrutiny of a dispassionate mind.

"The innermost secrets of a proud and dignified spirit have a way of retreating when too strenuously pursued," Miss Frank says. "Nevertheless, something stopped Louise Bogan dead in her tracks, not once, but many times. Until we discover this principle of arrest, even the most copious supply of documentation and the most perceptive psychological guesswork will be of little advantage in our attempt to enter the sanctuaries of either the life or the work. What we must do, instead, is to look at them long and hard, until, as Bogan herself learned from Hopkins and Rilke, they begin to look back at us."

The biography is divided into alternating sections of narrative and literary analysis. Miss Frank is equally well equipped for both. The book's only shortcomings are extremely minor ones: it suffers from the occasional repetitions of a manuscript long worked on, which Miss Frank's editors should have caught, and from a rather inconvenient arrangement of the footnotes, and I would have liked a fuller index.

When Louise Bogan was eight years old she was sent for two years to the same convent school her mother had gone to. For reasons Miss Frank could not discover, she was kept out of school for a year. Then the family moved to Boston, and her mother placed her for the next five years in the Girls' Latin School, in Roxbury, where, Miss Frank says, she received "the best classical education then available to girls in this country." The local branch of the Boston Public Library subscribed to *Poetry* and she read it closely. She had, she says, "the double vision of the born reader, from the beginning." By the age of eighteen she had "learned every essential of my trade . . . I had no relations whatever with the world about me: I lived in a dream, populated by figures out of Maeterlinck and Pater and Arthur Symons and Compton Mackenzie . . . and H. G. Wells and Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell and Swinburne and John Masefield and other oddly assorted authors."

In her freshman year at Boston University she fell in love with Curt Alexander, a corporal in the Army. He was born in Breslau and trained as an architectural draftsman, and he became a soldier because he couldn't find a job in his chosen profession. He was nine years older than she was, tall and blond and handsome in a proud way. Her mother did not want her to repeat the mistake she herself had made, and Alexander struck her father as "very German and 'Achtung'!" She was nineteen when she married him, in 1916. He was transferred from New York City to Panama when the United States entered the First World War, and, four months pregnant, she followed him there on a troopship. She was so seasick that she had to be carried from the ship on a stretcher. She hated Panama. Her shoes were always moldy and her dresses stuck to her. She could not talk to the other Army wives. Or to her husband; they played cards, being unable to think of anything to say. "It had become clear to her," Miss Frank says, "that she and Alexander had nothing in common, a fact that was all the more apparent after the baby's birth, when Alexander inexplicably ceased to desire sexual relations."

She stuck it out for a year, and during that time two of her poems were published in a little magazine edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Then

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she took her daughter and went home to her parents. Her brother, fighting with the American Army in France, was killed a few weeks before the Armistice. After the war, she and Alexander lived together in various Army posts. Alexander was promoted to lieutenant, then captain. Once when they were living in an Army base off Portland, she telephoned from the mainland during a bad storm to say that she thought it would be better to spend the night where she was, and he told her to come right home with the baby and cook his dinner. His wants came before all other considerations. She said long afterward to Ruth Limmer, "What could I do. One must break free. One must burst forth." She left him again, this time for good. Alexander died of pneumonia after an operation for gastric ulcer, at the age of thirty-two.

Her parents looked after the baby for her, so that she could support herself. She worked first as a clerk in Brentano's and then in various branches of the New York Public Library.

IN a species of questionnaire that the mature Louise Bogan put to herself she wrote:

Did you ever seek God?
No.
What is it that you sought?
I sought love.
And you sought love for what reason?
Those about me, from childhood on, had sought love. I heard and saw them. I saw them rise and fall on that wave. I closely overheard and sharply overlooked their joy and grief. I worked from memory and example.

AT a fund-raising party in a bookstore, the poet Raymond Holden saw her, was struck by her beauty, and went up to speak to her. He had a wife and children but was living apart from them, in his Washington Square house. After a few weeks he and Louise Bogan began living together. "Holden quickly learned," Miss Frank says, "that there were at least two Louises: one a tender, passionate, intensely sexual being, and the other a violent, cruel, and deeply suspicious fiend, who couldn't stand being loved and did everything possible to test and invalidate Raymond's feelings for her." She was twenty-five and he was twenty-nine. Two years later, when his wife divorced him, they were married.

He was witty and charming and the physical attraction between them was very strong. He was a loving father to her child. He came of a well-to-do family, but little by little his inheritance slipped through his fingers. He also had a tendency toward what he called "passionate renewing delight" and Louise Bogan called "Shelleyism." "By whatever name," Miss Frank says, "this was an addiction to romantic love. Raymond had grown up reading *The Idylls of the King* . . . and his hunger to do and risk all for love, to be perpetually scaling its heights and plunging into its depths, was insatiable." That he was by no means as good a poet as his wife he apparently failed to recognize.

During the period of the greatest happiness of their marriage they were living in the country, in an old farmhouse they had bought and fixed up, in Hillsdale, New York. Such times of happiness, Miss Frank observes, "seem so certain to go on forever, since nothing about them even hints at a built-in flaw in their design." The house caught on fire and burned to the ground. They moved back into the city. He went to work as managing editor of *The New Yorker*. She published short stories, reviews, a Profile of Willa Cather. She and Holden led a fairly social life. It was still Prohibition, and the gin was homemade. She was intensely jealous and accused him of having designs on other women, was sure that they had designs on him, and would not believe anything he said in his own defense. Her paranoid suspicions were not totally without foundation. Sometimes on the way home from a party they would engage in shouting matches in the street. Once in a moment of anger she threw a pot of hot coffee at him. On another occasion he knocked her down a flight of steps and injured her eye. "She was caught," Miss Frank says, "in a fatal paradox of simultaneously desiring and fearing the emotional violence she had always known." Without pushing things or asking the reader to accept suppositions that are unsupported by any real evidence, Miss Frank shows the effect of childhood shock working its way up through and ultimately destroying the marriage.

IN the critical part of the book Miss Frank moves from poem to poem, right straight through the published work, identifying the voice, decoding the symbols, making the connection between a given poem and the same or similar ideas in poems that have come before, establishing the literary influence when there is one. It suggests many years of thoughtful reading, but in any case for the first time the whole run of the poems, so moving and beautiful even when one only partly understands them, opens out and becomes clear. A single example—part of Miss Frank's consideration of "The Sleeping Fury"—will perhaps give some idea of how secure her exegesis is. Having explained that in the spring of 1933 Louise Bogan saw in Rome, in the Museo Nazionale delle Terme, a head of one of the Erinyes, Miss Frank goes on to say, "While she gazed at the sculptured head in Rome and then [that is to say, months later] at the postcard with its image, and then at the image which her memory preserved, the figure became detached from all the occasions of viewing, turning from an object into a symbol that she consciously placed within a geography familiar from her earlier work. In her 1935-36 journal she wrote, 'To trace the dream-landscape that has grown inside me every night, all my life, along with daylight reality, and which has mountains, ruins, islands, shores, cities, and even *suburbs* and summer "resorts" *of its own*, related to one another and, many times, recurrent (almost in the sense of revisited).' The setting of 'The Sleeping Fury' is this region fused with details picked up from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* entry about the Furies. Thus the New England of Bogan's childhood becomes transposed to a land in which the most primitive cruelty and the most serene tenderness coexist."

IN her journal Louise Bogan wrote, "The continuous turmoil in a disastrous childhood makes one so tired that 'Rest' becomes the word forever said by the self to the self. The incidents are so vivid and so terrible that

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to remember them is inadequate: they must be forgotten." When it is not done effortlessly, without the person's knowledge, the act of forgetting can be, of course, as difficult as the act of remembering. In 1931, a year and three months after the fire, she committed herself to a psychiatric hospital for treatment of depression. From the Neurological Institute she wrote to John Hall Wheelock, who was her editor at Scribners and her friend, "I refused to fall apart, so I have been taken apart, like a watch." Two years later she went to Europe for five months on a Guggenheim fellowship, and when she got home she discovered that Holden had been living with a woman in their apartment. And again had to put herself under treatment.

FOR thirty-eight years she covered the poetry scene for this magazine. She looked down her nose at Surrealism, thought T. S. Eliot's "Four Quartets" as beautiful as anything he had ever written and that they showed what he could do "in the province of pure emotion when all irony has been eliminated." She loathed the New Criticism, and saw in the poetry of John Berryman and Robert Lowell an exploitation of personal trauma that was relentless and theatrical. She was a pacifist, and during the time that Communism was stylish was never drawn to it. Her own identification with the working class was nonideological; she had lived through the nightmare of being dispossessed and seeing her furniture on the street.

Sometimes poets took offense at her chiselled opinions, but it is also true that many of the people she thought of as her enemies were not. With certain younger writers whose talent she believed in—Theodore Roethke was one of them—her patience and generosity were extraordinary.

After her mother's death, in 1936, she made a sentimental pilgrimage to Ireland. It was not a success. The faces in Dublin were, she wrote to her daughter, the faces of conspirators. She grew frightened. Afterward she wrote to the critic Morton Zabel, who was perhaps her closest friend, "There must be a God, Morton, for on the Southampton boat-train, there appeared a tall thin man who proceeded to take care of me like a baby. (No, Morton: it's not another of those things. This was probably, is,—the Angel Gabriel in disguise!) . . . He says *Nuttin* when he means *Nothing;* his parents came from Sligo . . . I told him the whole story the second day out, and he nursed me along even more tenderly, thereafter. He laughed me out of it; he tricked me into deck chairs; he brought me lots of rye when the panic became too bad. But for that touch of human understanding, I should certainly have started gibbering." The relationship lasted for eight years. Though she mentioned him to her friends, she did not allow any of them to meet him.

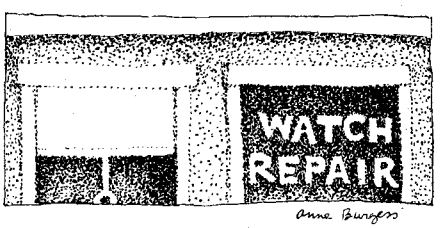
She was devoted to her daughter, and her friendships were important to her, but as she grew older she felt less and less need for human company. People who wanted to see her for one reason or another—because they loved her or admired her or in some important way felt forever indebted to her—were usually put off with postponements or "visits to the dentist" too consistent to be plausible.

She had a third breakdown in her middle sixties. It was brought on by a brief period of living in Boston, when she was teaching at Brandeis University. Old experiences long laid to rest now rose to haunt her, and she saw herself living out her days in some shabby Boston boarding house. The therapy, which included a brief series of electroshock treatments, was only partly successful. She had weeping spells in the morning.

In her journal she wrote:

> Surely I have acted in a consistently *optimistic* fashion, ever since the 1933 breakdown.—I have surmounted one difficulty after another; I have *worked* for life and "creativity;" I have cast off all the anxieties and fears I could; I have helped others to work and hold on. Why this collapse of psychic energy? . . .
>
> *Who* have I become? *What* has me in hand? . . .
>
> What am I afraid of?
>
> *Death*—for one thing. Yes, that is part of it.—These deaths that are reported in the newspapers seem to be all my age—or younger.
>
> But people keep hopeful and warm and *loving* right to the end—with much more to endure than I endure.—I see the old constantly, on these uptown streets—and they are not "depressed." Their eyes are bright; they have bought themselves groceries; they gossip and laugh—with, often, crippling handicaps evident among them.
>
> Where has this power gone, in my case?

Miss Frank says that for twenty years she "had not permitted herself to feel (as far as anyone can know) new or rekindled love, for anyone or anything. Her carefully erected, thoroughly adult maturity had at last engendered its own defeat by refusing to countenance its opposite: the eternal, hungry, clamoring, yearning, angry, weeping child . . . She could not feel, she could not give. Since the last depression she could not even listen to music."



But more poems did come. A few. And very beautiful and strange they are. Consider "Masked Woman's Song," which she placed at the end of her final collection, "The Blue Estuaries":

> Before I saw the tall man
> Few women should see
> Beautiful and imposing
> Was marble to me.
>
> And virtue had its place
> And evil its alarms,
> But not for that worn face,
> And not in those roped arms.

"Darkness was her fate," Miss Frank says, "what she knew best . . . In this last poem . . . the known world is broken, and nothing can ever be the same again."

She died alone in her apartment on West 169th Street, of a coronary occlusion, at the age of seventy-two. In a commemorative tribute delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Letters, W. H. Auden said, "By temperament she was not a euphoric character and in her life she had much to endure. What, aside from their technical excellence, is most impressive about her poems is the unflinching courage with which she faced her problems, her determination never to surrender to self-pity, but to wrest beauty and joy out of dark places . . . It was a privilege to have known her."

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CRAMPTON HODNET, by Barbara Pym (Dutton; $14.95). In a prefatory note, Hazel Holt, the author's literary executor, explains that Barbara Pym wrote this novel in the winter of 1939-40 and then put it aside. After the war, she decided that it was too dated to be published. In the nineteen-fifties, she made some emendations, which, along with notes in her pocket diary for 1939, helped Hazel Holt to prepare the book for publication. Readers will not be dismayed by anything but Barbara

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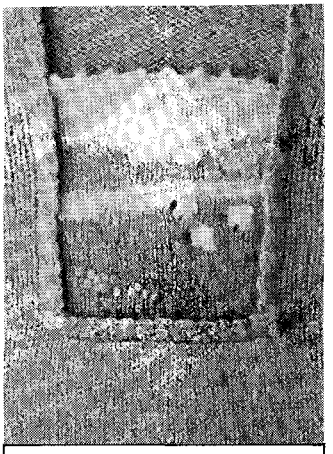
Pym's doubts. The story, which begins and ends in Oxford, features trysts in a hothouse, a toolshed, the Bodleian, the British Museum, and Dover, alternating with scandalmongering in drawing rooms. In the foreground, a monkey-puzzle tree shakes its ugly limbs outside one of those drawing rooms; in the background, Paris shimmers. The characters include the inevitable callow youngish curate, and a bright undergraduate named Barbara, and a deceptively drab-looking lady's companion, who watches with amusement as old and young contrive to forget that "when all is said and done, fiction is really stranger than truth."

ARDABIOLA, by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, translated from the Russian by Armorer Wason (St. Martin's; $11.95). The Russian poet tells us in this odd little fantasy about a young geneticist named Ardabiev, who crosses an insect and a plant and produces an organism to which he gives the name Ardabiola and which he believes is a cure for cancer. It seems to be effective against his father's cancer, but then the father chokes to death after a drinking bout. On the night of the old man's funeral, Ardabiev is set upon by hooligans, who steal his bluejeans and beat him senseless. When he recovers consciousness, he has forgotten all about Ardabiola. His wife recites the moral at the heart of the tale: "Everyone is Pushkin . . . But you can beat the Pushkin-like qualities out of people. Not just with a knuckleduster, but with education, lying words, indifference. You can make someone forget how they used to think. You can beat the poetry, music, and great discoveries out of people. But not everyone gives in. Don't give in, Ardabiev! Try and remember!"

LESS THAN ZERO, by Bret Easton Ellis (Simon & Schuster; $15.95). An extraordinarily accomplished first novel, whose substance, if true, is simply sickening. The author is a twenty-one-year-old senior at Bennington College, born and raised in Los Angeles, and his novel is about an eighteen-year-old from Los Angeles who returns home for the Christmas holiday after a semester at a college in New Hampshire. The title is aptly descriptive of Clay, the hero and narrator, and his friends. They are all, boys and girls alike, materially affluent (each and every one of them has his own BMW or Mercedes or Porsche) and culturally, morally, and intellectually impoverished. Their lives, as Mr. Ellis sees fit to show us, involve an unvarying round of aimless coming and going, listening to pop music, smoking (tobacco, marijuana, cloves), drinking (everything), and doing drugs—mainly cocaine. Their conversations—or, rather, occasional utterances—are fascinating in their emptiness: "No way." "Yeah?" "I guess." "What?" "I don't know." "Wanna get stoned." The action: "Lindsay and I walk upstairs to the restroom and do some coke in one of the stalls . . . After we leave the restroom, Lindsay and I sit at the bar upstairs and he tells me that there's not too much going on anywhere in the city . . . but the music's loud and I can't hear a lot of what he's saying." Clay is able to put their philosophy of passivity into something like words: "I don't want to care. If I care about things, it'll just be worse."

GENERAL

SECRECY AND DEMOCRACY: THE C.I.A. IN TRANSITION, by Stansfield Turner (Houghton Mifflin; $16.95). The director of the C.I.A. in the Carter Administration has made an exceptional evaluation of the problems of American Intelligence. His preface describes some of the problems he encountered when he submitted his manuscript to the agency for review, and raises an issue to which he returns—the effort the C.I.A. must make (he is not certain it is being made under Reagan) to remain politically nonpartisan while serving as an intimate counsellor to the President. Admiral Turner's anecdotes invariably illuminate his arguments and often (this is not a boastful memoir) recall mistakes or failures—sometimes as a way of showing that expertise is never foolproof, but more often to demonstrate the need for improvements that he either carried out or recommends. Although President Carter gave him the mission of coördinating or managing all American Intelligence, Admiral Turner thinks that the head of the C.I.A. has enough to do, and that a new, super-Intelligence director is needed. He believes that the C.I.A. should be reorganized to unify its separate branches of spies, scientists, analysts, and support personnel; that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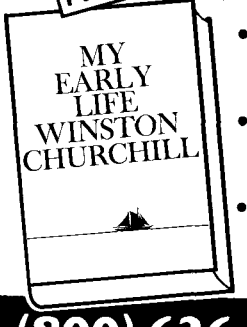
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congressional oversight has benefitted the agency, both by preventing scandalous projects and by adding perspective; and that the agency should publish more of its analyses and assessments, in order to permit —indeed, to seek—criticism by nongovernmental specialists.

NOTES OF AN ANATOMIST, by F. Gonzalez-Crussi (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). The author, who was born and educated in Mexico, has since 1978 worked in this country as a pathologist at a large Midwestern university and at a children's hospital. He is a scholar with a considerable accumulation of recondite baggage, and a writer of precision and originality. His book is a collection of essays on medical subjects—some rather clinical, and all of an inquiring and philosophical nature. A piece on embalming, contrasting ancient practices with those of the huge modern American industry, is followed by thoughtful considerations of multiple birth, bodily appendages, child abuse, postmortems, the fly, teratology (the study of monsters), and the rich body of literature that has come down the ages on the subject of male genitalia.

THE QUEST FOR MERLIN, by Nikolai Tolstoy (Little, Brown; $19.95). A short course in comparative mythology is incorporated into this formidable compilation of evidence that Merlin was a sixth-century Druid in Wales. In 573, Merlin's patron, Gwenddolau, was defeated at the Battle of Arderydd by a rival king, probably a Christian, and Merlin became a hermit. Sifting through "the tantalizing detritus of full-blown saga" which is all that remains of most of the Celtic source materials, Mr. Tolstoy dissects discrepancies, which are especially common when pagan and Christian doctrines collide. One particularly persuasive chapter sheds new light on Stonehenge, and makes sense of an allusion in Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Vita Merlini" (c. 1150) to the seventy doors and windows of Merlin's observatory. This is a scholarly treatise (fifty-two pages of notes, at the end, explore esoterica of almost Druidic obscurity), but Mr. Tolstoy's fascination with Merlin & Co. dates from his childhood, and his sense of wonder persists. "Who is that," he asks, in conjuring up the Battle of Arderydd, "squatting on the slope and dressed in deerskins, a tame wolf crouched by his side, who inspires Gwenddolau's men with wild songs extolling ancestral valour?" The illustrations include a photograph of the grotto where Mr. Tolstoy has sipped from the very spring that he is certain quenched Merlin's thirst.

NOTE: "Previn," Helen Drees Ruttencutter's study of the conductor André Previn, has been published by St. Martin's/Marek ($14.95). Much of the text originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SARATOGA HEADHUNTER, by Stephen Dobyns (Viking; $13.95). Charlie Bradshaw is a private detective with a hack practice in Saratoga Springs, and in this, his third adventure, he finds himself involved with a dead body—the body of a crooked jockey—slumped on his dining-room table minus its head. Then a race-track hanger-on is blown up in a gas explosion. Then a breeder and trainer is shot down in a spa. Charlie is a bright, likable clown, and he solves these threatening problems in a most diverting manner. Mr. Dobyns is a quiet humorist, and he gives his characters lines like "Hurry, I hear their catlike tread."

HEAT, by William Goldman (Warner; $15.50). Nick Escalante, the hero of this heavy-breather, is a professional "chaperone," or bodyguard, in Las Vegas. His particular talent is a mastery of edged weapons. But he is not a violent man—except when circumstances activate what he has come to think of as his primordial "reptile brain." Mr. Goldman shows us Nick in several moments of action—playing helpless to a would-be bully, avenging a ravaged girl, winning and losing big money at blackjack, searching out a blackmailer, fighting for his life. All these episodes, though not very likely, are vigorously entertaining. The curious thing is that in each of them Nick is a different person; Mr. Goldman has failed to give him any kind of integrity as a character.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the El Paso (Texas) Times*]

Anderson said he inherited many problems when he took over the county's tax office, adding: "When you take the bull by the horns, you will stir up a few feathers."

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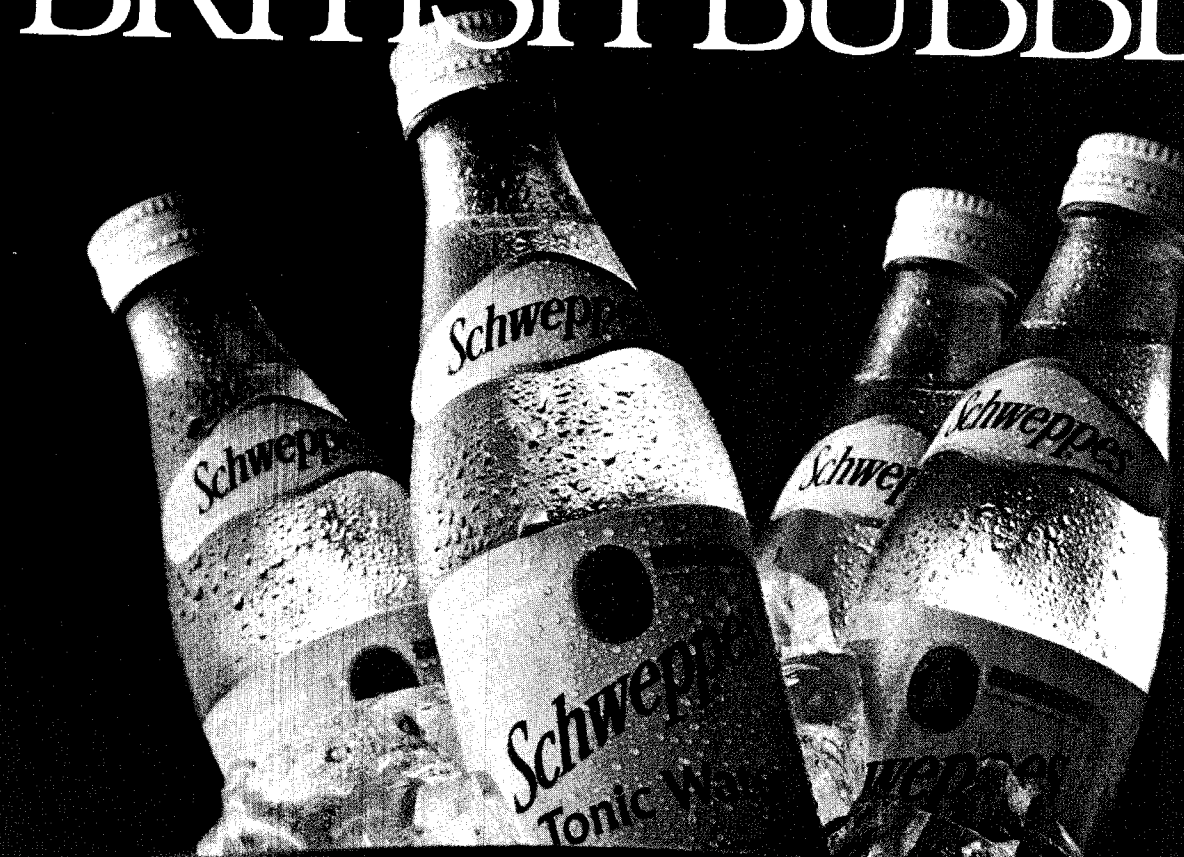

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OH WHAT A FEELING!

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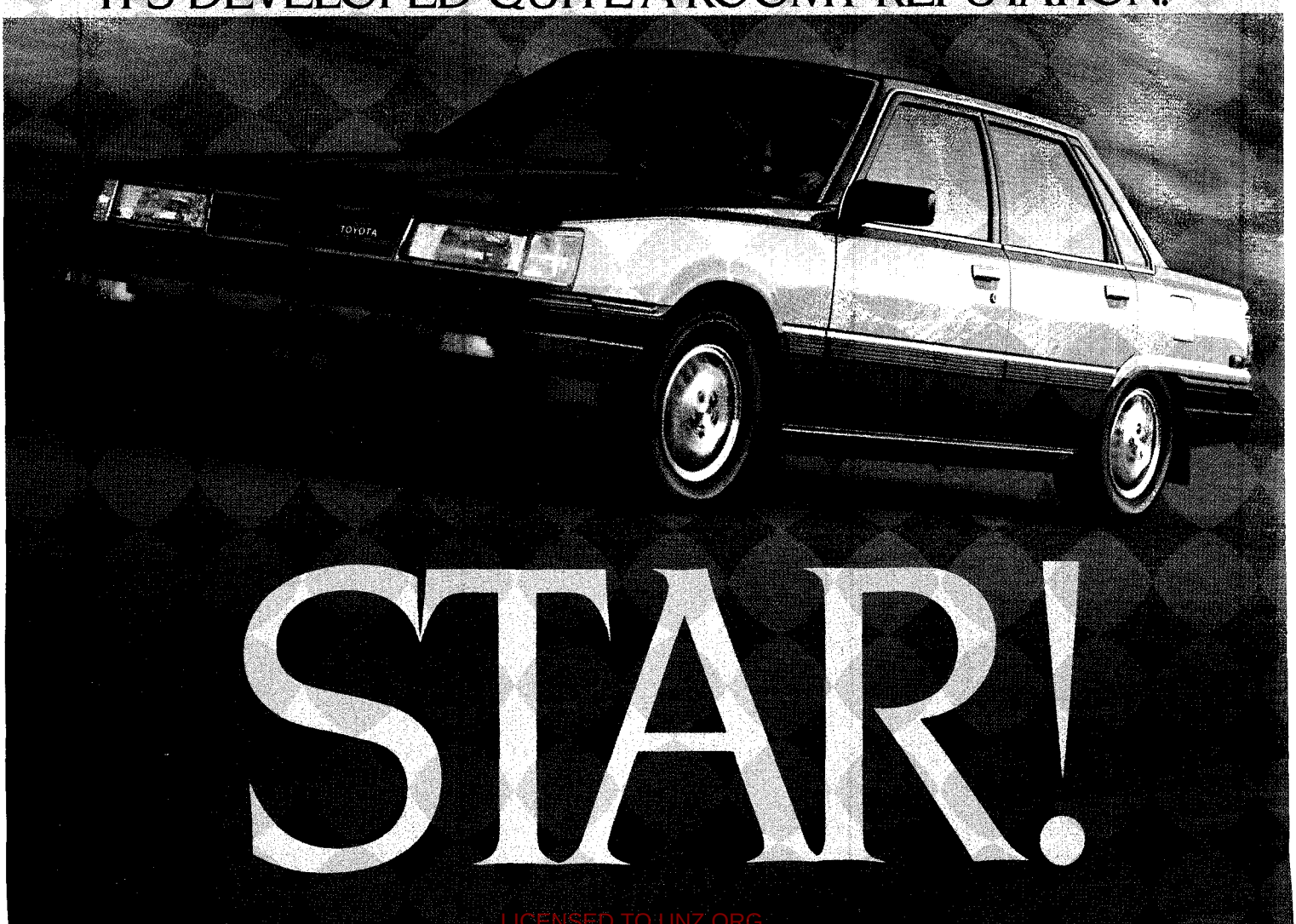

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